Jackson Del.

ANIEL WRAY, ESQ. M.A. F.R.S. & F



B[illegible] 1701. Died 1783

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

LITERARY HISTORY

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CONSISTING OF

Authentic Memoirs and Original Letters

OF

EMINENT PERSONS;

AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO

The Literary Anecdotes.

By JOHN NICHOLS, F. S. A.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY NICHOLS, SON, AND BENTLEY, AT CICERO'S HEAD,
RED-LION-PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

1817.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AFTER the announcement of these "Illustrations" in a Preface to the Ninth Volume of the "Literary Anecdotes," repeated in an Advertisement to the Index; I make no formal apology for offering these Volumes to the candour of the Literary Publick. I arrogate not merit from them: they are the productions of much superior Writers.

To my inestimable Correspondent and much-lamented Friend Mr. Justice HARDINGE, I am indebted for the very excellent Memoirs of Mr. Wray and Dr. Sneyd Davies; the first of which Mr. Hardinge scarcely lived to see finished at the press*; and of the latter, he had only given me the conclusion of the MS. a very few days before he set out on that Circuit from which he was never to return alive. He seems, indeed, to have had some forebodings of this melancholy event †.

His worthy Friend the Rev. Francis ‡ Wollaston, to whom Mr. Hardinge acknowledges his obligations in the Life of Wray, died some months before him.

The Memoirs of the respectable Family of Dr. RIÇHARD RICHARDSON, of North Bierley, from

* It is not a little remarkable, that neither Mr. Hardinge nor Mr. Wollaston lived to see the publication of that Memoir.

† In return for a copy of the separate Memoirs of Dr. Davies, which I sent to one of his most justly-valued Friends, I received the following pathetic acknowledgement: "The Memoirs of Dr. Davies are a most interesting memento of the abilities and worth of our late excellent Friend Mr. Justice Hardinge. It is remarkable, and almost prophetic, that Mr. Hardinge, in one of his letters to me a short time before his decease, should express his anxiety to finish the work, in the following words: 'I despair almost of taking leave of Davies, until the Undertaker is waiting for me.'—His style was ever playful; but the recollection of this sentence shocked me very much, when I was informed of his almost sudden death. I mention this, as I perceive you have been struck with, and remarked (p. 728) a similar painful idea." A circumstance of the same nature is noticed by Mr. Hardinge himself, respecting Mr. Eustace in p. 730.

‡ Not *Dr. Thomas* Wollaston, as printed by mistake vol. IX. 494.

the

the elegant pen of a Female Descendant, Mrs. Dorothy Richardson—and an infinite number of Letters from the principal Botanists of this Country and other distinguished Literati—were handsomely presented to me, with a Portrait of her amiable Ancestor, by the Inheritrix of his fortune and of his virtues, Miss Frances-Mary Richardson-Currer.

The Letters of Mr. (afterwards Bp.) WARBURTON to Dr. STUKELEY are now first printed from the Originals, in the possession of the Rev. J. Fleming St. John, Prebendary of Worcester; as are most of the Letters to Dr. Stukeley from many Noblemen and Scholars of high distinction.

Dr. Warburton's Letters to Mr. Des Maiseaux, Dr. Birch, and Dr. Jortin, are preserved in the British Museum.—For those addressed to the Rev. Dr. N. FORSTER and Dr. DODDRIDGE, I am particularly obliged to the Rev. Thomas Crompton, of Cranworth, Norfolk; and the Rev. THOMAS STEDMAN, the venerable Vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury.

The Correspondence between THEOBALD, THIRLBY, and WARBURTON, was many years ago presented, by Mr. Theobald's only Son, to Edward Roberts, Esq. of Ealing; by whom the Letters are still possessed, and by whose indulgence a copy of them is here given.

The Memoirs of the Family of WOLLASTON, written by William Wollaston, Esq. the celebtated Author of "The Religion of Nature Delineated," with the accompanying Portrait, were given to me by the late Dr. Frederick Wollaston, through the medium of his two worthy sons, Frederick-William Wollaston, Esq.; and the Rev. John-Henry Wollaston.

The materials which have furnished the Lives of Bp. TALBOT and Mr. WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, and the many curious Letters which accompany them, I owe to the steady friendship of George Allan, Esq. M. P. for the City of Durham.

The Anecdotes of Dr. DEERING, compiled by himself, are from the Original, in the possession of James Dowland, Esq.

The

The brief notices of Dr. LETTSOM* are the result of a sincere regard, arising from a very long and uninterrupted friendship.—The short account of Mr. NEILD, the Visitor of Prisons, has the same origin.

The Portrait of Dr. Lettsom had been engraved under his own immediate direction, but was never till now used: I purchased it at the sale of his Library and Curiosities.—The striking resemblance of Mr. Neild has been kindly contributed by his only surviving Son.

The Memoir of Mr. CAPELL is by my late very accomplished friend Samuel Pegge, Esq.

The Life of the Rev. JOHN CLARKE was presented to me by the late truly venerable Prebendary of Durham, Dr. Thomas Zouch; who, after refusing a Mitre, died universally honoured and respected.

With the Memoirs of Mr. MIDGLEY and Mr. Archdeacon PEARSON, and the Portrait of Mr. Midgley, I have been favoured by my worthy and intelligent Friend the Reverend William Layton.

The Memoir of Dr. BURTON (with his Portrait) is extracted from the "History of Surrey" by the late Rev. Mr. Manning and Mr. Bray; that of Mr. BARNARD from Dr. Whitaker's "History of Craven." Mr. FARRER'S was communicated by J. Hixon, Esq.

The brief outline of the character of Governor ELLIS was furnished by Francis Ellis, Esq. his immediate Representative.

* Subsequently to the printing of my Memoir, but previous to its publication, a much fuller account of that very excellent Man and skilful Physician has been published, from authentic materials, by his intelligent young Friend Mr. Pettigrew; who has also given a more ample Memoir of Mr. Neild, from a Letter written by himself in 1806 to Dr. Lettsom.—Mr. Neild was born May 24, 1744, at Knutsford in Cheshire, where he received his education; was placed apprentice to a Jeweller in London, and began business for himself in St. James's Street in 1770. He married, in 1778, the eldest daughter of John Camden, of Battersea, Esq. In 1791 he lost his wife; and, in the next year, "having only two sons to provide for, retired from business with an ample fortune." His zeal for visiting Prisons commenced in his boyish days, and continued to the end of his life; which had been much endangered in 1781 by the Gaol Fever, leaving behind it a perpetual asthma He died Feb 14, 1814, aged nearly 70.

The well-written Characters of Mr. WINDHAM and Mr. WILLIAMSON, with the Portrait of Mr. Windham, are borrowed from Mr. Archdeacon Coxe's Life of Benjamin Stillingfleet, Esq.

The Portrait of Lord Chief Baron SMITH I owe to my very good Friend William Collins, Esq. of Greenwich; who gave it me as an ornament to the "History of Leicestershire."

The articles not above enumerated are either acknowledged in the places where they appear, or are to be answered for by the Editor.

I cannot conclude without once more offering my acknowledgements to the friendship and advice I have constantly received from that true Friend, and generous Patron of Literature, James Bindley, Esq.

But, after all, my stores of information, let me proudly add, are far from being exhausted.

To the illustrious Luminary of Science, Dr. PARR, I look with confidence for a Memoir of Dr. ROBERT SUMNER, and Anecdotes of many of his Contemporaries; which, from the capacious mind of the benevolent Writer, I venture to predict, will delight, instruct, and improve, the rising generation.

And, though I have deeply to deplore the loss of Mr. Justice Hardinge, his spirit survives in his very respectable Relatives; and I still hope to preserve some pleasing fruits of his ingenuous and elegant studies; accompanied by a Biographical Memoir of Mr. Hardinge, a good Portrait of him by Dance, and a specimen of his Epistolary Correspondence.

It remains only to request that indulgence, at the opening of my *seventy-third year*, which I have happily experienced in the reception of the literary exertions of more than half a century *. J. N.

Highbury Place,
Feb. 14, 1817.

* "In a variety of Readers, some will be pleased with what others will despise; and that man who presumes to give a public dinner, must provide, as well as he is able, a dish for each particular palate; so that if I have given too much, it is at my own risk, and from an earnest desire to satisfy every one." NORTHCOTE.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

Memoirs

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PORTRAITS, &c.

VOL. I.

VOL. II.

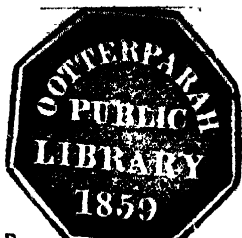
BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

DANIEL WRAY, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A.

By GEORGE HARDINGE, Esq.

VOL. I.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, EARL OF HARDWICKE,

VISCOUNT ROYSTON, K. G. F.R.S. F. S. A.

HIGH STEWARD OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY,
LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM OF THE
COUNTY OF CAMBRIDGE;
PRESIDENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY;
A TRUSTEE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, &c. &c.

My dear Lord,

It is a debt of honour to your Lordship, that my attempts to redeem, from *Horace's* complaint of the "*chartæ silentes*," a character no less exemplary, than amiable, should pay their tribute of grateful thanks to *you*, above all others, to whom I am obliged for a gift, or loan of the materials which form this *votive tablet;* not only because the Letters of Mr. Daniel Wray to your Uncle, the second Earl of Hardwicke, are of such pre-eminent value in themselves, and throw such light upon the portrait, but also upon account of the affectionate intercourse which united those dear friends,—attracting to this union, by its natural influence, the genius, and the virtues of your accomplished father.

Nor are these your Lordship's only demands upon me.

You *gave* to me, as *a keepsake*, a copy of the *Athenian Letters* in their last, and beautiful edition.

You reposed unlimited confidence in my selection of Letters, from a series of the originals.

But I can proudly, as well as gratefully, say more: I can thank, and bless you, for your patronage of a dear friend, whose interest I had much at heart, when you were the Viceroy in Ireland.

Nor am I selfish enough to suppress your Lordship's higher claims upon all to whom you are personally endeared: claims to that homage of the heart, which is a debt of honour to an elevated station, when rank and wealth are animated by public virtue, are disciplined by useful knowledge, and are graced by the charm of benevolent affections.

I remain, my dear Lord,

Your Lordship's affectionate Servant,

GEORGE HARDINGE.

Walton Grove,
Sept. 30, 1815.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

DANIEL WRAY, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A.

[*I have much pleasure in opening this Volume of Anecdotes with a picture of a singular, but interesting character, imparted by a zealous friend,* Mr. Justice Hardinge, *who has enabled me to lay it before the Reader, as a votive tablet of memory to virtue, and genius.* *J. N.*]

To John Nichols, Esq. F. S. A.

Dear Sir, *Sept.* 30, 1815.

You call upon me to lay before you what I can personally recollect, or can learn from others, of Daniel Wray, to whom a note alludes in the second volume of your entertaining "*Anecdotes*;"—a work, distinguished not only by zeal for the honour of literature, but, in a degree perhaps unexampled, by that vein of impartial benevolence, which runs through every page of it.

"*Critic without malevolence, you have thought it your province, to display beauty, as well as to expose defects*; to *examine* with *respect*, and *praise* with *alacrity*;" words applied by *Dr. Johnson* to *Mr. Spence*, and perhaps justly, as writer of the "*Essay on the Odyssey*;" but not, I think, due to his general

general character, which appears to have been that of an eves'-dropper, in gossiping reports of spleen against amiable characters, dropt in the hectic of the moment by offended competitors.

If Collections like these, of yours, by their compass, and varieties, made us less warpt against those who are not our favourites, — less polemical in the factions of Literature,—and less imperious in the oracles of contempt, by developing the merits of accomplished men (whether *Trojans* or *Tyrians)* with honest praise; they would be of inestimable value: they would moralize Criticism, as well as enlighten it.

It has often struck me, that a little of the *humourist*, without pride, or self-indulging passion, which no eccentricities, however amusing, can palliate, recommends the effect of talents, and virtues themselves, in the moral, and social world.

More invidiously, than philosophically, it has been argued, that such an effect arises from our envy, that is, from a base, and mean spirit, which tempts us to rejoice in these whims of good, or great men; because they lessen our superiors, and bring *us* nearer to *them*, by discovering *the hero behind the scenes*, in some of his harmless defects. I cannot, for one, be of that opinion; or even think it lowers *the hero*, to see him appear like other men, with human frailties, or singularities; and, as it is well expressed, "*no hero to his Valet de chambre*." To *my* conception, it elevates him; or, at the worst, it endears him to his inferiors, without prejudice to their candour in feeling his advantage over them, or their humility in attesting it.

Wit, if it is not overbearing, but is like that of *Yorick*, so well described in *Sterne*, though indiscreet, never offends. Playful habits, and even levities of manner, especially if they have the advantage "*desipere in loco*," are delightful in accomplished men. But, above all, the amiable simplicity

simplicity of good-natured mirth, displaying the perpetual feast of cheerful, and sportive habits in a gifted, and richly cultivated intellect, under the discipline of a religious, and moral character, will in every age, and scene of life, attract, by its native influence, the best affections of the taste, and of the heart.

"*A very singular man*"—"*a very odd creature*," *&c.* are popular words, too indefinite, and very little understood. They are like the *adjective*, as *Lilly* describes it, when he says, that it cannot "*stand by itself*," but waits till the *substantive* puts it upon its feet. Sense, and folly,—Virtue, and her opposite, vice,—Pride, or humility,—the poet, and the calculator,—the benevolent, and the selfish,—may be all of them *Comets*, like the *Wharton* of *Pope*, or the *Villiers* of *Dryden*; but with no other affinity, or centre of union. The *amiable humourist* is the only *original*, who deserves to be the hero of social intercourse in the moral world.

Perhaps I am prejudiced; for it has really happened, that some of my dearest friends have not been exempted from their *whims* of taste, of manner, of opinions, and of conduct.

When I shall describe my own *first* impressions of Mr. Daniel Wray, the reader will smile at the ridicule of his portrait; but, if I am not self-deceived, he will admire, love, and venerate the man, before we part with him.

I had begun to think he was not *born at all*; and I cannot forbear to cite a paragraph in a Letter which I received a little time ago from one of his friends, and as pleasant as he would have been himself upon a similar topic.

"I do not with *accuracy know*, that he had *any* "*parents at all*; but I should *presume* that he came "*into the world*, as we know that he went *out of it*, "much

"much as others have done before, and since his "time. But, *Mr. Asgill* would say, it was *a violent* "*presumption.* In his ingenious, and most elabo-"rate argument, he acknowledges, that men have "all along been in *the habit* of dying; but he adds, "that such a *mere habit* is no imperious negative "upon other modes of travelling out of this world "into the next. Analogy, therefore, may argue the "possibility of other ways *into* this world, besides "the habitual one."

The first hints to me of Daniel Wray's parentage were parts of an obliging note from *Lady Lucas*; who acquainted me, that she heard him say, his father had remembered *Cheapside*, and *Fleet Street* a desert in 1665. From that insulated fact, I had only to infer a conjecture, that his father was of *London*. I had then little hope to know more of his early days. But I was deceived; and have been surprized, as well as gratified, in a degree that love to the memory of departed friends alone can estimate, by the information, which persevering assiduities have enabled me to obtain, though living in the depth of solitude, and of seclusion from the world.

He was born upon the 28*th November*, 1701, in the parish of *St. Botolph, Aldersgate*; the youngest of *Sir Daniel Wray's* many children by two marriages. The father was a *London* citizen, who resided in *Little Britain*, made a very considerable fortune in trade; and purchased an estate in *Essex*, near *Ingatestone*, which the son possessed after him.

For that County *Sir Daniel Wray* was *High Sheriff*; and was knighted, *March* 24, 1707-8, on presenting an Address to *Queen Anne* on the French King's attempts to invade these Realms, dethrone her Majesty, and substitute in her place a Catholic *Pretender*.

There

There is a peculiar simplicity in the *Register* of the Son's birth:

"DANIEL, Son of DANIEL WRAY—*against the Church.*"

He was the son of his father's old age; and we have his own word for this fact, in his own hand, still preserved. It is in a shape no less amusing, than authentic, a poetical portrait of his life, and character, drawn by himself..

We can trace him to no school before he was thirteen years of age; and we find him then received at the *Charter-house, as a day scholar*; his parents residing in *Charter-house Square*, to superintend his education.

He gives his father credit, in the poem to which I have just alluded, for a liberal mind, in educating him with all attainable advantages, and without fear of the cost; instead of hoarding for him, and leaving him, as he well expresses it, "*a booby-heir.*"

It is idle, and visionary, to enquire, at such a distance of time, near a century ago, what figure he made at this admirable school. Nor, indeed, is *the boy*, of course, a mirrour, and prophetic image of the future *man*. But all traces of him at later periods representing him as passionately fond of literature—as a man of bright parts, and of lively manners, animated by incessant habits of diligence, and by a thirst of knowledge insatiable—as an acute, and luminous critic, a deep scholar, and a laughing philosopher; we may at least *naturally* infer that he was accomplished in the best literature of schools at an early period; and that his passion for a jest when a *man*, was equally, if not more, conspicuous in the *boy*.

I must here, as your *Brother Antiquary*, lament that *exercises* of the boys in that School have not been preserved (like those of a period equally remote at *Westminster*, and *Eton*); because I have little doubt, that, if they were extant, they would confer honour upon the boys, and upon the taste of those who had presided over them.

He

He has told us himself (as you will see) that even at this early period he had *a passion for the Muse.*

In 1718 he left the *Charter-house;* and was entered *as a Fellow-Commoner* at *Queen's College,* in the *University of Cambridge.* To this pride of distinction he alludes humourously in his poem, and says, "*they took him for the son of a Bank-director at least.*" His father was then living*.

That he was at this early period exemplary in morals, the tenor of his life in the world may give unquestioned assurance; for nothing like irregularities of any kind ever touched his character; and there never existed a man who had a deeper sense of Religion.

But a circumstance occurred, even at school, which may in part account for the temperance of his life in the fiery ordeal of youth. Before he left the *Charter-house,* an asthma fell upon him, and it clung to him during the sequel of his life. This may in part account for his abstinence from enervating pleasures at College, or in the world; but it would be invidious to lay stress upon it, when this abstinence had the elevated principle of morality, and virtue for its guide.

It may here be remarked, that, under this afflicting visitation, he attained the age of *eighty-three,* with a serenity of temper, and with a cheerful play of animal spirits, never disconcerted, and much less peevish, or querulous.

Dr. William Heberden, the genuine heir of his venerable parent's intellect, and virtues, acquaints me, that his Father, who was at *Cambridge* intimate with Mr. Wray, found him there oppressed by this complaint, and with such peril, that he despaired of enjoying his friendship in the world. But, happily for both of them, they were destined

* It appears by the "*Historical Register*" that he died July 2, 1719; and by the Register of *St. Botolph's* that he was buried on the 10th of that month.

for

for that blissful intercourse through a singular extent of time, and their attachment had no intermission.

One peculiar trait of an amiable character distinguished Mr. WRAY at an advanced period of his life, a delight in the society, and improvement of young men, or boys.

Dr. Heberden (the Son) most ingenuously certifies to me, that Mr. WRAY's parental encouragement in early days to his pursuits engaged his gratitude, esteem, and affection.

Mr. Philip Salter, Vicar of *Shenfield*, near *Brentwood*, in *Essex*, the Son of *Dr. Salter* who was Master of the *Charter-house*, enables me to copy *his* portrait of this *parental* character in our friend. If the zeal which I cherish for the ashes of that friend had only given rise to my correspondence with so pleasant a coadjutor as this gentleman, during a very short period, I should have thanked, and blessed the occasion. I was a perfect stranger to him; and we became friends at once. He has all the animation of youth, at an advanced age; wit, eloquence, and genius, with a heart as glowing as the pen. To *him* I owe the *Asgill* argument upon death, so archly reported by him. His words in the portrait of Mr. DANIEL WRAY are these:

"Of all my father's friends, none were of more "valuable service to me, than Mr. WRAY. He was "not only a deep scholar, and a man of general know-"ledge, but he was also a man of the world. * * * * "The remembrance of my father, and of *his* "friends—of *Archbishop Secker*, my God-father—of "the second *Lord Hardwicke*, and of Mr. WRAY, is "no fleeting image.—It is a remembrance, fixed, and "permanent, ever present, ever pleasing.—What I "saw, heard, and *funded* in their society, is never "to be forgotten. * * * * I was always fond of Mr. "WRAY, from the time that I was nine years of age. "He was pleasant in his manner to me, when a "boy, and when a man. He had a most fasci-"nating way in his notice, and encouragement of

"young

"young people whom he thought worthy of his "friendship. His many virtues, his naturally pow-"erful understanding, his vast fund of acquired "knowledge, and his liberality in imparting that "knowledge to young men who shewed a modest "eagerness to learn, are what I shall cherish with "pleasure, and gratitude,

"*dum spiritus hos regit artus.*"

The *Rev. Mr. Wollaston*, of *Chiselhurst*, has drawn the same character in a masterly epitome; a little more in detail, but without a superfluous word. It is a model of its kind; and I need not add *who Mr. Wollaston is*: but I should be the most ungrateful of men, if I did not here most gratefully attest my obligations to him, for not only this character of his friend, and mine, but for the copy of that Poem to which I have referred, as written by Mr. WRAY, and preserved by *him*; a jewel above all price — to me at least, who loved the writer to my heart.

His words, written several years ago, but since Mr. WRAY's death, are these:

"In relation to my studies in Divinity, I owe it "to the memory of an old friend of my father, to "confess, that I received more information con-"cerning them from him, though a Layman, than "from any of the Clergy who ever came in my "way—I mean, DANIEL WRAY, Esq. late a Deputy "Teller in His Majesty's Exchequer under the "second *Earl of Hardwicke*; a gentleman of "great vivacity, and bright parts, with a most un-"common degree of learning, and of knowledge in "various branches of literature; and one of the "best friends a young man could have as an ac-"quaintance. He had long been intimate in *Lord "Chancellor Hardwicke's* family; and had assisted "with his advice all the younger branches of it. He "did the same to me, and my brothers; and continued "his kindness, as long as he lived, to my sons, as "they began to grow up.

"Courting

"Courting the acquaintance of young men, and "studying to make his house, and his company "agreeable to them, he was always open to be asked "advice; and never backward in giving it freely, "but in a most kind way, unasked, when he saw "occasion for it.

"This is said, not in the spirit of flattery towards "one who is far out of its reach; but as a hint for "young men to seek out, and cultivate, the acquain-"tance of such persons, wherever they can find them."

In addition to this animated, and just *éloge*, I can say for myself, that, as far back as memory carries me, I contemplate with delight his good-humoured, and laughing countenance, in chat with me. Having no children of his own, he adopted in part the boys, and girls, who were the children of his friends; and was never so happy, as in improving them, with all the weight of a master, but with no pedantic austerities.

It is a picturesque as well as just character of his delight in *children of another class*, those of his favourite School, which is drawn by *Dr. Berdmore*, then Head Master of the *Charter-house School*, in his Anniversary Oration, to the honour of *Mr. Sutton*, the Founder; delivered in the Hall, by *Ric. Jo. Hay*, the senior Scholar, in 1785. They deserve to lose half the beauty they acquired in a language called *Latin*, which is almost obsolete in this age, in order to be circulated, though with inferior effect, in a more familiar, and popular channel; attempted for them by me.

"It would be sacrilege, in commemorating those "who were educated here, and have made a figure "as men, to pass over so distinguished a character "as that of DANIEL WRAY; his country's honour, "as well as ours; who *departed* from us when he "had become almost, if not quite, the senior of us "all. Men of learning were fond of *him*; and *he* "was in return so fond of *them*, as to have remained "a member of that College in *Cambridge* which had "received

"received him from hence, to his dying day. All "the most accomplished, and gifted Scholars, of their "day, who were his contemporaries, paid honour "to him. He was, on his part, of so sweet a tem-"per, and of such engaging manners; had such "resources of learning, and wisdom, instilled play-"fully in conversation; that boys, and young men, "in whose company he took delight, heard him "with pleasure, and could not visit him without "being sure to leave him better informed, and better "disposed. His memory was incredible, so that "he had a kind of portable treasure at hand, upon "which his drafts were sure to be answered, and "he was never at a loss for a theme of instruction, "or of entertainment.

"How often, upon this very festival, has it been "our pride, and joy, to see the venerable old man, "favouring the early efforts of genius, and of dili-"gence, with *parental* zeal, applauding again, and "again, our youthful orators!"

He took his Bachelor's degree in 1722. *Nicholas Hardinge*, my Father, was just one year senior to him; and from the intimacy, like that of brothers, which united them for several years in the world ("*city* or *suburban*"), I assume their habits of social intercourse at *Cambridge*; where they arrived in the very same year, and where I suspect that my father commenced the habit of banter upon his friend's innocent peculiarities, from which he never abstained when both had left college, but chiefly in verse; and which only the most familiar terms in their friendship could justify.

Both were fond of classical studies, and were blessed with no common powers of taste. Both were of *Euphrosyne's* train; and, though admirable scholars, amused themselves, and their friends by *jeux d'esprit* in satirical wit—but like that of *Horace*, not of *Juvenal*; for which a fund of good-nature, and genuine benevolence, more than a defect of genius, disabled their pen.

Both

Both were Antiquaries, but (in the herald's phrase) "*with a difference:*" my father's passion was for old writers of English history, and law; that of Mr. WRAY for scarce books, and for the relicks of antient *vertù.*

My father had a poetical vein *utriusque linguæ;* but in Latin verse had few, if any, superiors. Mr. WRAY very seldom offered his love to the Muses; and then, with such prudery, that few of his works remain, though what is extant proves that he wrote *vers de société* with elegance, facility, and poetical spirit.

But he added a peculiar enthusiasm for Natural Philosophy, in which my father left him to himself, unemulated by him.

As the period is remote, I have to lament that I can give you no list, and much less a character, of all Mr. WRAY's University associates, at the earliest period of his academical intercourse; but I have seen him with so many attached, and zealous friends who were near his own age, that I am sure he never lost any one real friend, unless by the hand of death.

All those, with whom I have seen him, were men of exemplary characters, and polished manners. He never suffered his passion for genius to supersede the exclusive passport into *his* threshold, of minds well disposed, and well disciplined.

When I again mention *Dr. Heberden* as the revered friend of his life, I accredit Mr. WRAY as the admirer of superior talents*, accompanied, and graced by superior virtues. Though I have seen personally but little of that blessing to the human race (for such he was), I saw enough to make me respect him as a man above all competitors in the calm, and philosophical dignity of a serious, and reflecting mind,

* It may not, perhaps, be in general known, that, in the "*Athenian Letters*" (see afterwards, p. 33), this accomplished, and profound Scholar has written a most ingenious paper upon the life, practice, and writings of *Hippocrates*. It has the signature of E.

mind, improved by depth of science, and softened by the gentlest manners.

Dr. Johnson whimsically said, that no man could be two minutes with *Burke* under a penthouse, in a shower of rain, without finding him out as *a giant in capacity*. I do not go quite so far, nor think it necessary for a man of genius to be a *giant in a shower of rain*. But I do recollect, besides the fugitive parties in which I have met as a guest this venerable character, one happy night for me, in which he sat close to me at the *Royal Society*;—As what the *reader* then laid before us was *by accident* uninteresting, we fell into chat; and I was never so pleased, or so instructed, in my life.

As I am here upon the topic of Mr. Wray's earliest friends, though *you* are a *Warburtonian*, I must remind you of *Mr. Edwards*, who wrote the *Canons of Criticism*.

When, and where the intimacy began between them, I am unapprized; though I know it was a cordial attachment, and of long standing. It reflected honour on both of them. To say nothing of *Mr. Edwards*, as a keen satirist, or of his critical *acumen* (in which, of their kind, he has never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled), he appears to have been a most amiable, and virtuous man; gentle, and affectionate, though full of spirit, and vivacity, when challenged into the field. We have some of his Letters in the correspondence of that singular, but good man, the author of *Clarissa*, who may also be described as an *amiable humourist*, though of a rank, and class, very unlike the volatile, and sprightly eccentricities of Mr. Wray.

There are two Sonnets, addressed by Mr. *Edwards*, to Mr. Wray; written, as all his other Sonnets were, in a vein of unaffected elegance, and classical simplicity. They mark the affection, which had united them from youth to age; and, if I am not mistaken, well deserve a record in your work.

"Wray,

"WRAY, whose dear friendship in the dawning years
Of undesigning childhood first began,
Through youth's gay morn with even tenour ran,
My noon conducted, and my evening cheers,
Rightly dost thou, in whom combin'd appears
Whate'er for public life completes the man,
With native zeal strike out a larger plan,
No useless friend of Senators and Peers:
Me talents moderate, and small estate,
Fit for retirement's unambitious shade.
Nor envy I who near approach the throne,
But joyful see thee mingle with the great,
And praise thy lot, contented with my own."

The other is a kind of monody upon a disappointment in Love:

"Trust me, dear WRAY, not all these three months' pain,
Though tedious seems the time in pain to wear,
Nor all those restless nights, thro' which in vain
I've sought for kindly sleep to lull my care,
Nor all those lonely meals, and meagre fare,
Uncheer'd with converse, and a friendly guest,
This close confinement, barr'd from wholesome air,
And exercise, of medicines the best,
Have sunk my spirits, or my soul oppress'd.—
Light are *these* woes, and easy to be borne,
If weigh'd with those which rack'd my tortur'd breast,
When my fond heart from *Amoret* was torn:
So true the word of *Solomon* to find,—
"No shaft so piercing as the *wounded mind*."

*Mr. Roderick** was a particular friend and coadjutor of *Mr. Edwards*. He was also in habits of intimacy

* *Richard Roderick*, originally of *Queen's College, Cambridge*; B. A. 1732; M. A. 1736; afterwards Fellow of *Magdalen College*. He was elected F. R. S. 1750; F. S. A. 1752; and died July 20, 1756.

with Mr. WRAY. In *Dodsley's* Collection, amongst other Poems by *Mr. Roderick*, there is a *jeu d'esprit* addressed by him to Mr. WRAY. It is in the form of a Sonnet, but an excuse for *not* writing one. The Hudibrastic elisions have infinite humour:

"Capricious WRAY a *Sonnet* needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before:—a *Sonnet?*
Why fourteen verses must be spent upon it,
'Tis good, howe'er, t' have conquer'd the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhimes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' th' midst of th' second,
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on th' hardest part, and laugh.
Thus far with good success, I think, I 've scribbled,
And of the twice sev'n lines have clean got o'er ten,
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet:
Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten;
There 's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet:
'Tis done, count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen *."

I shall have occasion to say a few words upon *avarice*, or *penury*, if they deserved the name, as foibles in the character of Mr. WRAY. But here, and in due order of time, I cannot but remark one feature of liberality in his conduct. I have mentioned that he was a *Fellow-Commoner*, a personage described, when I was at College, *as wearing a laced gown, and paying double for every thing*. But, after he took his Bachelor's degree in 1722, it is a fact ascertained by himself, that he made the tour of *Italy*, accompanied (as *you* tell us) by *Lord Morton* †, and by *Mr. King*, the son of *Lord Chancellor King*, who inherited his title.

* This Sonnet is the paraphrase of another by *Lopes de Vega*.

† *John Douglas, Earl of Morton, Knight of the Thistle.*

This

This was evidently *his own act.* His father was dead; and his mother, as he tells us, gave her consent, *though in tears.*

He was an adept in the *Italian* language, and read it, as he read every thing worth his notice, with a rapidity of enjoyment peculiar to himself, and yet without prejudice to a most accurate memory. I guess that he could read *Spanish,* from circumstances that will appear in the sequel.

This *Lord Morton,* who was a most acute, and shrewd scholar in *the book of the world,* as well as in old manuscripts, and in printed volumes, continued his intimacy with him to his death. He loved a jest, like his friend. I remember hearing him say, "that *Episcopacy* was of *Greek* origin, as a "*word,* and a *thing*; that it meant *looking-out* with "a keen eye from one *eminence* to another." I remember, too, hearing, that, in a turbulent storm of debate, when he sat in the House of Peers, he said, with *his* dialect, which no English intercourse had ever tamed, "*Pine-apple heat, my Lords!*" a little thermometer in his hand.

When Mr. WRAY took his Bachelor's degree, he was fourth in the list; but what powers he displayed in his examination cannot, it seems, be ascertained, as there is no record of University honours conferred upon the Bachelor of that period as due to his merit; a *desideratum* in those days, which is now admirably filled up in the *police,* if I may use that phrase, of literary encouragement.

How long he remained abroad between 1722 and 1728, is not precisely ascertained, except by the fact that a *cast* in bronze, by *Pozzo,* was taken of his profile in 1726, at *Rome.* It had this inscription upon the reverse:

"*Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.*"

That line was a portrait of his character. With all his vivacity of manner he was an absolute prodigy of diligence: he could not leave a subject be-

 fore

fore he had made himself a complete, and profound master of it. An impression taken from this cast is hung in the library at the *Charter-house*; as is also a copy of his portrait from the original at *Queen's College, Cambridge*, by *Dance*.

After his return from his travels, he became a *Master of Arts* in 1728, and so distinguished by philosophical attainments, that he was chosen a *Fellow* of the *Royal Society* in March 1728-9. He resided, however, generally at *Cambridge*, though emigrating occasionally to *London*, till 1739 or 1740, in which latter year (January 1740-41) he was elected *Fellow of the Antiquaries*, and was more habitually a resident in town.

Another prominent circumstance in Mr. Wray's literary career is, that he was appointed one of the *elected* Trustees of the *British Museum* on its first establishment; a distinguished honour then, as well as in later periods.

It is from *you* that I first learnt his humourous forgery of an altar inscription *at Rome*, which made very excellent Greek, though formed of English words expressed by Greek letters.

This banter upon the Inscription-fanciers of the day made, I dare say, a very good laugh at their expence. You have sent me the words, from a *fac-simile* of them in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but, as I have not the key to them, and cannot obtain it, I wave the insertion of them. Such *badinage* was characteristic of his humour. It was always innocent, like this.

In 1737 the *second Earl of Hardwicke*, then *Mr. Yorke*, arrived at *Bene't College* in the *University of Cambridge*. His Tutor was *Dr. Salter*, the late Master of the *Charter-house*, then of that College, and recommended by *Bishop Mawson*, to the *Chancellor*.

As *Dr. Salter* was from the *Charter-house*, though junior to Mr. Wray, and almost as young as the pupil,

pupil, there is reason to believe, that, if he did not introduce, he at least recommended him, as a valuable guide, and friend. We have remarked, how fond of young people, well disposed, this amiable man proved himself to be.

It is generally understood, and is the opinion of *Lord Hardwicke*, the nephew, as intimated by him to me, that in that scene his uncle's friendship with Mr. WRAY originated.

There is nothing upon which the mind can dwell with such delight, as upon connexions like these, when they have been so permanent.

Alas! they are too singular to be overlooked, or treated as the common incidents of human life.—How many at school,—in the university,—and even at an early period of their step on the public theatre, have sworn indissoluble attachment!—how few have kept their word!—A feather disunites them;—a second feather converts them into enemies. It is, in a subordinate, and a temporal sense, the good seed of the parable—but especially in a difference of rank, fortune, connexions, and ceremonies.—By these, alas! how disconcerted are projects the most ingenuous, of high spirit, and of honour in youthful attachment! How soon are the *Pylades*, and the *Orestes* no more! Sometimes party interferes;—professional duties,—ambition,—avarice,—pleasure, corrupt, and poison the root of that sacred union.

But was it so in *this* friendship? Not a shade, or a mist, was thrown over it from these happy days of its origin till 1783, almost half a century, when it closed by the death of Mr. WRAY. They were not only assimilated in their zeal for literature in general, and for history in particular, but in a more congenial passion for curious books, or manuscripts. *Mr. Yorke* was most intent upon the latter, and Mr. WRAY upon the former. Both had wonderful powers of memory.

Mr.

Mr. Yorke had most incomparable talents, and virtues; but he had the defect (and general society were the sufferers) of reserve, inherent, and constitutional. It was often called pride, and was accompanied (as in studious men it often is) by fits of absence. But I have seen him in company with his friend, and I never passed a more enlightened, or a happier hour.

By a miracle of good fortune, I possess more than *fifty* letters of Mr. WRAY to his illustrious friend, in his own hand, entrusted by the *Earl of Hardwicke* to me. They commence in 1740, and are closed in 1769. They are models of epistolary eloquence: wit, and learning, taste, and good sense, command his pen by turns. There is a kind of chastened familiarity in them, which gives them a peculiar charm. He is never oppressed by the difference of rank, or by the deep, and moral sense of obligations, on the one hand, or guilty of unbecoming liberties, on the other hand, though with an attached, and zealous admirer of his talents, and virtues, but superior in rank, and at an early period of their friendship his *patron*.

Amongst the Letters of 1740 and 1741, there is one so lively, in its comic features, and so pointed at the commencement of their friendship, that, with *Lord Hardwicke's* permission, who is the owner of it, I shall here copy it.

"DEAR SIR, *Queen's College, Cambridge, Jan. 8, 1741.*

"Nothing has flattered me so agreeably as that "confidence, and intimacy you treat me with, after "an acquaintance *so lately made*; though I rather "fancy I fix the æra of it too low. I had heard of "your extraordinary qualities from all my *Cambridge* friends, and was much at your service be-"fore ever I saw you; and G. R.* and H. C.*, I "reckon, had puffed my humour to you:

* He often speaks of his friends *Rooke* and *Coventry*; to whom, therefore, I apprehend, these initials refer.—*G. R.* was *Dr. George-*

"*Virgilius*, post hunc *Varius* dixere quid essem*.
"so that, without antedating my patent, I may law-
"fully take my seat amongst your *old* friends. But
"this may be carried much higher, beyond all positive
"institution, quite into the original fitness of things:

"Certè est quod me tibi temperat astrum.—

"Our dispositions are suited to each other. The ease,
"and fire, you write with, is very oddly joined with
"an appetite for being criticised; and my attention to
"minute particulars qualifies me to find fault with
"pieces that are the most correct. You, most unlike
"an author, distrust your own judgment; and I, like
"a true critic, am peremptory in my decisions. If
"you emulate *Gracchus*, I take myself to be no bad
"*Licinus*; and have my pitch-pipe always ready to
"take you down a note or two. Imagine yourself a
"play-wright, then I sweep your stage; or, if you are
"considered as a preacher, I ring the bell, and
"sometimes, perhaps, furnish a text.

"But the relation between us, I allow, is only to
"last while you are at leisure *illudere chartis*, and
"are diverting yourself in the porticos of *Athens*†,
"and the gardens of *Susa*‡. When you leave this
"fairy land, and settle in *Britain*, I resign my censor-
"ship. I wait upon you to the door of *the house*, con-
"signing you to the judgment of the publick, and
"the correction, if you should want it, of the orators.

"Thus far had I written as an apology for
"the unmerciful licence I took with your *last Phi-*

George-Henry Rooke, afterwards *Master of Christ's College*, and a writer in the *Athenian Letters*.—*Coventry* was the author of the *Dialogues of Philemon and Hydaspes*. He was an admirable scholar, and a very accomplished man. Two of the *Athenian Letters* are by *him*.

* It may here be observed, that Mr. Wray was very fond of *quoting Latin verses* from classical authors, to enliven or embellish his own style of thought, by carrying it back to the *Augustan* age; and one does not wonder that *he* is fond of it, because it is *fond of him*.

† This alludes to the "*Athenian Letters*."

‡ Part of the local in the correspondence between *Athens* and *Persia*.

"*losopher*;

" *losopher* * ; and was going on to the *Cambridge*
" *Gazette*, when I received the favour of your second,
" and found my friend *Mr. Charles* † had exhausted
" the only article of consequence. That *iniquum*
" *certamen, ubi ego verberando, &c.* between me and
" *Madam M.* ‡ has indeed engrossed all the specula-
" tions of this place. The affair of *Dormer* and *Pul-*
" *teney* was but a type of it. The General could
" never be so tragical as our heroine, nor was the
" member of Parliament half so arch as your humble
" servant. There was a design of putting us under
" arrest, with a beadle at each of our doors ; but the
" *Vice-chancellor*, being accidentally a man of the
" world, took our *parole of honour*, and we travelled
" all over the town, representing our case at every tea-
" table ; you will easily imagine what advantage the
" thunder of my eloquence gave me. I made *Miss*
" *F. C.* speak, and the *Rector of Drayton* ‡ stare. The
" personages you would name for mediators were my
" avowed advocates, and, assisted by my little friend,
" who is an absolute dragoon, and can fight as well
" on foot as on horseback, turned the Monday night's
" roar so strongly in my favour, that

———" Ready stood two precious drops,
" Each in their crystal sluice.

" But I forbear : I must not triumph ; we are very
" good friends, and on Sunday, a thick piece of bread
" and butter was ordered for me in the presence of
" *Lord Dupplin*, and *Mr. Townshend*.

" *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno ?*

" The abovesaid Honourable and Right Honour-
" able,—a Vice-chancellor of our own, *Dr. Simp-*
" *son* §—a new *Master of Magdalen* still more ortho-
" dox, *Roderick's* cousin, *Abbot* ||,—and statutable

* Alluding to one of the " *Athenian Letters*."
† The celebrated *Charles Yorke*.
‡ I am not Antiquary enough to elucidate this passage.
§ *Edmund Sympson*, LL. D. *Master of Trinity Hall*.
|| *Edward Abbot*, M. A. of *Emanuel College* ; *Master of Magdalen College* 1740—1746.

" stuffing

"stuffing at *Christmas*,—will, I trust, be some excuse "for my delay in answering you. Besides, as you "candidly observe, by sending *Mr. Charles*, I sent "you more than I had to say.

"If your *Philosopher** be at all improved, it is "owing to *him*†. All I did was to raise a few doubts, "and objections. He most readily entered into the "spirit of them, and presented immediately the "thought, or expression I was looking for;

"Nor could I burn so fast as he could build.

"The compliments you transmit from the Ladies "make me so proud, that I can scarce deign to sub-"scribe myself *your* humble servant, D. W."

At a period a little prior to these dates, in 1738 or 1739, Mr. Wray was on a summer visit in *Devonshire* to his fellow-traveller in *Italy*, *Mr. King*, who had then inherited the title and property of the Chancellor. This Peer had acquired by marriage *Yartie-house* in *Devonshire*, at which mansion Mr. Wray was the guest.

From thence he wrote a lively, ingenious, and amusing poem, in English verse, to his friend *Mr. Wollaston* of *Charter-house Square*, father to the venerable Divine of that name at *Chiselhurst*, as well as to the late *Dr. Charlton Wollaston*, who was one of the most admired physicians in his day, and sure of distinguished eminence, if he had not been cut off by a fever in his youth.

Mr. Wray's correspondent, and bosom friend was the son of a parent who would have immortalized the name by his *Treatise on the Religion of Nature*, if he had left *no other children* behind him.

But I do not believe, the moral, and the literary world ever contemplated more exemplary worth, and learning than have appeared in this family, and appear in it still.

* This alludes to a passage in the "*Athenian Letters*."
† He had an ample share in the "*Athenian Letters*."

To

To the son of the philosopher this poem of Mr. Wray is addressed; and I shall extract from it passages which give a portrait of the writer's comic spirit, as well as a bird's-eye view of his youth, and of its habits. The poem is preserved by *Mr. Wollaston* of *Chiselhurst* in Mr. Wray's hand. It is dated *Yartie*, near *Membury*, *September* 4. (no year.)

> " *Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim*
> " *Credebat libris: neque si malè cesserat usquam*
> " *Decurrens aliò, neque si benè, quo fit ut omnis*
> " *Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ*
> " *Vita.*——

" *Augustus*, master of the globe,
One day* did thus his *Horace jobe* †:
" *Mæcenas*, *Lollius*, all our cronies,
" Have each a part in your *Sermones*:
" Less blooming will your ivy shew
" If round my laurel it should grow?"
In such a case what could be said?
The bard went home, and *scratch'd his head* ‡,
And *bit his nails* ‡, and wak'd his genius;
To this we owe " *Cum tot sustineas.*" §

Now, dearest *Frank*, though we suppose,
In peace, and war, in verse, and prose,
Our worships not of size to mate
The foresaid Prince, and Laureate;
Yet matters are between us just as
They were 'twixt *Horace* and *Augustus*.

* Those who are conversant in our changes of style must have observed how these expletives have been dropped of late years in verse, and prose.

† A word in social use for *scolding*, but not received into dictionaries.

‡ This was the habit of the author himself; and my father alludes to it in his *dialogue* with him.

§ First line of *Hor. Ep. lib. 2. ep. 1.*

Shall

Shall I, who spar'd no rhimes or *jokes* *,
King † to address, and *Martin Folkes* ‡,
Shall I nor Epic trumpet blow,
Nor doggrel bagpipe squeeze for *you* ;
For *you*, that laugh at party fashions,
And give sage answers to my passions,
Who keep the mind so *round*, and *sleek*
That *nothing thrown by fate can stick* § ;
For *you*, that with such ease command
In various arts your head, and hand ;
Whether with chisel, saw, and square,
Shelves you erect, and desks repair ;
Or Popes, and Kings to fame consign
With paper horn, or tooth canine || ;
Or, with expressive chalk, and coal,
Can sketch the air, and paint the soul ;
The *Richmond* poets to improve,
Can etch *Miss Fanny*, and her love.
Madam besides perhaps will frown,
And hold me a mere College ¶ clown,
If no return I make in numbers
For codlins cream'd, or stew'd cucumbers,
And smiling welcome which transmutes
To ortolans brown bread, and roots."

After these playful, and lively openings, he offers the portrait of himself; but first paints the land-scape

* Here he alludes himself to his comic vein.

† The host, *Lord King*.

‡ President of the Royal Society.

§ "*Responsare Cupidinibus, contemnere honores*
"*Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,*
"*Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.*"

|| *Mr. Wollaston* and his friend *Mr. Graham* took impressions of medals in horn, into which they rubbed stiff paper (white) or card made of a dog's tooth put into a handle; and by this contrivance they made ornamental imitations.

¶ It should seem that he had not then left *College* finally.

scape in a more elevated measure of the verse, and proving, that, if he had followed his blow, he would have written descriptive poetry with spirit, with grace, and with a poetical ear. The description is incorporated with allusions to *London*, which prove that he had begun to reside occasionally in town.

He then makes his Friend ask him, in language full of humour, and comic satire, why he is not gravely ambitious—a Politician, a popular Divine—a Justice of Peace—or an Attorney. He makes this answer:

"My dearest Friend, for reasons more than one
Those crowded roads to wealth, and fame, I shun.
Retir'd from honest toil, by fortune bless'd,
On me his care, his hope, my father plac'd *,
Child of his age; nor thought it wise to spare
What many a *Plumb* would grudge *his booby heir*.
By *Walker* † taught *Pelides'* ‡ wrath to read,
And *Philip's* arms by *Attic* thunder staid,
With nobler truths my opening mind to store
Me *Cam* receiv'd upon his learned shore.
The *Freshman* there no greasy gown did wrap §;
Gold were my tufts, and velvet was my cap §;

* *Causa fuit pater his—*
Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare docendum
Artes, quas doceat quivis eques, atque senator
Semet prognatos: vestem, servosque sequentes
In magno ut populo si quis vidisset, avitâ
Ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.
Hor. lib. i. *sat.* 6.

† *Thomas Walker, LL. D.* of whom there is a mezzotinto Portrait, was Head-master of the *Charter-house School*, while Mr. Wray was a scholar there. He died in 1728, having been in that situation above 48 years.

‡ *Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,*
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulò plus artis Athenæ.
Hor. lib. ii. *ep.* 2.

§ Those badges of the *Fellow Commoner* form in this passage a line worthy of *Pope* in cadence, and poetical effect.

In-

In state my dinner I *cum Sociis* eat,
And loll'd on Sundays in the rev'rend pit;
Thus plac'd, who saw me well might judge my Sire
Some Bank Director, or wide-acred Squire.
"But, not content with ease, and science, there,
For *classic earth* I long'd, and *Baian* air:
My mother from my fond embraces torn,
Whom I must ever honour, ever mourn,
Though loth to part, yet studious to prevent
My faintest wishes, *wept, and gave consent*."

The widow was therefore living, at the period here stated, and probably died soon after he commenced the tour. Her *weeping consent* is a picture; and we have here some insight into the amiable character of his affections.

He then describes the scene from which he writes in lines full of spirit, but closing them with his favourite nymph *Euphrosyne*.

Here too *my jokes* I crack with high-born *Peers*,
And club *testons** with future Knights of shires.
King, *Darcy*, *Douglas*†, my free sallies bear,
Nor *Marlborough's*‡ Heir disdains my chaise to share.
Return'd, my sum of crotchets to complete,
Amongst the sages of *Crane Court* § I sit.
* * * *
The passion too, which did the boy engage,
Assum'd new vigour with my ripening age:

* A foreign coin.

† *Lord King*, *Lord Holdernesse*, and *Lord Moreton*.

‡ This, I apprehend, was *Charles Earl of Sunderland*, who became *Duke of Marlborough* in 1733, and was the father of the present Duke.

§ The *Royal Society*, into which he was received in 1729. To this early connexion with philosophical habits and companions *Dr. Berdmore* alludes in his Oration before mentioned: "Philosophy received him into her bosom, then a young man, "by admitting him into her fellowship of *Royal* institution."

The

The passion for the Muse—Still as ye roll,
My years respect it! nor untune my soul *;
While whims thus various fill'd my labouring brain,
Say, could I court the Chiefs in *Warwick-lane?*
For barbarous *Norman* lose my *Tuscan* change,
And through the Law's wide lab'rinth puzzling range †?
Could I bow low, a rustling Scarf to get,
To a fool's head beneath a coronet ‡:
And, long to coxcombs used to give no quarter,
Praise vice and folly circled in a garter?
With a pad nag and books at my command,
To buy a Borough, should I sell *my land* §;
With *panting lungs* ‖ ambitious to debate,
And fast at *Westminster*, to dine at eight ¶?

* * * *

** Just where the fancy leads, I stroll about,
And ramble with associates, or without;
At *Ripley's* fabrics laugh, or feed my eye
With *Rysbrack's* bust, or *Hogarth's* Charity;

* Here it should seem that he was fond of the Muse; yet strange it is that, except those *vers de société*, an inscription at *Wimpole*, and a few lines to be given in the sequel, we have not a verse of his hand; and I had not as yet recovered one syllable of his prose, till I received his Letters from *Lord Hardwicke*. He had a modesty and reserve peculiar to himself: nor is it improbable that he burnt volumes, thinking them trifles.

† Admirably expressed.

‡ *Pope* would not have disowned these lines; and they are very like him.—I recollect a verse by him:

"Bare the base heart that *lurks beneath a star*."

§ He had, therefore, inherited an estate in land.

‖ This alludes to his constitutional malady.

¶ "*Alius eloquentiæ fiduciâ prolabitur, alius patrimonio suo plus imperâvit quàm ferre possit, alius infirmum corpus laborioso oppressit officio: quidam urbanitatem nesciunt continere, nec periculosis abstinent salibus: omnibus his utilior negotiis quies.*" SENECA *de Tranquillitate.*

** ——————— *quâcunque libido*
Incedo solus. *Hor. lib.* i. *sat.* 6.

From

From the *Comptroller's* boat survey the piers,
Or gape at *rattle-snakes*, and *Greenland bears**.
With rambling tired, with gazing satisfied,
Now *Rawthmell's*† awful curtain opens wide ‡,
To seat me in that friendly-jarring train
Who bow the knee to *Pellat's* gentle reign,
Where *Birch* displays his candid vehemence,
Keen to collect, and eager to dispense,
And where a *Ca'ndish*, tho' no *Chatsworth* lord,
Would charm with taste and sense the listening board.
My day with Peers and Claret now I close,
And factions in our little Rome compose;
On *Bourchier's* friendly summons I attend,
And to a nipperkin of Port descend:
The charms of science now with *Folkes* I taste,
Enlarg'd by freedom, and by friendship grac'd.
When Summer calls, the empty town I quit,
And *Tony* § with his cloak-bag all my suite:
Ride whether North or South, to *Qu[illegible]n's* or *Yartie*,
Or at *Knoll Hills* ‖ complete the *stubborn party*.
Forgive, dear Friends, if it exceeds my power,
To push your int'rest, or increase your store.

* This points at his passion for Natural History.

† This man kept a Coffee-house on the North side of *Henrietta Street*, *Covent Garden*, much frequented by *Dr. Mead*, and other *Literati* at that time. There is a very scarce satirical Portrait of him, in the character of *Pan*, by *Vertue*, engraved at the expence of some of the Members of the Royal Society who frequented the Coffee-house.

‡ The several boxes in a Coffee-room were at that period separated from each other by a curtain; a custom now obsolete.

§ A servant who remained with him to his death.

‖ A romantic little scene in *Derbyshire*, the favourite summer retreat of *Mr. Nicholas Hardinge*, my father, and sold by me after his death to *Sir Robert Burdett*, grandfather to *Sir Francis*, whose property it now is.

Happy,

Happy, that mirth, and reason I can blend,
And laughing still your little follies mend;
That without me you pass with less delight
The cheerful morn, and philosophic night;
If no mean pleasures taint my heart, or fame,
No sordid views can avarice inflame *;
That such my faults, could I the list relate,
As friends would pardon, foes must aggravate;
That still my verse a chosen sett can taste,
Plain, but not lifeless, blithe, but not unchaste†.

These extracts are, I should hope, not uninteresting features of the painter himself, in his own colours; and I have to thank *Mr. Wollaston* of *Chiselhurst* for imparting them to me in the most obliging, and friendly manner.

I should rather date them in 1738 than later, for two reasons; first, because there is no allusion to *Lord Hardwicke*, then *Mr. Philip Yorke*, who arrived at *Cambridge* in 1737, and would in all probability have not been omitted in such a poem; secondly, because *Lord King* died on his voyage to *Lisbon* for the recovery of his health in Feb. 1739-40 (and there is in this poem no hint of his indisposition, but he is represented as entertaining his country neighbours). I should even carry it farther back than 1738, were it not for the *Comptroller's* barge and repairs. This *Comptroller* was *Mr. Dixon* his friend, and the piers were those of *Westminster Bridge*, begun in 1738.

* This which has a line drawn under it, alludes perhaps to something unexplained, but well understood between them. Either he had no such *avarice* then, or he had no conviction of it in his own mind; and could not *then* have been ridiculed for it, as he was not long afterwards by some of his dearest friends, and by none more than *Mr. Hardinge*, who loved, admired, and revered him.

† This is one of the many parodies upon *Denham's* admired portrait of the *Thames* in his *Cooper's Hill*.

In a little time after the memorable acquaintance and friendship took place between *Mr. Yorke* and Mr. Wray; the former, and his brother *Charles* then at the age of 20, his own being that of 23, wrote a very ingenious, and most classical work, called the "*Athenian Letters* *," to which their friends contributed †.

This work I possess in two very interesting shapes; first, as a gift conferred upon me by the *Earl of Hardwicke* in the most princely manner, and in the handsomest quarto edition; secondly, as a loan to me, in the octavo edition, by *Mr. Salter*, who received it from *Dr. Salter* his father, the gift of the Authors' to him, and in which *Dr. Salter* has pointed out what share in it was borne by Mr. Wray, who was twenty years older than *Mr. Philip Yorke*, yet joined in this work as if he had been his youthful coadjutor. This confers honour upon both of the parties: young men seldom are humble enough to call their seniors into confederacies like

* First printed for the private use of a limited number of friends, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1741 and 1743. In 1781 they were again printed in 4to. (100 copies only) but not published. An Edition having been afterwards surreptitiously printed in *Ireland, this Lord Hardwicke,* in 1810, published them in two handsome quarto volumes for general circulation.

† The several Writers were thus designated:

P. *Hon. Philip Yorke,* afterwards *Earl of Hardwicke.*
C. *Hon. Charles Yorke.*
R. *Rev. Dr. G. H. Rooke, Master of Christ's College.*
G. *Rev. Dr. John Green,* afterwards *Bishop of Lincoln.*
W. *Daniel Wray, Esq.*
H. *Rev. Mr. Heaton,* of *Bene't College.*
E. *Dr. Heberden.*
O. *Henry Coventry, Esq.*
L. *Rev. Mr. Lowry, Prebendary of Rochester.*
T. *Mrs. Catharine Talbot.*
B. *Rev. Dr. Birch.*
S. *Rev. Dr. Salter,* late Master of the Charter-house.

The engravings, in the *last* Quarto Edition, consist of Portraits of *Philip* second *Earl of Hardwicke,* and the *Hon. Charles Yorke,* as Frontispieces; and Busts of *Alcibiades, Pericles, Herodotus, Thucydides, Socrates, Aristophanes, Democritus, Aspasia, Hippocrates, Nicias,* and *Euripides,* which are admirably executed.

 these,

these, and the seniors are in general too solemn to co-operate in such youthful adventures.

But it was not so with Mr. WRAY. We have already noticed how fond he was of young people. Here we have a marked instance of it. He was a deep and celebrated scholar, at this period, and 40 years of age. *The Yorkes* were children, to him. He might have been *their father* in the difference of age; yet he was *their brother* in this work.

Here we can a little discern at close quarters the ingenuity, the learning, and the taste, of *Mr. Philip Yorke*. These Letters are, in general, so clever, that it is a *measuring cast* between the rival contributors; but, if there is a difference, which it would be almost invidious to assume, it would elevate *him* above all the rest except those of his brother, *Mr. Charles Yorke**. Of course I shall here only select the works of Mr. WRAY, or such of them as I think will interest the Reader.

To this collection Mr. WRAY contributed six Letters, written by himself alone, and a seventh, in which he was *Mr. Philip Yorke's* coadjutor. In one of the other six he has paid the most graceful compliments to his patron, just married. It is a Letter from a *Persian* to his *Athenian* friend. *Lord Chesterfield* could not have surpassed the ingenuity of the turn which he gives to this match.

"Educated under a father whose virtues have "placed him at the head of the supreme tribunal, "and whose eloquence prevails in the council of "the great King, as thou tellest us that of *Pericles* "did in the *Athenian* assembly, *Orsames* kept his "eye steadily, not on the dazzling honours which "are to descend to him, but on the glorious methods "by which they were acquired; and, whilst he "attended only to the improvement of his mind by

* Who may be considered as the original Editor, having written the Preface to the edition of 1741. *Mr. Heaton* wrote the later Preface to that of 1781.

"the

" the conversation of the wise, was not conscious
" that he was observed, and admired by the great.
" But as soon as ever this alliance was known, the
" publick had but one voice; and the universal
" approbation of it is a testimony to virtue and good
" sense, worthy of a less degenerate age.

"The mighty *Artaxerxes*, indeed, has led the way,
" by departing from that frugality in bestowing ho-
" nours which, thou knowest, he has wisely observed,
" and continuing the dignities of *Sesamnes* to his
" son-in-law. Let us not imagine, my dear *Cleander*,
" that a young man who comes into the world so
" disposed, comes into it before his time. It might
" be a fatal experiment in other great families; yet
" how few at his age have lived and thought like *him!*
" We should rather esteem it a peculiar felicity that
" he is over this dangerous term of life, in which there
" are so many of our noble youth who lose all the
" rich fruits of their education, and receive a taint
" which affects the whole tenor of their future
" conduct. It is unaccountable, that a course of
" luxury and riot should be held a necessary prepa-
" ration to a life intended for virtue, and ho-
nour; and the instructions of sages and philoso-
" phers be considered as impediments to a know-
" ledge of the world. But *Orsames* will shew the
" absurdity of these maxims. Nor need his learned
" friends apprehend, that the man of letters will be
" lost in the man of the world. Instead of abandoning
" the arts he loved, he will shew how much they
" adorn the higher stations; nor will his increasing
" acquaintance amongst the great, drive the compa-
" nions of his youthful studies from his heart. He
" will not be less their *Friend*, because he is in a
" situation to be their *Patron*."

It is upon this Letter that, in his pleasant manner, he thus writes to his friend, Oct. 23, 1740:

" As to this *Persian* of mine, I gave *Coventry* a
" succinct *critique* upon it—that it was so long, he

 " would

"would not read it, and so technical, he would not "understand it; and I had not then added the *notæ* "*variorum*, which, you know, generally obscure a "book, as well as lengthen it. But *you* must not "speak of it in so free a manner—you are obliged "to puff it; that is,

"*Depositum laudare ob amici jussa pudorem.*

"You set me to the work—you induced me to aim "at being ingenious, and elegant at the age of a "Senior Fellow,

"*Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas—*
"*Claudere lustrum.*"

It must have been of peculiar advantage to *Mr. Philip Yorke*, that he should meet with a person of such endowments, and so cultivated, as those of Mr. WRAY; who, in addition to University learning, had made a foreign tour, and had a taste for the arts, enlivened by wit, good humour, and spirits light as air.

It is an amusing incident, that of the joint work to which I have alluded, the subject is a lively description of thirty virgin beauties purchased from different countries for the *King of Persia*, and a picture of the happy life that awaits them under his roof!

But one of these Letters being upon *Vertù*, and connected with *his* taste for it, acquired in his travels, I cannot forbear to copy it. It will give us a favourable specimen of his genius, and style.

"*Cleander* to *Megalbyzus*, from Athens.

"Thy 5000 daricks, noble Satrap, are so far from "creating a disagreeable employment, that they give "me occasion to improve, as well as to indulge my "taste for those curiosities, which thou desirest me to "obtain; and are at the same time of service to me "in my other, and ministerial capacity, as intro- "ducing me to the acquaintance of many conside- "rable persons, and as advancing me to a character, "which the greatest men here pursue, that of a "lover, and judge of those elegancies.

"Were

"Were my fellow-labourer *Cratippus* to under-"take such a commission, he would at once lose the "interest, his address has procured him in the *Lace-"dæmonian* administration. Nay, it were well if "he did not get himself expelled from that little "community, in which he daily sups black broth "for his master's interest, and out-does the native "*Spartans* in bitterness against *Athenian* politeness, "or *Asiatic* magnificence.

"But here, whatever tends to improve, or to adorn "life, has its due share of reputation. The pencil "of my countryman *Parrhasius* has obtained for "him the right of citizenship. *Phidias's* skill in "statuary, and architecture, raised him so high in the "state, that he was treated like a public minister, "and was impeached before the people. But thou "wilt not wonder at any marks of distinction shewn "to an artist here, after thy adventure with *Zeuxis* "at *Ephesus*, if thou recollectest with how stately an "air he received thy visit, and, amidst all the pomp, "and attendance of a *Persian* Viceroy, how freely he "reproved thy false criticism on his works. To "those reproofs may, perhaps, be due the admirable "taste, of which thou art become the master, and "which, joined to that liberality, which equally dis-"tinguishes thee, will establish a school of elegance "in *the East*, and will convert our affectation of "the costly, and the unnatural, into a love of what "is great, and simple. My situation enables me to "assist this noble design, and it is with great plea-"sure, that I give thee an immediate evidence of "my attention to it, by the following list:

"The two figures of *Delian* brass are of *Polycle-"tus*. In one he shews all the soft beauties of a "delicate; in the other, the manly grace, and the "strong muscling of a body trained to arms. Thou "wilt be apt in the latter to charge the sculptor "with extravagance; but the exercises practised "here give a shape to the parts, very different from "those of the less active nations.

"Most

" Most of the *Hermæ*, thou wilt observe, have " the same turn of countenance. That celestial " sweetness, however, is not the mere idea of the " artist. The hint is taken from *Alcibiades*, the " most beautiful youth in *Athens*. The *Cupid* hold- " ing a thunderbolt, which is also *his* portrait, I " cannot but look upon as prophetic, and as an ex- " pression of that authority, which his charming " person, and most engaging manners are likely one " day to establish for him amongst his fellow citi- " zens. It was with difficulty I got the Sea piece of " *Androbius* from the family, whose ancestor is the " hero of it. The intrepidity, and the eagerness, " which appear in the face, and the action of *Scyl- " lis* in swimming towards the *Persian* galleys, " whose cables he cut in the bad weather before the " battle of *Artemisium*, are wonderfully expressed. " *Great Minister, let not the subject offend thee: " we love not our country the less, when admiring " the virtue of its enemies;* and a work of art, be the " subject as it may, I consider as one of the spoils " of *Greece*.

" The victory of our troops over the *Egyptian* " rebels, forms, however, a more agreeable attraction. " The painter, to shew it happened upon the *Nile*, " has introduced a crocodile seizing an ass upon " the bank, and has enriched the landscape with a " *Sphynx*, and a *Pyramid*.

" Every master, thou wilt imagine, was am- " bitious to succeed in the representation of *Pe- " ricles*. To help the want of proportion in his " head, and yet not quite lose a peculiarity so " marked, they generally covered it with a helmet. " He had otherwise a most graceful figure; and " *Ctesilaus* has done him that justice, that in this " admirable statue all spectators agree that he is " truly *Olympian*. The ruler of *Athens*, the arbi- " ter of *Greece*, the orator, the general, and states- " man, all appear in his look, and his attitude: *Cte-*

" *silaus*,

" *silaus*, indeed, has the peculiar art of improving " every charm, and of adding to the noblest of all " subjects a dignity of his own.

" After surveying this interesting portrait, what " wilt thou say of the same great person exposed in " the ridiculous draughts of a painter, in *Cleon's* " pay, his one deformity aggravated, and all his fea- " tures distorted? Through all this thou wilt per- " ceive a shocking likeness; and the painter has co- " pied as happily the abusive description of the " comic poet *Cratines*, as *Phidias* copied the sub- " lime verses of *Homer* in the design of his *Jupiter*.

" Such is the licence of the pencil at *Athens*. But " it goes higher, and burlesques even their Gods in " the *Birth of Bacchus*, where *Jupiter* appears in the " habit, and posture of a woman in labour, the god- " desses like so many gossips attending around him. " The enlightened adorers of *Mithras*, potent Satrap, " may safely join in the laugh at these representa- " tions. To express the Deity under any form, *we* " know to be absurd, and impious. But we must " allow that we owe to this very superstition of *Greece* " the arts of design, and their existence. The rude " image of some god was the first effort of sculp- " ture; and the most curious paintings adorn the " walls of temples.

" The encomiums of the Poets have made *the Cow* " of *Myron* so famous, that I was determined to " procure it for thee. It is indeed a capital piece. " The brass, thou wilt see, is of a different kind from " that which has been used by *Polycletus*; it comes " from the forges of *Ægina*. These two compe- " titors vie even in the choice of their materials.

" *The Lion* surrounded by *Cupids*, by the same " hand, strikes me infinitely more. Wouldst thou " conceive it possible for that nobleness of cha- " racter which distinguishes the gods, and the heroes " of *Phidias* to be displayed in the brute creation?

Myron's

" *Myron's Lion* will convince thee of it. The " boys are designed with such softness, and placed so " advantageously, some of them tying garlands round " his neck, some playing with his paws, or climbing " upon his back, that no group, however superior " on account of the subject, has been more admired.

" The *Genius of Athens* is the work of *Parrhasius.* " By the expression which he has given to his figure, " and the attributes that accompany it, he most " ingeniously shews the temper, and state of this " people. There is an air of grandeur mixed with " levity, and a fierceness tempered by generous feel- " ings. *The owl* represents political prudence, " the *caduceus* eloquence, and his *trident* is their " dominion of the sea.

" In general, I must confess, that allegorical sub- " jects like these are seldom pleasing to me. It is " difficult for the most ingenious to find symbols, " that exactly represent the idea, for which they are " intended; and if they are not such as are autho- " rised by common use, they perplex, instead of " entertaining, or informing us.

" I would speak to thee on this occasion, not as " the lowest of slaves to the support of the *Persian* " Throne, but as a passionate lover of the arts to " the generous protector of them."

When Mr. Wray first became a resident in *London* I cannot ascertain; but I should think it was not long after he had become *Fellow of the Royal Society* in 1728–9.

In 1742 my Father bantered his passion for curious animals, by an Elegiac Poem in Latin hendecasyllables upon the death (real or supposed) of a *Polypus.* These verses are so excellent, and the raillery so elegant, that I cannot forbear to insert them here, with a version of them in English rhyme, attempted, *non passibus æquis,* by me.

POLYPUS

POLYPUS *WRAII* *.

Written in London *in* 1742.

(Copied from the Latin Poems of the late

NICHOLAS HARDINGE, Esq.)

"Flete, O! *Mercurii*que *Apollines*que,
Et quantum est hominum eruditulorum.
Fato *Polypus* occidit supremo;
Quô-cum ludere, cui, dapes petenti,
Vermes molliculas, tenellulasque
Jucundus didicit parare *Wraius*,
Folkesî † æmulus, omnium leporum ‡
Folkesî patris, et facetiarum.
Fato *Polypus* occidit supremo;
Quem plùs ille jocis suis amabit §:
Nam ferri patiens, opesque ab ipso
Ducens vulnere, firmior renasci,
Frustisque, exuviisque vim pusillis,
Et mentis dare spiritum solebat;
Nec ritu bipedum superbiorum,
Ense, cuspide, acu, semel perire;
Qui nunc in Stygiâ natat palude:
Nec jam illic patrio carere limo

* "*Daniel Wray, Esq.* F. R. S. and F. S. A. a Deputy-teller of the Exchequer, a very accomplished scholar, and most agreeable companion. The author often rallied him, but with playful satire, for he admired, and loved him." *Note of the Editor.*

† In the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. XLII. No. 469, p. 422, will be found *Mr. Martin Folkes's* account of his experiments upon this insect—a circumstance, which accounts not only for the date of my Father's playful satire on his friend, but also for the allusion to *Mr. Folkes* in the Poem itself. He had been appointed *President of the Royal Society in* 1741.

‡ "Ironical." *Note of the Editor.*

§ The Satirist was not fonder of a jest than *his hero* was. But the passion for *his own wit*, imputed here to the latter, formed no part of his character, and is *invented* by the Poet.

Fertur;

Fertur; *Tartareïque* monstra regni,
Primo in limine *Cerberum*, *Chimæram*,
*Lernæam*que videt comes sororem:
*Alcidem*que iterum novus per umbram
Terret advena, ne repentè secto
Crescens corpore centiceps resurgat.
At vobis malè sit, malæ paludes
Orci, quæ omnia mira devoratis;
Tam mirum mihi *Polypum* abstulistis
O! mors insipiens, inelegansque;
Tuâ nunc operâ meus sodalis
Convivam sibi, amiculumque dulcem
Amisit, queriturque deesse *Wraius*,
Et solatiolum rogat doloris,
Jam cœnâ, salibusque, cantibusque,
Noctem vincere gestiens morantem."

A Version of the Monody
On the POLYPUS *of* WRAY.

Apollos, droop with bows unbent;
Ye tiny *Mercuries*, lament;
Ye unseen, Moles with *murder'd sleep*,
Ye Fairies of the learned, weep;
The *Polypus* at length is dead,
The Fates have snapt their toughest thread.
Though he had little worms to eat
When WRAY coquetted with his meat,
WRAY, a competitor in jokes
Of that *Athenian* jester—FOLKES,
Bereft of all his *vermian* store
The *Polypus* will eat no more—
More lov'd by WRAY,—the Wit profess'd,
Than his own mirth-commanding jest:

For,

For, patient of the cutting steel,
The sever'd parts could move, and feel;
Could give to all their scraps, with ease
A lock that puzzled human keys;
Form'd on a more enduring plan
Than such a *liped* wretch as man,
Who, when he thoroughly is dead,
No thought of life has in his head:
But of the *Polypus's* vein
You have a *cut-and-come-again*;
Yet when the ferry 's ripe for *him*
These lively parts resign their whim.
Now, past the Lake of *Stygian* gloom,
For *him Cerberian* heads make room:
He visits the *Lernæan* Sister,
Indeed he could not well have miss'd her;
But *Hercules* the labour dreads
Of cutting off a *hundred* heads.
Accurs'd be those infernal pools,
Who take the wise, and spare the fools!
With WRAY's accomplish'd non-descript
They are at *his* expence equipp'd;
O death, insipid, coarse, and rude!
No more by WRAY to be renew'd.—
His plaything now for ever lost,
He rushes upon lavish cost,
And suppers elegantly gay
Deceive his ling'ring nights away;
Despair his frantic bosom swells,
But, veil'd in mirth, he charms the belles.

At this time it was that Mr. WRAY, who was eager in all his pursuits, had begun to occupy himself in the purchase of old, and scarce books; called

RUMS

RUMS * by his friends, and by himself. My father, conceiving it an excellent theme of the *Sermoni propriora* in the manner of *Horace*, wrote perhaps the very best of his *Latin* Poems, to indulge a laugh at his friend's cost. If this Poem had not been universally admired by those who have seen it, I should not have presumed upon your kind prejudice in *my* favour to offer it, as I am naturally *partial* to the writer of it, and should therefore discredit my own judgment with such a bias upon it.

Of these too I have attempted an English imitation, which, however, you will not offend me in the least by rejecting, and the less, because I cannot endure it myself, in comparison to the original.

Dialogue between Mr. WRAY *and* Mr. HARDINGE, *on the subject of collecting old and scarce Books, which are called* RUMS; *written at* Canbury-house, *near* Kingston, *the Country-seat of the latter*, 1743 : *extracted from the Latin Poems of the late* NICHOLAS HARDINGE, *Esq.*

W. Hoc erat in votis: Librorum non ità magna
Copia, quæ veterum velamina pellicularum
Servaret, mecum nova temneret—auctiùs *Osborn*,
Et *Whiston* fecere; bene est;—non mentior;—horum
Semper ego optârim ditissimus esse bonorum.
H. Felices tineæ! quibus hæc convivia *Wraius*
Apparat, oblitus cœnæ, noctisque puellis
Promissæ, vobis ultrò meliora reponens!
Et vos, Scriptorum manes gaudete sepulti,
Quos omnes tenebris clausos, ventumque ad inanem
Suspensos, ignemque timentes, emptor amicus
Evocat in diäs, tanto agmine, luminis orâs!
W. Ridas, et ridet me *Yorkius* †—at mihi plaudo
Ipse domì, simul ac RUMMOS contemplor. *H.* At idem

* He alludes to them by that name in one of his Letters to *Lord Hardwicke*, and represents the shelves in his library as *gaping for them.*

† *Hon. Philip Yorke*, afterwards second *Earl of Hardwicke.*

Hospitio

Hospitio veneres *Graias*, *Latiasque* solebas
Excipere, et patrios non fastidire lepores.
Cur tuus exilium *Cicero* formidat, opemque
Sordidus, implorat mutatâ veste, *Plato*que
Multa dolens, miseris, quos expulit ipse, Poetis
Cogitur ire comes? Quid magna sonantis *Homeri*
Carmina? quid dulces *Sapphûs* meruere querelæ?
Cur sedem *Camoëns* audet temerare *Maronis*,
*Pindaricæ*que lyræ *Casimir* te judice poscit
Præmia? cur *Batavæ Siculam* vicere Camœnæ?
Quò *Flacci* tibi pulsus amor? *propriumne* * *poema*
Dedecoras? *Flaccone* pudet lusisse magistro?
W. Mene, fori primo jam limina manè colentem,
Mene, in versiculis thesaurum, næniolisque
Quærere vis, *Jani* † *numerisque*, *modisque relictis*?
H. Quorsum igitur pilas inter, cæcasque tabernas,
Per loca senta situ properas, spissisque cathedris
Quò te cunque rapit præconis malleus, acer
Advigilas, inhians libris, ut RUM teneas,—RUM:
Si possis, parvo, si non, quovis pretio RUM?
Scilicet ut scriptis pluteï rumpantur *Iberis*,
*Suaresii*que gemant sub pondere, *Vasquesii*que?
W. *Suaresio* nondum cœnacula, *Vasquesio*que
Nostra patent, nondum angustas se magnus in ædes
Intulit immanem, centena volumina jactans,
Tostatus molem, tectis decora ampla futuris:
Quanquam ô!—sed teneant quibus hæc Fortuna dedisti

* This alludes evidently to the humourous Letter from the house of *Lord King* in *Devonshire* to *Mr. Wollaston*, from which extracts have been copied in these memoirs, pp. 26.32. The word *proprium* in its double sense is a high compliment. It was lost upon me till I had access to that *Horatian* Letter.

† This, I apprehend, alludes to the *Stock Exchange*.

Munera;

Munera;—fabellæ saltem *Cervantis* amœni
Sit locus, *Hercillæ* sedes sua, *Lopesio*que.
H. Tene, salutantem, Consul non unius anni,
*Granvillus**, raptis jam lætus ovansque sigillis,
Admonuit, verbis ut sesquipedalibus aptos,
Grandiloquæ fastus linguæ, vatesque sonoros
Ediscas, *Keenum*que † ipsum superare labores?
W. Ambitio est mihi nulla—sed heus tu! nullane apud te
Pulvere fœda latent ævi monumenta prioris;
Relliquiæ legum, *Magnæ*que oracula *Chartæ*,
*Fleta*que, *Bractonus*que, et adhuc *Glanvilla* superstes,
Barbaricumque sonans *Henghamus* uterque, *Briton*que,
*Annales*que ‡ Fori, vafrique ænigmata juris
Herberto § quæcunque *satus*—*Stathamus*que, *Brocus*que
*Tergeminus*que *Crocus* ‖ memorat, *Rollus*que, *Dyer*que,
*Ploudeni*que fides, et acuti dogmata *Coki*?
H. At tibi *Yorkiadæ* ¶ gemini periisse pudorem
Clamabunt, ea si tibi sit ridere libido,
Quæ pater **, antiquæ laudis studiosus, et artis,
Perdidicit, meritis nunc auctus honoribus, et quæ

* This alludes to Lord *Granville's* knowledge of the *Spanish* authors, and in part also to his political conduct in that year.

I should here observe, as a part of Mr. WRAY's life, that he was in general accredited as an admirable master of the living, as well as the dead languages. In honour to the Satire, we are to suppose that *Spanish* just then interested him the most. That he could *read it*, appears from a Letter to Mr. *Yorke*.

† Sir *Benjamin Keene*, K. B. long the British Ambassador in *Spain*.

‡ *Fitzherbert's Abridgment*. § *Year-books*.

‖ *Croke's Reports* in three Volumes. There is at this period infinite pleasantry in this *retort courteous* upon the rage of my father for those antient writers. He had read them diligently, and had written very ample notes upon some of them.

¶ *Philip* and *Charles Yorke*.

** The first *Earl of Hardwicke*.

Crine

*Crine novo Carolus**, pulloque ornatus amictu,
Versat, ad exemplum doctus properare paternum;
Versaretque pari studio, mihi crede, *Philippus*,
Ni satis hinc dives, musarum sede relictâ,
Civiles coleret curas, patriæque paratus
Consulere, et lapsis Britonum succurrere votis,
Plaudentem alliceret juvenis gravitate Senatum †:
Nescis quò valeant sanctæ mysteria Legis---
W. Nescio quò valeat RUMMUS, quem præbeat usum.
H. Id quæro, dignusne legi sit, necne libellus:
W. Tanquam ad RUM attineat quidquam! — *H.* Tibi scilicet uni
Hæc coëmis?—bene sit fidis, te divite, amicis—
W. Quid mî igitur suades? — ut scripta vel optima, *Brindlî*
Pumice munda petam, titulisque, auroque decora,
Quæ mihi tu demens unum, demens etiam unum
Paulatim vellas?—tutus mihi crescat acervus
Tutus ab *Hardingis* ‡: procul o! procul este profani
Lectores, totâque absistete bibliothecâ!
H. Parietibusne datur solis hæc tanta supellex?
W. Non ita; namque etsi levioribus otia nugis
Vespertinus agam, quamvìs tua, *Yorkiada*ve

* *Charles Yorke*, just called to the Bar.

† These compliments to the House of *Yorke*, and through them to their admirer, the Hero of the Poem, are elegant, and beautiful; but, with all my filial predilection, I confess they are inferior to those of *Hawkins Browne*, in his Poem on the Soul. There is in that *eloge* a dignity of taste, which has caught the best manner of the *Augustan* Poets, and has improved upon it. *Mr. Yorke* spoke admirably well at his *début* in the *House of Commons*.

‡ The author and his brother *Dr. Hardinge* had an ill name for borrowing books, and losing them. A bantering friend of mine, for whom I had left a copy of this Poem on my table, called at my house one day when I was absent, and had brought with him a book which he was to lend me; but, seeing this passage in the Poem, he pocketed the intended loan, and wrote as an apology, "Tutus ab *Hardingis*!"

Concutiam

Concutiam facili vacuus penetralia risu,
Restat, ut his ego me valeam recreare libellis.
Ergo ubi jam stipata domus nymphisque, virisque,
Perstrepit, et *pictis* fervent conclavia *chartis*,
Sermonis, teæque satur, me, desidiamque
Increpito, pressis agitans hæc vota labellis :
"O Rum! quando ego aspiciam, quandoque licebit
"*Conducto** ad proprios *curru* remeare penates!"
II. Vidi ego, te, meminique preces has pectore ab imo
Fundere, scalpentemque † caput, pectusque, latusque,
Aurigas nimium seros, bigamque morantem
Sæpe queri, et longos in Diras ducere fletus.
IV. Talia volventi *currus* ‡ mihi nuncius omnes
Elapsos narrat; nec adest *lectica* §.—Domum me
Confestìm refero pedes, et jucunda reviso
Scrinia; sopitos, jubeo, puer excitet ignes,
Accendat lumen; soleas mihi, pileolumque
Afferat; his, cœlebs quæ poscit vita, peractis,
Suspiciens vestigo oculis, si forte liber quis
Sit mihi, qui indoctos pariter, doctosque repôstas
Celet opes : juvat arcanos accedere fontes,
Insignemque meis salibus petere inde || leporem,
Unde priùs nullî dederint libamina Musæ ¶.

* A hackney coach.

† It happens rather whimsically, that Wray, in the epistolary poem above cited, and in one of his prose letters dated *Knoll Hills,* a country-seat of *Mr. Hardinge,* alludes to these characteristic peculiarities of his own, and ascribes them to others.

‡ *Hackney Coaches* off the stand.

§ *A sedan chair.*

|| This is mere play; for he had a fountain always at hand in his own genius: unless in quoting well some classical version of his own thought, no man was less a copyist.

¶ It is delightful to see how this playful banter upon his friend was received by that friend himself. There is a letter now in the Museum, written by Mr. Wray to *Dr. Birch,* dated *Wrest,* Sept. 21, 1746, in which, alluding to this Dialogue, which had found its way to *Mr. Cave,* he expresses the hope that he is in time,

The Dialogue between Mr. WRAY *and Mr.* HARDINGE, *on the subject of purchasing old and scarce Books, called* RUMS, *in which the former took delight.*

W. I often wish'd, (ye Fates! I ask no more)
Of books, no lavish, but an ample store,
Which, as *my* inmates, their *old clothes* would keep,
Nor into *gold*, like other fops, would leap:
My *book-worm Taylors* have the wish improv'd,
And fear of *lace*, for ever, is remov'd.

H. Ye moths! I give you joy; for whom your friend
A feast prepares, which you, alone, attend!
Regardless of the supper, and the night,
His promise to the girls, and beauty's right.
Ye venerable shades of authors old,
Whom dust, and smoke in chains of durance hold;

time, before the Magazine for that month is printed off: and then his words are these;

"The *Dialogus inter duos Amicos* is of too private a nature to "entertain the publick—we desire him to leave it out by all means. "If he will hear no reason, but must fill up his Magazine, beg "him to make use of the *inclosed paper**. If any way could be "found for a similar application to the *London Magazine*†, it "would be right. But our friend here (*Mr. Yorke*) and myself "desire it should not be propagated. The corrections are only "meant as a *dernier resort.*"

The inclosure is in these words:

"To abbreviate *Wrayius, Yorkius*, &c. &c. *Philippus, Hardingus*. "To make the following corrections: *Servaret, mecum nova*, "&c. &c.;" and various other verbal corrections.

I quote these passages to shew that *Mr. Yorke* and his friend were possessed of this poem in manuscript, and corrected *Mr. Cave's* copy by their own.

Mr. Yorke's objection to its appearance in the Magazine arose from the modesty of his nature, as the verses in one passage confer a very high, though a very just, compliment upon *him*.

Mr. WRAY appears to have had no objection upon his *own* account, as *the hero* of the ridicule.

* *Mr. Cave* readily complied; and omitted all notice of the "*Dialogue.*" The paper contained corrections of *Mr. Cave's* transcript from the original Manuscript.

† This application was made, and with effect.

 Or

Or hung to wind, and rain upon your stall,
Or half in rags, and flutt'ring on a wall,
Shy of the kitchen-grate; your champion hail,
Who buys you all, and lumps you *at a sale.*
W. *You* laugh, and so does *Yorke,* when I review
My RUMS before me with applause— *H.* But *you*
Of *Greek,* and *Latin* pilgrims were the host,
And with a native's pride *their* vein could boast;
Why does *your Tully,* exil'd as before,
And in a *sordid vest,* your tears implore?
Must *Plato* be to fellowship compell'd
With all the Bards that he himself expell'd?
What has the deep-resounding *Homer* done?
Where sleeps the wreath, by *Sappho's* genius won?
Shall *Maro* from his Mantuan fane retreat,
Resigning to a *Camoëns* the seat?
Shall *Casimir* the harp of *Pindar* brave?
Shall *Dutchmen* tread on thy *Sicilian's* grave?
Ah! whither is *thy Horace* fled, whose tone
It were in thee *ungrateful* to disown?
Of thy terse wit the model, and the guide.
Beware of murder! and of *parricide*!
W. What! shall I miss the *Bank,* and *Stock Exchange,*
In *Attic,* or *Augustan* fields to range!
Like thee, in *Classic* numbers to delight,
Or, in their idioms vers'd, like thee, to write?
H. But why through dirty courts, and crowds of gloom,
That speed of thine to reach the Auction-room!
With keen pursuit thy avarice to lead,
And pile upon her shelves what none can read?
RUMS, at all hazard of the purse, to buy,
But watching bargains with an eagle's eye,
Till bursting cases feel *Iberian* weight,
And *Suares* can at *Vasques* nod in state?

W. My

W. My parlour-doors, tho' dinners they forget,
For those dear inmates have not open'd yet;
My shallow tent in vain its mouth expands
To that *Briareus* with a hundred hands,
Tostatus, by a hundred volumes girt,
Half-buried in his Antiquary dirt:
Him, for congenial space, my hopes reserve,
As time, and place with *Hymen's* lamp may serve;
Yet, oh! but let the rich those gems possess!
To me, *Cervantes* might his vein address;
With me *Hercilla's* renovated bloom,
And *Lopes*, could with ease find ample room.
H. What, have *you* been at *Spanish Granville's* court,
Proud of the seals, and of his patriot sport,
But consul of a mutilated year;
Has *he* to notes of *Spain* attun'd thine ear,
To the *sesquipedals*, and pomp of speech
Which *Keene* himself is in despair to reach?
W. I 've no ambition; but, my bant'ring friend,
Hast *thou* no dusty relicks to defend?
Thy *Magna Charta* is in being still,
Nor moves a foot on Time's descending hill.
Hast thou no *Fleta** ? Is not *Bracton* thine?
And *Glanville* in his venerable shrine?
Thy two barbarians, of revolting name,
The *Henghams great*, and *small*†, thy homage claim,
Thy Norman *Year-books*, thy *Fitzherbert's* lore,
Statham, and *Brook*, by turns thy hand implore,
Croke's polished *Graces*‡, *Dyer* kissing *Roll*,
The subtle *Coke*, and *Plowden's* manly soul.

* All these are *very* antient Law-writers.
† *Hengham Magna.—Hengham parva.*
‡ *Three* volumes of *Croke.*

 H. But

H. But thy two *Yorkes* will swear that shame is lost,
If *thou* canst jeer at *legal* wisdom's cost,
Which their own Parent, studious of his art,
Was born, for *Britain's* welfare, to impart;
Which *Charles* the Barrister in sable vest
Has proudly to his midnight lamp address'd,
With hast'ning speed his model to revive,
And at the same pre-eminence arrive;---
So would *thy Philip,* if the elder-born
Could have rejected *Amalthea's horn.*
He, for the Senate's trust,—a Senate's pride—
Through civic storms the vessel is to guide;
In the young Statesman wreaths of age have crown'd
His calm discernment, and his thought profound.
Thou little know'st the value of *the Laws.*
W. Thou little know'st, but I avenge his cause,
The value of a RUM:—*H.* I only ask
If a book 's worthy of a *reader's* task.
W. This, my dear friend, though others may pursue,
You know, has nothing with a RUM to do.
H. But for yourself alone your feast you buy,
You have *no* visitors,—no *guest am I.*
W. Wouldst thou a man that's form'd like me persuade
My books to shew in *Brindley's** cost array'd,
Bound, gilt, and *letter'd,* for a birth-day suit,
With *splendour* my *possession* to commute;
Which thou, attracted by the robes they wear,
Shouldst prompt thy pilfering hands at home to share;
Till one by one the sun-beams melt away?
No, let *my* volumes be no HARDINGE'S prey!

* A celebrated bookseller in *Bond-street,* famous in his day for books elegantly bound.

Hence

Hence all profane! ye giddy hands desist,
Nor let me *lose* what never may be *miss'd.*
H. What, are the walls, then, to engross the load,
Which thy Jew-brokers have on thee bestow'd?
W. Not in *my* secret are thy jest, and thou;
For though, to keep some rash, but plighted vow,
Yorke's playful inmate, or thy laughing guest,
The Nymphs in me their *Comus* have address'd,
I have these chaster pleasures in reserve,
And with a faithful heart their smile deserve.
Oft in *St. James's Square**, or *Saville-row* †,
When rooms are full of eye-traps for a beau,
When boys and girls around my path coquette,
And cards all other intellect forget,
From tea my feign'd allegiance I remove,
And my insulted feelings thus reprove.
"O Rum! dear passion; when shall I again
Be an associate of thy soothing train?
When, seated in my *hack*, to thee return,
With no degrading appetites to burn?"
H. I 've seen it, and have mark'd the silent prayer;
Have seen thee when, of *Coaches* in despair,
Thy restless hands were cross'd upon thy head,
And the deep oath was ling'ring on its bed.
W. Alas! thy hints renew impassion'd grief;
Nor *coach* nor *chair* at hand for my relief,
I sneak away on foot, and when at home,
Swear, that abroad I never more will roam:
I bid my boy repair the coal asleep;
To cap, and slippers with impatience leap:
A Bachelor's neat perquisites are these,
That with a gentle indolence can please.

* Where *Lord Hardwicke* (then *Mr. Yorke*) lived.
† Where my father lived.

Then

Then I look round me, with a hope to find
A book that never shall be undermin'd,
Which to no pedant shall its wealth reveal,
But from whose page I now and then can *steal*
A lively thought, and sparkling repartee,
Which all who hear me shall ascribe *to me.*

When Mr. Wray became a resident generally in town, he lodged at the house of *Arthur Pond,* the famous Painter and Collector of curiosities, in *Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Mr. Pond* had a picture of the celebrated *Warburton*, to whom Wray could not be partial, as being a friend of *Edwards*, who had ridiculed him with immortal wit, (and had been lashed by him with so coarse a whip, that, for the honour of his memory, one could wish it might be forgotten.)—He used to relate, in his laughing manner, that a dog of *Mr. Pond,* uninformed by him, never passed this picture without *lifting up his tail!* though he *respected* the other portraits.

The *Yorkes* were fond of *Mr. Edwards*, and they were admirers of his antagonist. Mr. Wray banters his friend upon this *duplicity* of attachment with his accustomed archness, and good humour:

"I could not help reflecting how adroitly you "two Brothers managed the two contending Wits. "*Edwards* indulges on *venison* at *Wrest*, while "*Warburton* is entertained with *whitings* at "*Lincoln's Inn.* Whichever side prevails, *your* "family are secure; nor is the difference of *the fare* "neglected; just in proportion to the respective "merits of the '*Canons*' and of the '*Dunciad notes*'."

In 1745 *Mr. Yorke,* as *Teller of the Exchequer,* appointed Mr. Wray his *Deputy Teller,* and he continued in that laborious office till 1782. Here was a new theatre of his talents; and one should little have conceived, that a man of brilliant wit, of lively manners, a Philosopher, a deep Scholar, and a man of Science, would have made a figure in that niche.

But

But it is agreed by all who were conversant with him there, that his order, his method, and rule, his luminous precision, his acute memory, his diligence, his readiness, temper, command of the accompts, in a word, his possession of all that was required of him, were unexampled.—We must not here forget the energy, and spirit of his mind, oppressed in vain by incessant complaints upon his breath, and fits of asthma which threatened his life.—His letter of thanks to his Patron appears to me a perfect model of its kind, and that kind one of the best. It is manly, and affectionate, gracefully polished, and playfully natural:—I *cannot* suppress it.

"You will probably, dear Sir, knit your brows, "and will turn up your nose at a direction in my "hand, who was never good at a news-book, and, in "my recent attention to *Exchequer business*, must "be unqualified the more to give you any informa-"tion. But I don't mean to inform you: I mean "to thank you.—An event of such consequence to "me, so unexpected, and sudden, besides the hurry "of settling myself in the office, kept me in such a "perpetual agitation of spirits, that every part of "this transaction appeared '*like a phantasma, or* "*delicious dream**.' I was in the condition of the "Sultan just lifting his head out of the water; nor "could I, for the soul of me, conceive, how such a "multitude of things could have happened in six "little days, or that my situation could have been "altered from all it was, or thought it should ever be, "a week before. But, now that I am seated in your "deputed throne, and have snuffed up the *cœlum* "*Aventinum*, the sober air of the *Exchequer*, I "have returned in some degree to my senses; and "the more I consider your favour, the more I turn "it over in all its lights, the more heightened is the "obligation. In this age, corrupt as it is called,

* This happily *varied* line of *Shakespeare* in the original stands thus: "*like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.*"

"and

" and as I believe it is, *here* is an instance of *great* " *preferment* (for, amongst ourselves in the office, we " may allow that it is *great*) bestowed, not upon the " footing of parliamentary interest, or private accom- " modation, or because a Duke is my cousin, and " my sister a ———; but, who can believe it? be- " cause you love me, and because *my Lord* * is not " *wise* enough to disallow the modest claim of dis- " interested friendship; because you think I shall " discharge the duty reposed in me faithfully, and " have a kind prepossession that (*ut me collaudem*) " I am good for something else. It is the reverse " of Swift's great man and his dependents:

" At table *you* can *Horace* quote,
" *He* at a pinch can bribe a vote, &c.

" There is, however, I doubt, some danger as to " the poetical, and classical qualifications. May not " the chink of the money-bags a little spoil the ear " for diviner music? and may not we learn to hold " a bank-note more *cantabile* than an ode,

" Inter scabiem tantam, et contagia lucri?

" *Horace* wonders that his friend *Iccius* can study " the Philosophers, *et adhuc sublimia curet*; and " I can scarce believe that *Agrippa's* Bailiff in *Sicily* " had more weights to hinder him from soaring " than your *Deputy* has.

" This affair has one circumstance, which, when " it first struck into my head, made me a little " serious—you had honoured me with your affection, " and, what is ever the consequence of such whims, " treated me as your equal. Now, this equality is " no more; not only from the relation of *principal* " and of *subordinate*, but from the very obligation " itself: we are properly no longer *friends*; we are " *patron* and *client*. But my second thoughts have " set all this right again. The best part of my good " fortune is, that I am obliged to *you*. Favours

* *Lord Hardwicke.*

" received

"received from a man of sense, and virtue, are just, "and reasonable motives to conscious pride. Nay, "*to join the sentiments of gratitude with principles* "*of esteem, and affection, supplies an honest heart* "*with a new set of pleasures.* If I look abroad for "the opinion of the world, how honourable to be "distinguished by you and *Lord Chancellor!* And "amongst our acquaintance, the manner, in which "you offered, and confirmed the boon, will place "me in the most advantageous light.—That verse "of *Terence* hits my case, and I cannot get it out "of my head:

"Non tam ipso dono quam abs his datum esse,
"Hoc vero sensu triumpho.

"I hold myself obliged to lay before you, as my "*principal*, a journal of my transactions ever since "you left the *Exchequer* upon *my* shoulders. *Im*-"*primis* I waited upon *the Lords of the Treasury*, "where I encountered a full board. When I came "in, *Mr. Pelham* graciously wished me joy. I took "a short oath, and then boldly (though *Mr. L*.... "looked at me over the back of his chair) walked "round the table to him, and I delivered your "compliment pretty roundly. He answered, 'that "he went out early that morning, but *Lord Chan*-"*cellor* had mentioned me to him, and he was glad, "so worthy a man was appointed.' He went on to "ask me after *Mr. Townshend;* I mumbled, I "bowed, and I took my leave. By the time that "I got back to *my* office it was time to lock up the "chest; so all my business was, to turn, and carry off "a most formidable key. These duties thus over,

"——————Inde domum me
"Ad porri, et ciceris refero, lachanique catinum.

"I took a dinner of milk, to reduce my spirits "into discipline of temper amidst all this glory. "Yesterday I wrote the solemn words, *Daniel* "*Wray, Deput. hon'blis Phil. Yorke,* upon many

"long

" long parchments, *with great sufficiency*. I even
" asked some few questions, partly for informa-
" tion, partly to persuade the Clerks that I was not
" entirely ignorant; for *Charles's Mr. Parker* *, and
" *Tommy Townshend's Mr. Dive* †, had given me
" lights. They are able, and willing to lead me into
" all the mysteries, and through them. To-day,
" having signed *so manfully* before, I had only to
" observe the course; and all this I affirm to be as
" pretty amusement as running half the day over
" the town to find scarce a human creature at home.
" I cannot help telling you, like the *Journalist* in
" the *Spectator*, that, upon the faith and credit of
" my office, I bought a pair of garters, have actually
" chosen cloth for a coat, and am thinking of a
" mahogany table. * * *

" I am, dear Sir,
" Your most affectionate,
" obliged, and gratefully devoted,
" *Oct*. 10, 1745. D. WRAY."

It was on account of the constitutional oppressions which the asthma inflicted upon him that he took a lodging in *Kew Lane* for part of the summer. Whether he pitched his tent there at first with a view to *Mr. Yorke* and my father, I have not ascertained; but at least it so happened, fortunately for him, that *Mr. Yorke* had a house at *Richmond*, and my father near *Kingston*. To the latter a horse carried him, and a man-servant accompanied him, when *Mr. Yorke* would spare him. He had also the advantage, and the delight of *Mr. Cambridge's* company, who lived in *Twickenham*, but just on the other side of the ferry, as it was in those days, now Richmond-bridge; a gentleman, whom it was my happiness to know as a neighbour, and friend; whose variety of talents, in verse, and prose, wit, learning,

* *John Parker, Esq.*
† *John Dive, Esq.*

taste,

taste, good-humour, and social nature, under the discipline of moral virtue, were improved in their effect by some peculiarities, which, as well as those of Mr. WRAY, though very unlike them, were the subjects of innocent raillery amongst *his* admirers; not excepting Mr. WRAY himself.

This delightful man could not, any more than my father, spare his friend's only defect, real, or supposed, which, at this period, seems to have acquired; certainly not a *root*, as I shall hope to demonstrate, but a powerful *habit*. It was a fashion to call him *penurious*; and so far he gave countenance to the ridicule, at which *he* laughed in his turn, that he indulged no apparent expence of show, luxury, or comfort, beyond that of necessaries, though rich. But, whatever gave birth to these habits, or whatever they meant, they never had the least effect upon his animal spirits, mirth, and wit: nor, though his friends laughed at him, upon their esteem for him, and their delight in him as a companion.

In allusion to this part of his character, my father, whose comic pen was never idle, wrote at *Kingston* a Dialogue between the *Vicar of Kingston*, who was a perpetual object of his playful satire, and Mr. WRAY. I am not afraid of recommending this little *jeu d'esprit*, as little, if at all, inferior to the best manner of *Swift*. You will not fail to observe the ingenuity of discrimination between the two characters: both of them shrewd in pursuit of their object; one hoping to *get*, and the other to *save*; but one alone, Mr. WRAY, turning this very object into the most exquisite ridicule.

A Dialogue between the VICAR *and* WRAY.

V. Tithe, Sir, and offerings:—*W.* Tithe!—of me!

V. You keep a house and family.

W.

W. A lodging only, I protest,
A little nook, for breath and rest.
Here in the loving Lane of *Kew*,
To laugh and chat an hour or two.
V. Have not I read, in flowing lays,
To *Birch* inscrib'd, your *Villa's* praise * ?
W. Once, I confess, in better times,
Laughing, and gay, with sportive rhymes,
The votive Muse would build a seat,
Though modest, elegantly neat,
Where I could hope to entertain
My gen'rous *Patron* †, and his train.
Need I that prophecy fulfil,
When for the deed they take the will ?
V. Mutton, I guess, or other cheer,
Adorns the board, when *they* are here.
W. What if my genial hand uncorks
One grateful bottle to the *Yorkes*;
For *them* alone this altar smokes,
My door admits not other folks.
Hardinge has wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
To be my guest—the *Pratts* complain :
To none of *them*, as I'm a sinner,
Give I a supper or a dinner.
V. How do you feed yourself ?—*W.* On books,
Nor slave to butchers, nor to cooks :
If information you require,
Step to that *Grocer*, and inquire :
" *Wray* ?" You are answer'd;---" what a man
" Is he ? describe him !"—" If I can ;

* This very poem is preserved. See p. 76.
† *Mr. Philip Yorke.*

" A motley

" A motley dishabille he wears;
" A wig that scorns to hide his ears;
" A dapper steed, whose back, and sides
" A leopard's skin conceals, he rides."
When thus enlighten'd, all agree,
They know my equipage, not me.
V. But I suspect you hoard some liquor,
Fit to refresh a thirsty Vicar.
One dram at least?—*W.* Not one.
V. Or tea, or chocolate?—*W.* O Pharisee!
To tithe my petty store is cruel:
Wilt thou not blush to tithe my gruel?
V. No; nor your cheese.—*W.* Alas! the mice
Have nibbled off the remnant slice:
Each hath his foes; the mice are mine;
The rats, in *Hardinge's* verse, are thine.
V. Truce to these bantering replies;
I claim, and merit *privy tithes.*
W. What have you learn'd from *Gibson's Codex*,
Your oracle, to tithe my *podex*?
Or do thy lawless wishes rove
From *honour's seat*, to that *of love*?
V. Sir, you mistake the meaning quite,
And I am bound to set you right.
This *privy* is a term that all
The *Doctors* use for *personal*:
Tithes from the person then are due,
And those I now demand from you.
W. What! have you learn'd from *Taylor's Thesis**,
To cut your debtor into pieces?

* This alludes to *Dr. Taylor's* Dissertation upon the Athenian Law " *De debitore in partes secando.*"

V. You

V. You jest on sacred things: revere,
At least, my rank and character —
Christ's representative at Sheen,
And his vicegerent on the Green.
" *The Steward of the Lord of Hosts*"—
W. So your imprinted Sermon boasts;
And oft this doctrine I have heard
From your own lying mouth preferr'd.
V. What! you frequent the Church?—*W.* I do.
V. Pay me a tribute for your pew!
W. A bite! *unpew'd* I take my stand,
Modest, and meek, my whip in hand;
Expecting, when your task is done,
And parted clouds reveal the Sun,
My rustic penance to repair,
With *Yorke's*, or *Hardinge's* social fare:
To catch the gift of prompt occasion
Is *my* Philosophy's persuasion.
V. Drums, I suppose, at night, and misses,
Are *your* chief pastime.—*W.* Better this is
Than midnight punch, or bowls of shrub,
Gossip, and scandal, at your club.
V. Still more profane! Farewell!---I see,
No Priest can filch one groat from thee.

His neighbour *Mr. Cambridge* wrote upon him, *as he told me himself*, and made no secret of it, an excellent, and very harmless Epigram, which he gave to me when I was intimate with him.

It was upon a *waistcoat*, first velvet, then embroidered: a parody upon *Dryden's*

" *Three Poets in three distant ages born.*"

But the Reverend son of this Epigrammatist having assured me that, whoever told me it was intended

intended by his father as a laugh at the expence of his friend, told me that which had no truth in it, I forbear to insert it here, though he has published it himself in the Memoirs of his father's life, but without pointing at the object of this playful satire *by name*. I must, however, take the liberty of entering my dissent, and protest against that gentleman's opinion—that, if his father *had* written it as a joke upon his friend, (who could laugh at *him* in return), his character, as a moralist and friend, would have then received, or would now receive, any disrepute.

But what makes this amiable delicacy of the Son a little too refined is, that Mr. WRAY himself alludes to this identical *waistcoat* as a theme of *the wits*, in a tone of the most philosophical good-nature, and of humour too, as well as forbearance.

"Your doctrines *de re vestiariâ* are no less "orthodox than *de re medicâ*. The warm *waist-* "*coats* are accordingly laid in; and the *Shag, toties* "*decantatus*, has long since been delivered over to "the secular arm of *Anthony**. But I have provided "an equal successor;—*non deficit alter*—I may add "that it is *aureus*, for the silver lace almost is ripened "into gold. Indeed I intend my wardrobe shall be "ever equipped with such venerable antiquities. "They are a kind of breast-plate, in which *the sati-* "*rical wit of my bantering friends* will remain sus- "pended when I am safe behind it. If I did not "abandon to their archness a *waistcoat*, they would "pick a hole in my coat."

If Mr. WRAY had known or believed the Epigram on this topic written by his friend, as I am convinced that he did, he would not have admired, or loved him the less†. Witness the affection that he bore to my father, one of his dearest friends, who ban-

* His only Servant.

† It happens whimsically too, that *Mr. Cambridge* the father gave me under his hand *another Epigram* upon the same foible of

tered this foible with incessant humour, was read, was admired by his *hero*, lived in uniform habits of perfect harmony with him, and revived him in his affection when they could laugh together no more.

The same *waistcoat* produced a *bon-mot* which has many fathers to it, and amongst them *Dr. Salter*, to whom I think it is fairly due—It was the arch whim of this remark: "*Surely*, WRAY, *that waistcoat is old enough to go into breeches.*"

Perhaps, like the ant, he made provision for the winter of life, and calculated the parsimony of the old bachelor as a nest-egg for the liberality of the married man.

Mr. WRAY was often at Queen's College, till he married; and kept, I believe, his name upon the boards to the day of his death.

In 1748 he made a figure at *Cambridge* upon a singular, and ludicrous occasion.

Mr. Burrell, the father of *Lord Gwydir*, then a young man, presented to the University a Statue, which he *called*, as I have been told (and as, I dare say, he *thought*) a figure of *Queen Anne*. The University was then, as it has too often been, a scene of party, which *had no business there*. The *Whigs*, and the *Tories* were in a political flame; and a civil war took up any feather as the demand upon it, or *cri de guerre*: The *Tories* were pleased with a *High-church Queen*, and placed her, by an irregular act of power, in the Senate-house.—Mr. WRAY had the repute of discovering that it was no *Queen Anne*, but a figure of *Glory*.

of Mr. WRAY, which is also published by the Son, but without a name, though with two circumstances, which, in the vulgar phrase, *let the cat out of the bag*.

One is, that his anonymous hero is, like WRAY, a monosyllabist, or the measure of the verse at an end; and the other is, that his old and favourite servant, who was *known* by the name of *Tony*, is *by that name* brought upon the scene.

Apropos, in *four* lines purporting to be *copies* of the original Epigram, in *Greek*, there are two glaring *Errata*.

The

It had stood at *Canons*, near the *Duke of Marlborough's* figure, in honour to his military victories. Being, I suppose, of the *Whig* faction, Mr. WRAY exerted himself to put a disgrace upon this personage; detected the inaccuracy of the title; and was confederate in a party for the expulsion of the figure. — His opposition failed. — The figure was honoured by a final decree, and she was called *Academic Glory*, with a label annexed:

"Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ."

My Father, who was occasionally at *Cambridge*, made this a theme of banter upon the *Tories*, and wrote the following *Dialogue*, which was many years ago inserted in the "*Poetical Calendar*."—It alludes to Mr. WRAY, and has drawn his portrait with a peculiar delicacy of humour; for it is a ridicule upon his manner, accompanied by a compliment upon his patriotism, and philanthropy.

It happens that, in two of his letters to his friend *Mr. Yorke*, Mr. WRAY alludes to this whimsical incident. They leave it rather as a point of doubt, whether he was, or was not, (under-hand at least), the leading advocate of the expulsion; and they give a key, though imperfect, and general, to the mention of *Bishop Keene*, in the Poem, as likely to supersede the gift, and remove the solecism.

"This moment I am come from the Senate, "where a *Grace* for removing *Glory* has been "thrown out. Our friend *Dr. M.** was amongst its "principal asserters—† but he has presented his *book* "to me, and shewn me his wife, who is an agreeable "woman. I know not by what fate I am supposed "by many to be the *mover* of this *Iconoclasis;* but "you see by the event of this afternoon how "strangely things are judged of here. My old crony "the *Vice-master* was on the side of *the Statue*."

* I believe *Dr. Middleton.*

† The passage here is obscure. I rather infer that he was on the side of "*Glory.*"

This Letter has no year for its date; but must have been in 1748, when *Glory* was confirmed in its original position.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Stranger.

WHOSE is this image?—*Beadle.* ACADEMIC GLORY.
S. Is she a maid, or matron? *Whig*, or *Tory*?
What quarry could produce so huge a block?
What engines heave her from her native rock?
What vehicle the pond'rous marble bear?
Who bought her, who transform'd, who plac'd her there?
B. Who plac'd her there? A mason.—*S.* Whose design
Contriv'd her statue's architecture?—*B.* Mine.
S. Who thus her pedestal with *Latin* grac'd?
Who taught her thus to speak in words unchaste?
"*Come all, come all, partake my ample treasure,*
"*Who best deserve the palm!*"* Is *that* her pleasure?
Her youths invites she thus?—*B.* The line they say,
Is borrow'd, word for word, from *Virgil's* lay.
Poems I study not; I seek, I own,
Vitruvian art, *Vitruvian* style alone;
But to my *Johnian* friends I give due credit,
And they in *Virgil*, or in *Maro* read it.
Virgil unchaste! Is yours a true translation?
You differ surely from the congregation!
S. The congregation, Sir! Did *Alma Mater*
A deity by solemn grace create her?
And place her opposite to *George's* view,
Fix'd in the place to *George the Second* due?
B. Some mysteries, from curious eyes conceal'd,
To Clerks alone and Churchmen are reveal'd.

* Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.

Though

Though *Whigs* and *Wits* her origin suspected,
And still enquire by whom she's thus erected,
Faction, to shake her base, conspires in vain;
A Deity she is, and must remain.
What though her brawny limbs, and stately size,
Taste, and *vertù*, and elegance despise,
To *us* her shape unzon'd, unclasp'd with boddice,
And more than virgin stride, proclaim the Goddess*.
S. To *Dian's* image thus, with pomp array'd,
Their glowing vows *Ephesian* zealots paid;
Though conscious whence the fusile ore was brought,
What craftsman's skill the ductile figure wrought,
The work divine with transport they commended,
Which, as they feign'd, from *Jove* himself descended.
B. What *Glory was*, why seek her sons to know?
See what alluring gifts she offers *now!*
Caps to the learn'd, a mitre to the sleek,
And white-glov'd Chaplain, who forgets his Greek;
To *Heads*, repose; to Bards, *Parnassian* bays;
To all, or worthy or unworthy, praise.
S. What mean those types that lurk beneath her feet,
Emblems ill-hid by ignorant deceit?
What means that civic crown? Are these, rewards
For sage Divines, Philosophers, and Bards?
B. Nor smiles on these alone the Goddess; she,
Propitious Queen! some boon reserves for me.
If *Annesley's* friend †, who Learning's Giant slew,
A convert deem'd, preferr'd to honours new,
Laughs in his sleeves of lawn, and shakes his sides,
Eats, drinks, and marries, age, and care derides,

* *Vera incessu patuit Dea.* VIRGIL.

† *Dr. Thomas Gooch, Master of Caius College.* He was afterwards successively *Bishop of Bristol, Norwich,* and *Ely,* and was created a Baronet. He was *Vice-chancellor* when *Dr. Bentley* was degraded.

Why may not I, by *her* caress inspir'd,
By jovial port, and just ambition fir'd,
Claim from her patroness an equal grace,
And for a *Headship* change the Beadle's mace?

S. Her gifts I envy not; but wonder more
So partially she deals her bounty's store;
HARDINGE, whose merit friends and foes confess'd,
By *her* repulse defeated, sinks oppress'd*.

B. So perish all, who insolently dare,
Snatch'd from our champion's crest, a plume to wear!
Those frantic foes, who late, with towering pride,
The Church, the Prince, and *Rutherforth* defied,
Now in luxurious ease supinely sleep,
Nor discipline retain, nor vigils keep:
We, in firm phalanx join'd, a chosen few,
With scatter'd troops successful war renew;
Rise by defeat, and, from the victor's brow,
Steal the fresh garland of his *Delphic* bough,
Triumphal wreaths around our temples twine,
And consecrate our spoils at *Glory's* shrine.

S. But what if *Granta*, rouz'd by honest shame,
Should haply wake, and vindicate her fame;
Precipitate this Demon from her throne,
And vengefully eject this load of stone!

B. Urg'd by unjust reproof, I shall unfold
A tale, perhaps not lawful to be told.
Her from the solid substance, vast and rude,
First into *Fame* a painful sculptor hew'd;
Her head a trumpet, wings her shoulders bore,
This wrinkled robe thus channel'd then she wore;

* The Author of this Poem, and in jest the Hero of his own *éloge*, had a dispute at this time with the University respecting the non-performance of a Divinity exercise.

Deck'd

Deck'd with fit attributes in front and rear,
Expos'd to view, she charm'd a gazing Peer*;
Who only disapprov'd her wings and trump,
And made some small objections to the rump.
These faults corrected, straight at *Canons* rear'd,
Mix'd in a grove of statues she appear'd;
There *Marlborough's* form she lovingly beheld,
And, wreath'd for *him*, a civic chaplet held:
But when, invok'd by *Cock's* † enchanting tone,
As at *Amphion's* call, each sculptur'd stone
Obsequious trembled at his hammer's sound,
And fled, so summon'd, that unhappy ground,
A youth‡, to Phœbus, and the Muses dear,
At *Granta's* voice who lent the filial ear;
To *her* the destin'd gift this idol bought,
And at her feet his votive image brought,
In doubt at first, what Nymph's, what Heroine's name,
What Queen's was best adapted to the Dame;
At length, by vote unanimous, we made her
A Sovereign Goddess, and as such display'd her:
But, fearing lest the Senate should disown,
As *George's* friends, his *Adversary's* stone,
Inscrib'd with bits of verse, and scraps of prose,
(The verse at least is classical) we chose
To make and call her ACADEMIC GLORY,
Still in disguise a Queen, and still a *Tory*.

S. Approv'd the Senate this transfiguration,
Or licens'd by decree the consecration?

B. Not by decree; but when malignant WRAY §,
Eager in hope, impatient of delay,

* *Duke of Chandos.*

† *Mr. Robert Cock,* the celebrated Auctioneer of his day, was employed in the sale of *Canons* and its superb furniture, on the dilapidation of that magnificent mansion.

‡ "*Peter Burrell, Esq.* of St. John's." *Note of the Editor.*

§ The subject of these Memoirs.

A dapper,

A dapper, pert, loquacious, busy elf,
*More active for the publick than himself,
Ran to and fro with anxious looks, and prated,
And *mov'd* she might from hence be soon translated,
Dissenting from their friends, a wise majority
Supported us, and her, by their authority:
And who shall now remove her from the scene,
Or dare to drive her from the Muses?—S. *Keene*†.
‡ So when *the father of his country* fled,
By fear of tribunitial rage misled,
On exil'd *Cicero's* devoted floor
Clodius uprais'd his *Tanagræan* whore:
Th' indignant Senate saw, with patriot eyes,
A harlot cloath'd in Liberty's disguise:
But, when again to *Latian* skies restor'd,
Her joy and guardian grateful Rome ador'd,
Their antient seat, by her abode profan'd,
His household gods with dignity regain'd.

July 3, 1750, he writes thus to *Mr. Yorke* from *Great Queen Street*—"You know that the fate of "*Glory* will rest upon the *Graces* of a *Syndicate*, which "our friend *Keene* takes care so to compose as not to "contradict *Hardinge's prophecy*." *Keene* was then Vice-Chancellor; yet it should seem that his *management* could not avail him, and that *Glory* kept her seat, in which I left her. But I hear she has been lately removed into another academical place of honour, to make room for the late *Mr. Pitt.*

I come now to my first impression of Mr. Wray.—When I was a boy, I often saw him

* The delicacy of this compliment, under a veil of ridicule, is beautiful.

† *Vice-chancellor* in 1751; afterwards successively *Bishop of Chester*, and of *Ely*.

‡ Filial partiality may have misled me; but I confess that few lines in *Pope* appear to me superior to these, which close the *Dialogue*, in Poetical fancy or Poetical expression.

at

at my Father's house. He was rather short, and stooped in his gesture. He looked an old man; and my Father said, he was *born one*, that *he knew him in his teens not a day younger*. He was rather shabbily appareled (but with constant regard for cleanliness), and his clothes appeared of some prior age; but his countenance was pleasing, and his mirth delightful to all ages. He had a fund of good-humour, and with a romping manner, half-riotous, he incorporated the soundest admonition. My parents having represented him to me as *penurious*, I had conceived, as boys naturally do, antipathy to him: but he disarmed it in three or four interviews; and I remember saying to my Father, "He never "gives me any thing; but he is clever, and so funny, "that I can't help loving him whether I will or no."

Once I recollect that I found him *liberal to me*, and was not a little proud of it, as an achievement of my own *address*, though it really was at least a *fit* of his own munificence.

But I hasten to a revolution perhaps unparalleled, and at a period in which my *intimate friendship* with him commenced.

The recollection at this hour gives unqualified pleasure to me, except as far as it recalls the image of his perpetual indisposition. If there ever existed what has been miscalled a windfall, or a fairy's boon, but is in its true name a *gift*, and blessing of Providence, it was the wife he chose to gild the autumn of his years with a perpetual sun-beam. He was fifty-seven years of age; and whatever may have been the motive to his parsimony, or accumulating habits, they disappeared after this marriage, *au coup de baguette*, as the fairies, or fairy-fanciers, would say.

Mrs. Wray was daughter of *Mr. Darell*, a neighbour at *Richmond*, a gentleman who lived in a respectable privacy, and was affluent; but, having two sons, and another daughter, could make this match

no

no object as an acquisition to Mr. WRAY's fortune.—She was thirty-three, and, though not handsome, very agreeable in her countenance; her manners were gracefully gentle, and pleasing; she had a temper of gold, a sound, and well-informed understanding, a high sense of honour, and a love to her husband, which endeared her to all *his* friends.—It may be an amusing problem to appreciate the change in the habit of his life, as her sole, and exclusive act, or as the natural consequence of that felicity which her union with him inspired.—Adieu to the *Lodgings.* He took a handsome house in town, first in *King Street, Covent Garden,* but afterwards in *Dean Street, Soho,* and another at *Richmond* *.—He became distinguished for hospitality, both in town, and in the country; a more social reception could not be wished, or imagined, than his numerous but well-chosen friends could ensure under his roof. It added that highest of luxuries, *the feast of reason;*—a manner playful, but a mind correct, and sterling, in virtue, and wisdom.—I have been often his guest, and was not a little struck with his religious habit of prayers at night, in the very centre of his mirth.—In town he assembled men of learning and sense at his parties; but sprinkled with admirers of them, like me: and he did the honours, like *Sir Joshua Reynolds,* with a most engaging courtesy. All his original friends clung to him, and were his principal favourites; but he adopted others. He lost my Father in the same year that he married, but revived him in his parental regard for his children. By his will he

* In one of his Letters, dated 4 Nov. 1766, *Mount Ararat,* the name of his *Richmond* House, with his accustomed laugh, he makes the wife his heroine thus:

"Mrs. W. like a miser who gives a dinner but once a year, determined to be magnificent, and peopled her *drum* so well, that her fire was put out, and had the company been *less chosen* it would have been a most insufferable crowd.—We amounted, in common arithmetic, to 44 souls; but, as one Lady was near her time, and as the number is fashionable, we counted 45."

left

left a handsome legacy to a sister of mine; and a fortune to the same *Tony* whom he described as carrying his cloak-bag in the poem of 1738. He devised all his wealth, after the death of his widow (who survived him for twenty years), to her sister's children. He had not one relation of his own. It is now centered in the *Rev. Mr. Jeffreys*, vicar of *Barnes*, her nephew. He was buried in the parish which gave him birth; and I never could learn who wrote his epitaph, — perhaps the *Earl of Hardwicke*, who survived him. It is not unworthy of his pen.

"Near this place
are deposited the remains of
DANIEL WRAY, Esq. F. R. S. & S. A.
Son of SIR DANIEL WRAY, Knt. late of this Parish;
Whose accomplishments, and virtues, deserved, and acquired universal regard, and esteem; and whose vivacity rendered his conversation, to the last, agreeable to those of all ages. He was eminently distinguished for his critical skill, for his knowledge of the Arts, and for his correct taste in polite literature. He applied himself to no study with more attention, than to that of Religion; and, fully persuaded of the Christian Revelation, he governed his life by its precepts, and rested his hopes on its promises.
His Widow, thoroughly sensible of her loss,
has inscribed this stone to his memory.
He died the 29th of December 1783,
aged 82."

Apropos to the *Earl of Hardwicke*, who was an honour to the Peerage: — it strikes me that I have somewhere seen his notes upon *Burnet's History*, detecting him, with acute and sound criticism, in many of his gossiping *errata;* which I saw with concern, for I have always admired him, as a high-spirited Historian, very entertaining, very

very interesting, and in all *great points* very honest. But we know that he was credulous, and careless.—*King William*, though he respected him, found him out when he was *Prince of Orange*, rallied him, and was upon his guard against his *tattle*, as he called it. But, with all its defects, *the History* which he has written, will immortalize him; and he was a great man. If it was only for his animated portrait of that Angel, *Queen Mary*, I should admire the painter, and love the man. Time has developed her character, and there is no parallel to it. The title of *Hardwicke*, and the inheritance of the land, is now in his nephew *Philip*, *Mr. Charles Yorke's* only son by his first marriage. A sense of gratitude is very importunate; but I fear to say all that I think, and feel, of honour to him. He won the hearts of the *Irish*; and I know from powerful evidence, that in political arithmetic he has no superior. Upon that critical subject of *the Corn* he has uniformly distinguished his knowledge, and wisdom. In domestic life he is the most amiable of men. To all the world unassuming, and courteous. To this panegyric, which is to be found in the hearts of all who know him, *accedat mea vox*.

When Mr. Wray wrote the following Inscription, I have not ascertained*. Short as it is, it makes me lament that so lively a vein has been so negligent of its treasures.

Inscription upon a Tower at Wimpole.

" When *Henry* stemm'd *Ierne's* stormy flood,
And bow'd to *Britain's* yoke her savage brood;
When, by true courage and false zèal impell'd,
Richard encamp'd on *Salem's* palmy field;
On towers like these, *Earl*, *Baron*, *Vavasour*,
Hung high their banners waving in the air;

* It was printed in Gent. Mag. 1779, vol. XLIX. p. 150.

Free,

Free, hardy, proud, they brav'd their feudal Lord,
And tried their rights by ordeal of the sword;
Now the full board with Christmas plenty crown'd,
Now ravag'd and oppress'd the country round.
Yet Freedom's cause once rais'd the civil broil,
And *Magna Charta* clos'd the glorious toil.
Spruce modern villas diff'rent scenes afford:
The Patriot Baronet, the Courtier Lord,
Gently amus'd, now waste the Summer's day
In book-room, print-room, or the *Ferme ornée;*
While wit, champaign, and pines, and poetry,
Vertû, and ice, the genial feast supply;
But hence the poor are cherish'd, arts are fed,
And vanity relieves—in bounty's stead.
Oh! could our age in happy concert join
The manly virtues of the *Norman* Line
To all the science and the taste that raise
High in each useful art these modern days!"

You ascribe the following Lines to Mr. WRAY; and they are very much in his manner. They have *the hand of the master.*

WELL then, my *Birch* is fix'd at last,
Where erst, in learned order plac'd,
Great *Howard's* gods and heroes stood,
Pleas'd to survey the passing flood *.
All *London* stretch'd beneath your view,
Here the *Old Bridge*, and there the *New*,
And *Lambeth*, *Paul's*, and *Westminster*,
(Our friends may chuse for which to steer)
And *Dulwich* heights, and *Camberwell*,
Where cits the summer breeze inhale,
And *Norwood's* shades, the palace green
Of the immortal gipsey queen;

* *Dr. Birch* settled in *Norfolk-street,* near the *Thames.*

Hence

Hence turn to *Cuper's*, see each rocket
Without offence to nose, or pocket;
And, when *Augusta's* festal day
O'er the wide wave bids streamers play,
Enjoy the pomp while safe you sit
From justling boats, or water wit.
This house, or rather *barge a-shore*,
With all its charms, will please you more,
When forth the Master trips to meet you,
And lively hearty welcomes greet you:
Smiling, he cries,—"All here's your own;
Behold my RUMS, nay pull 'em down;
Yet wet from *Cooke** take *Desmaizeaux*;
You in your coach the bag might stow."
How poor to this is *Bodley's* dome,
Where chains confine the freeborn tome!
Or the unlending shelves, which WRAY,
Grown rich, stuffs thicker every day.
Ye Peers, and Members proud, who want
At least an hundred feet in front,
Enjoy your columns, your saloons,
Adore the draught of *Kent*, and *Jones*;
From *Piccadilly* take your schemes,
Or Square of *Grosvenor* or *St. James*;
While I, to all that's rich and great,
Prefer my *Birch's Norfolk-street*.
Such sweet retreat, such easy living,
Yorke for his friends is still contriving.
My villa†, for *his* gift, shall rise,
Not proudly towering to the skies,
Nor gilt, nor damask'd; neat, tho' plain.
The House adjourn'd, oh! may he deign

* The Bookseller.
† To this poem *the Vicar* alludes in his *Dialogue* with WRAY. See before, p. 60.

Sometimes

Sometimes to bless the lonely home,
And in improving converse roam
The woods around, and form my lays,
With freedom blame, with temper praise!

I have obtained copies of six Letters written by Mr. Wray to the celebrated collector, *Dr. Birch.*

In a Postscript of *the first,* which is dated *Queen's College, Cambridge,* 24 *Sept.* 1738, it appears, that *Mr. Wray* was then intimate with *Dr. Middleton* and *Dr. Heberden*—what he says of the latter is characteristic of his partiality for his friends, and of his graceful turn in the expression of it:

" *Dr. Middleton* sends you his best wishes; and " so does *Dr. Heberden,* but thinks you may have " perhaps forgotten him.—*If you have, I am sorry* " *for you.*"

In the *second* Letter, dated 5 Oct. 1738, are two or three features of his lively character, and wit:

" We have, you must know, a kind of *conven-* " *ticle* here, a faint imitation of the *Established* " *Church* in *Henrietta Street.* To give you some " idea of its proportion, I reckon myself to fill the " same place in one, that you fill in the other.

" I doubt, however, with all my fluency of speech, " whether I shall be able to support this personage " long, finding the materials decrease every day; so " that, unless you now and then supply me with a " cargo, such as that which you lately gave to us, the " entertainment will be incomplete, as wanting one " of its principal characters—I had like to have said " the *Harlequin* of the *piece.*"

As it should seem, there is a double sense, and a very admirable conceit, in this image of the *Harlequin.* It points at the vivacity of his friend's character, but it also marks, by the *patch-work* of his

his habit, the miscellaneous, and pieball'd acquisitions of *Dr. Birch,* who was a collector of "*shreds and patches*" in every antiquarian wardrobe.

There is in the same Letter a very curious *Imprimatur* by *Caryl,* dated 25 Jan. 1648, to *Colonel Tichborne's Cluster of Canaan's Grapes:*

"*Imprimatur.*

"I have delightfully looked upon these "*Clusters* "*of Canaan's Grapes;*" and have helped them to the "*press,* that they may be Wine for common "drinking.

"I only minde the reader, that these grapes yield "the new Wine of the Gospel. Let him take heed, "he puts it not into the old bottles of envy, or of "malice, of prejudice, or contempt. If he doe, his "bottle will break; and though the Wine, because it "is *saving* Wine, cannot but be safe, yet himself will "be a loser; yea, in danger to be lost: whereas his "profit, and salvation are, I believe, on this side the "glory of God, the highest end of the Author in this "publication, as they are of the Lycenser,

"JOSEPH CARYL."

Mr. WRAY makes an admirable comment upon that whimsical passage:

"This I take to be *Caryl upon Job,* who has "been so roughly handled by *Milton* for the refusal "of a license.

"Is there much difference between a *Dominican* "or *Franciscan Imprimatur* and this *Protestant* "one?—May *we* enjoy our *liberties* without any "*licence!*"

In a *third* Letter, dated Oct. 12, 1739, there is one of the happy turns which made classical authority so familiar to this elegant scholar:

"Our Coffee-house has not experienced any "change, either as to *company,* or *way of* thinking, "since last year —

"*Moribus antiquis* stat res Romana *virisque.*"

In

In a *fourth*, 25 Oct. 1739, we have another classical reference, no less ingenious:

"It is exceedingly kind in you *to pop up* your "*head a little* out of your *abyss* (in papers), like "the *Nymph Cymodoceä* in the *Æneid*, '*quæ* "*fandi doctissima*;' and to inform us of things "*wondrous and important*."

In this passage, as in the former, I think a little *banter*, though perfectly good-humoured, clings to the portrait of his friend—under the veil of a compliment.

"The *Errata* of your Copyist will give a "lively image of the embarassment experienced by "modern critics in *Greek* and *Latin* with a manu-"script as negligent as yours—no original to assist "them, and in *a language which they can scarce* "*be said (unless by Courtiers) to understand*." [Surely the wit of this remark, is very neat and chaste.]

"Your friend *Mr. Robins* is a bold man, to en-"gage at once two such giants as *Dr. Jurin*, and "*Sir Robert*.

"The success of these battles who can foretell? "Every one speaks as he is prejudiced. For my part, "the heroes will forgive me if I laugh, to see a heat, "and partiality in this mathematical warfare, not in-"ferior to the *odium theologicum, et politicum*."

This ridicule *egreditur personas*.—The instance before us, to use an admirable phrase of *Addison*, *is Knight of the Shire, and represents all of us.* It spreads into *volumes* of the human race; but I cannot give a better feature of it, than in *Pennant's* complaint, in a part of his "*Memoirs*," that he lost the heart of *Buffon*, who till then had been his *friend*, because they differed upon—A MOLE!!

Who the parties were in this mathematical conflict, I am not Antiquary enough to discover, though I recollect that *Robins*, and *Jurin* were Mathematicians of celebrity.

In

In the *fifth* Letter, dated *St. Andrew's day*, 1739, is a very comic paragraph, in that vein of humour which came unsolicited, and sprung to his pen upon almost every subject, though of a nature trivial, and light in itself:

"A dispute between your Secretary and *Mr.* "*F.** is quite a *phænomenon* in the learned "world.

"*Mecum certâsse feretur*—

"was never so justly applied.

"As you all agree that he is an industrious, and "good-natured man, it was kind in our friend Mr. "F. to notice him; and I dare say that he thinks "himself as much honoured, as the fellow at New-"market boasted that *he was by King William*, "*who gave him a cut with his whip, for standing* "*in his way.*"

What follows may interest Classical men as well as Antiquaries:

"One *Mr. Power, Fellow of Trinity College*, "about fifty years ago, published the first Book of "*Paradise Lost* in Latin verse†. It was much ad-

* Evidently *Mr. Folkes*, President of the Royal Society.

† This was published under the title of "*Johannis Miltoni Paradisi Amissi Liber Primus; ex Officina Joh. Hayes*, 1691," 4to. It was licensed by four Heads of Houses, and dedicated to *Dr. Mountagu, Master of Trinity College*. *Mr. Peck* says, "This *Mr. Power* likewise translated all the other books of the "*Paradise Lost* into *Latin* verse;" and gives the following account of it in the words of *Mr. Thomas Baker*, who had seen the MS. "Upon the receipt of your letter, I stept to *Dr. Middleton's*, "where I found *Mr. Power's* book, now in my hands. The "seventh and tenth books are imperfect: the rest entire, as far "as I have observed it. But it is in so small a letter (like yours) "that my eyes will hardly reach it. It is in two volumes; the "second volume a printed [*English*] copy, Lond. 1692, folio, with "the *Latin* version interlined, and hard to be read. *Dr. Bent-*"*ley* has given it to the Library, where it may be seen, and "procured by your Correspondents at *Trinity College* if you "think it worth the while. I can make no judgment of it. *Dr.* "*Middleton* speaks favourably of it, but, I believe, has not read "much of it, his eyes being like mine. But it was sent to *Dr.*

"*Bentley*

"mired, and I suppose you have seen it. After-"wards (as it will now and then happen to Wits and "Scholars) he was obliged, by distress, to leave "*Cambridge*, and *hide himself.* His retreat was "to the *Bermudas*. There he went through the "whole Poem, and sent the work to *Dr. Bentley*, "in whose Library it had been forgotten till *Mr.* "*Benson's Miltono-mania* recalled the memory of it.

"I have compared some of the most brilliant, and "striking, though difficult, passages of the original "with the *Latin*; and find in *many* of these places "(for it is unequal) not only the sense well "rendered; but the poetical ornaments, which "rarely pass from one language to another, most "happily supplied. I send you one or two speci-"mens, not as the best, but some of the shortest.

Book v. line 129:

"Sic sua vir dederat solatia, nupta recepit,
Sed lachrymam gemino labentem lumine furtim
Crinibus abstersit; nitidâ statione paratas
Fundere se geminas geminata per oscula conjux
Eripuit, laudans animi peccare timentis
Indicia, admissæ trepidantis imagine culpæ."

"*Others apart sat on a hill retir'd:*"

"At seclusa cohors clivoso in colle sedentes
Abdita Naturæ nexis ex ordine causis
Omnia per seriem lustrabant arte sagaci,
Ut provisa movent, et certâ lege feruntur,
Ad libitum quamvis, nullo cogente, voluntas,
Nec prohibente, suo se flectit libera cursu.
Tum studio abrepti recolunt longèque requirunt,
Quæ natura boni,—mala quo discrimine constant,
Quo tactu exprimetur dolor, eliciturque voluptas,

"*Bentley* with intention to be printed, and in order to discharge "*Mr. Power's* debts; by which it appears, that the Author had "a good opinion of it." *New Memoirs of Milton*, p. 69.

Ut mens fida sibi non ullos accipit ictus,
Præsidiisque suis munitur in extera, qualis
Subsequitur commissa pudor, quid gloria calcar
Admonet, et miseris quæ sit sua summa malorum.
"Hos inter flexus longis ambagibus errant,
Fallaci Sophiæ volitantis imagine ducti.
Quæ tamen obfirmet monitis animosque ferendo
Sufficiat, spes inducens in vota secundas."

"These, elegant, and poetical as they are, have "more of paraphrase than many, and most of the "rest, which are close to the original.—

"This work is quite new to me; but *you* can per- "haps tell me something more of the book, and of the "man."

The sixth Letter marks that he was acquainted with *Dr. Bentley*—for he says in the Postscript, "*Salter*, "who was with me when *Bentley digammatized*, has "given *Mr. Say* a more circumstantial account of "that *Æolian Exile* *."



To resume the widow of Mr. WRAY: she died in 1803, and was buried in the same vault with her husband †. With a delicacy of judgment and feeling habitual to the current of her life, she gave his portrait,

* In allusion, I suppose, to the tempest of his mind, and of his habits.

† "In Memory of
MARY WRAY,
Widow of DANIEL WRAY, Esq.
and Daughter of ROBERT DARELL, Esq.
of *Richmond*, Surry.
Died March 10th, 1803,
aged 78 years.



Lavater

portrait, by the late *Sir Nathaniel Holland* *, a *chef d'œuvre*, to *Queen's College*, and his Library to the *Charter-house*. In memory of his regard for our family, and from a personal regard for my aged mother, who survived her four years, she left her a legacy. It gave me the highest pleasure to see her happy, as well as revered, long after she had lost her husband, and continuing to rejoice in the society of *his* friends.

This lady had a most amusing talent, that of drawing profiles, and figures, cutting them out in paper, and putting them together in what might be called conversation-pictures, which made them alive. They filled one of her apartments, and I lament that none of them have reached me, except a figure of her husband, which accompanies this memoir, and is a perfect resemblance.

Here my account must end; and I feel it as a miracle of good fortune to my feelings, that I have collected so many of the relicks, which, but for my zeal in collecting them, would soon have been lost, as being dispersed into so many hands, and in such minute portions.

But out of my last acquisition, that of the Letters to *Lord Hardwicke*, I cannot forbear to select a few passages, which characterize the genius, and the virtues of the Writer.

In his affection to *Lord Hardwicke*, we have not only the uniform zeal of disinterested esteem, and prepossession, but a turn of graceful attentions, in the midst of playful manners, which could not easily be surpassed. I have touched already upon his "*Athenian Letters*," in allusion to *Lord Hardwicke's* marriage. I recollect another instance of a similar compliment, and most happily introduced under

* Better known as an Artist by his original name of *Dance*.

 the

the veil of a partial taste for one of the *Dii minorum Gentium* in the Epic Pantheon, *Statius*. "You and "I did not read the best of *Statius* together. I "spent one evening in *Essex* upon him, and found "many fine strokes towards the end of the 4th and "in the 5th book. The following verses in *Sylv.* "*v.* 2, I cannot help transmitting: they are the "character of a young man, a friend of the Poet:

"At tibi Pieriæ tenero sub pectore curæ,
"Et pudor, et docti morem sibi dicere mores,
"Tunc hilaris probitas, et frons tranquilla, nitorque
"Luxuriæ confine timens, pietasque per omnes
"Dispensata modos, *æquævo cedere fratri*,
"Mirarique patrem.

"*Charles*, perhaps, will not allow the *cedere fratri*, "but it is a trait as like as the rest of the picture." The ingenuity of this compliment is above all praise, *Charles* was the celebrated *Mr. Yorke*; that *frater* to whom his eldest brother *submitted*, from the high opinion which he entertained of him; so that here both of them share the wreath; and their *admired* parent is the *Chancellor*.

The next light in which these letters present him is that of an acute, and sound critic, with an accuracy of taste, as well as learning, seldom attained. There is a short, but a masterly comment upon the *Merope* of *Voltaire*, which I think, if it stood alone, would serve to shew the *tact* of his critical wand.

"There is a thought near the beginning of this "Play, which appears to me, I confess, a most flagrant example of the false wit which the author "properly condemns in a letter upon that very topic. *Polifonte* is arguing that his military merit "is a sufficient claim of title to the crown:

"Je n'ai plus reçu du sang que m'a donné la vie,
"Ce sang est éparsé, versé pour la patrie,
"Ce sang coula pour vous.

"Now

" Now, to argue as perhaps the author would " have argued himself, I apprehend that loss of " blood can never mend a man's family; nay, should " he quite drain his veins and fill them again from " a descendant of *Anchitel** or the *Howards*, he " would, nevertheless, be *roturier* for that new trans- " fusion. Besides, if suffering for one's country " confers *noblesse*, drawing blood is by no means " the only way to it. A sailor who has been half " drowned in a sea-fight, a soldier who has been " lost and buried . . . . [*here the words* " *are torn off*] . . . . has an equal claim to it " with him who has been cut, and slashed; and may " we not conceive a dry drubbing, and some hearty " bruises more grievous, and consequently merito- " rious, than a broken head, or a wipe across the fin- " gers? Somewhat in this manner would *Mr. de V.* " reason, and would perhaps end thus: '*Blood,* " when we talk of families, is quite another idea from " blood in or out of the veins'."

This critique is not only judicious, and sound, though humourously expressed, but is much in the manner of *Mr. de V.*; and has the additional merit, therefore, of a happy imitation.

The rest of his commentary in praise of this admirable Play has a fund of good sense in it, though expressed with remarkable ease, and simplicity.

" I have gone through *Merope*, and *must* write " you my thoughts of it while they are fresh.—It " has pleased me extremely.—I find that a tale in " itself interesting is more so for being *simple*. The " introduction of other persons, and of other adven- " tures, only divides the concern, and the atten- " tion. The only thing a well-chosen subject wants, " is the animating manner of relating it.—*Merope* " has all the requisites that I demand. We have

* This, I apprehend, alludes to the *Marchioness Grey's* ancestor; *Auchitel*, or *Anchitel Grey.*

" agreed

" agreed very often to abuse those *pressentimens* of
" personages who are to find each other out in the
" sequel. Here is the situation of all others that gives
" the best room for that licensed absurdity. But
" how masterly is the address of the Poet, who makes
" his Queen struck with some little resemblance of
" *Ctesifonte*. The last act moves me the least;
" perhaps one foresees the catastrophe before that
" period of its dramatic effect arrives."

At a much later period, that of the *Jubilee* at *Stratford*, he *descends* to the effect of *Garrick's* Ode, as recited in *Drury-lane* theatre, and gives the fairest anatomy of it:

" I have heard the *Shakespearian* Ode. At first
" I thought G. too emphatical; but it could scarce
" be otherwise; for speaking to such an assembly is,
" like a picture calculated for a distance. It must
" be of necessity bigger than life. The comic mix-
" ture, both in subject and measure, had a good
" effect, however *un-odaic* according to severe *cri-*
" *tics*. It *relieved*, and it entertained.—He *acted*
" the lines upon *Falstaff*: this, we are told by *them*,
" was buffoonery; but he acted them with prodi-
" gious force. In the *Jubilee*, the procession of
" *Shakespeare's* characters was an amusing spectacle;
" and it gratified us not a little to see, in the mas-
" querade, those figures, of whom we had previously
" heard, **Boswell en Corse*, and three witches, who
" soon pulled off their masks, and were the prettiest
" girls to be found."

In the same letter, though written when he was advanced in years, there is an amusing account of *Paris*, written with all the gaiety of youth.

" He tells me the French are much improved in
" architecture. The new Church of *St. Genevieve*,

* There is a small whole-length Portrait of *Mr. Boswell* in the costume of a *Corsican* Chieftain, the character he personated on this occasion.

" now

"now building by *Soufflot*, is much admired by "him, and he is pleased with the elliptical *salle* of "the *Waux*-hall (for so it is written.) It is whim-"sical enough, that in this *dancing Nation*, as we "have called them, there is a set of people dressed "like *gemmen* and ladies hired to dance; the "good, and fine company, who pay for coming-in, "never joining."

In that letter is one of a thousand proofs, that few men quoted *Latin* poetry better. His wonderful memory enabled him, and in a manner compelled him, to illustrate his thoughts by those versions of them into similar images familiar to the best writers of the *Augustan* age. He describes *Baretti's* acquittal in these words: "He was most grossly at-"tacked, and he defended himself in his own man-"ner. An *Englishman* would have used his fist, or "his cudgel; an *Italian* drew his knife,

"*Dente lupus; cornu bos.*"

Of his admirable taste we have several marks: one happens to lie before me, and I pick it up.

"His critique upon the Statue is very just. Those "*violent attitudes* do not suit the dignified but "graceful simplicity of Sculpture. Those in the "modern art (and *French* the most) who have "aimed at the *pittoresc*, have not succeeded. *Rou-*"*billiac* runs into this fault sometimes. The An-"cients, Heaven bless them! had nothing of it."

In one of his earliest effusions to his friend, there is a very judicious hint at the partiality of that fascinating Historian *Dr. Middleton* (to whom he often alludes in the sequel) for *his hero*. Many other parts of this letter recommend it very much; and amongst them a polished, but zealous affection to his friend, which pervades the tenor of his correspondence with him. It contains a portrait of his manner in conversation, which presents him alive to me, compared with my recollection of it. Upon these accounts I shall

I shall copy from it more extracts than one. It is dated *Queen's College, August* 10, 1740.

"* * * * * *Coventry* is just upon the wing. He "is but just now returned from a hardy achieve-"ment, that of conducting three ladies* *in sacks* "through the curiosities of *Norfolk*."

"* * * The usual company at the Coffee-house "received me with all accustomed honours; and I "fancied myself much in the situation of *Cicero* "returned from *Brundusium*, in the sixth vignette "of *Dr. Middleton's* work. B. in particular, like "one of the Consuls in that print, stopped me a "full quarter of an hour whilst he pulled off his "glove to give me his hand, its rival in dirt.

"But, amidst all these *distinctions*, I feel a mise-"rable gap in our meetings, for want of *you*. There "is nobody to keep my *quick way of talking* in "countenance. It is intolerable that *Mr. Charles* †, "who has taken such very successful pains to be "like you, and make some amends for your loss, "runs away just now when it is fresh in our minds.

"This week I have entertained myself with the "*preface*, and the 12*th Section of Cicero's Life*. As "to most of the particulars upon which you com-"plimented our friend, I think as you do. In some "points I am not altogether so candid. There was "no occasion surely that his passion for *the Father* "should make him draw so flattering a portrait of "*the Son*. This is, *Love me love my dog*, with a "witness."

The varieties of style and subject in these Letters appear to me very captivating.

One of them is before me, as light, easy, and familiar, but as graceful too, as the most accomplished man in the world could have made it. The *local date* of it makes it interest *me*—

* This travelling *costume* of the ladies makes one smile.

† *Mr. Charles Yorke*, then 17 years of age.

"*Knoll*

" *Knoll Hills, Sept.* 10, 1741.

[This was a most enchanting spot, which my Father had recently purchased. The dates, of time, and place, mark the intimacy of their friendship at this early period.]

" Dear Sir,

" No way of life is so absolutely idle as that which " I have experienced this last fortnight.

" When a number of people are in a house toge- " ther, no man's time is his own. He must give it " all to the publick, which publick is the more arbi- " trary in proportion when composed of *ladies*. *Can* " one refuse to ride with them, if it is a fine morn- " ing? The genial spirit of dinner extends to that " of tea—a sacred hour, never to be waved! A " loitering walk in summer follows of course; and " at night how *savage* to leave one's *niche* in the con- " versation before supper, or to make three Chris- " tians unhappy for want of a fourth, at whist!

" This our system, thus uniform, and confined, " pleases me, in part, from its opposition to that " hurry, and change of companions which you often " lay to my charge.

" Besides, our *men* are of my own sort—Anti- " quaries, Critics, and, upon occasion, Poets. And " our *women* are so accustomed by their fates to " such men, that we can even quote *Latin* with " impunity; and the cards are often adjourned, that " we may settle a passage in *Virgil*, or in *Tully*. " Three most rainy days have indeed rather dis- " tressed us, and our conversation was upon the " tilt: we gaped, rubbed our hands, hummed, and " pumped our fancies; but at last we discovered the " remedy, and relief. It was to part a little: so we " took *French-leave*, and went off to our own cham- " bers; and I have this command of mine for a " Letter to you, not that I have any thing to write. " Politics are quite stale before they come hither.

" We

"We are ignorant of *Middleton's* new book except "from the advertisement. I have not seen one "*Greek* author, nor is there one single topic which "is common to you, and me, where I now am. What "care *you* for craggy *Tors*, and the rapid streams "of the *Peak?* or the more civilized prospects, "the rich meadows, and shaded cliffs in this coun-"try? Shall I talk of *Hermitages* to *you*, and of "crucifixes cut in the sides of rocky hills; or de-"scribe the *Manifold*, gushing out, at once a hand-"some river in the midst of a garden? These are "entertainments for a man,

"Qui nec partem solido demere de die
"Spernit--

"who is quite satisfied if he has air, and sun, "and who does not think a morning thrown away "when passed among picturesque views.

"All this *you* will treat with indifference, per-"haps with contempt; yet, though I reverence the "deeper studies which *you* cultivate, and the higher "cast of amusements in which *you* are conversant, I "would fain persuade you to loiter upon your horse "now and then, to relish the occasional power of "looking about you.

"My advice has had some effect upon *Mr.* "*Charles*, and you see how much better he looks "for it; but I dare you to say that he talks, or that "he writes, a bit the worse for it.

"*You* have not indeed such temptations to ramble "in the tedious, and flat scenery of *Cambridge*, as "are in these *Apennines of England*. But health "and spirits are to be found in every field, and as well "at *Orwell Windmill*, as at *Matlock*, or *Tusculum*.

"Your ever devoted and faithful,

"D. WRAY."

Two Letters of this period, which tempt me to copy them, are no less amusing from their vivacity; but one of them presents him again to the reader as an acute, and sagacious critic of classical writers. This indeed

indeed seems to have been his *forte*, and the writers of the "*Athenian Letters*" (*Mr. Yorke* especially) appear to have made him their classical *Trebatius*. He calls himself their "*licenser*," and gives out his *imprimatur* with an air of oracular solemnity. It surely affords in itself a signal proof to the extent of his talents, that he should be an admirable critic, a most profound scholar in book-learning, a connoisseur in *vertù*, a man of ready wit and humour, an elegant and graceful writer of Letters, a deep and zealous Antiquary, a Philosopher, a Poet, and one of the most luminous Accomptants in a public office of Revenue.

"*Great Queen Street, Aug.* 11, 1742.

"* * * You may think it a most violent *pro-*" *lepsis* to talk of *Cambridge* before I am there; " but I am there in spirit. If my horse was to be " lame, why not at *Old Windsor*, to give me a " colour, and pretence for prolonging my happiness " there? Believe me, that love of change, which I " fear is to be counted as one of my passions, was " thoroughly subdued, when you turned your horse, " and left me to the world and *Sunbury Common*. " If it had not been for shame, I would have turned " back and followed you *non quia Mæcenas, &c.*; " not because you feasted me with Chancellors and " Secretaries of State; with melons, and with Dutch " beef *(et est quædam tamen his quoque virtus)* " — no, what I regret, are the morning rides, " the gentle walks, not always to the top of the " hill in the afternoon—your *Horace*, the arch-" ness of your conceits, and the encouragement you " gave to mine.

" It is true that *we* have rides, and walks, and " books, and jokes, in other places to which I " am going. *Salter* is a wit, and thinks me one. " *Charles* is, in all senses, your *simile, et secundum*.

" The peculiar excellence of *Kempingham* is the " *Ladies*, of whom I was just going to say something

" extremely

"extremely fine; but *John Lawry** and *John Plumptre* come in most *inopportunely* to cut the line of "these panegyrical images.

"They are gone, the *Johns* I mean; but, upon "recollection, I am not sure if I ought to thank the "*Ladies* for the delight which their conversation "gave to me, as it has left a taste which is very "inconvenient†. I shall hereafter despise those male "societies in which I live, as being extremely "imperfect, and as wanting not only those varieties, "but that eloquence, and peculiar delicacy which "are introduced by sensible women."

"*Queen's College, Cambridge, Oct.* 7, 1742.

"I so utterly detest all compliments, that I have "contracted an awkwardness in giving utterance to the "debts of honour in gratitude, and in esteem, which I "mean, and wish to pay. I am puzzled very often to "say what I have most at heart, in addressing an "agreeable friend, or a fine woman.

"I am determined in future to *reform* in style, "and have some complaisant phrases for pocket-"money upon occasion. I find they are necessary; "and, without being more civil, I cannot be sincere.

"In the mean time, till I am perfect in the new "dialect, I must throw myself upon the fertile ima-"gination of those who love me, and who will, in their "benevolence, add the *lumina orationis* in their due "places‡.

"I took up lately *Petronius*; and the further I "went with him, the more do I wonder how *critics* "(I do not mean the literal, the *word-catchers*, "but those *majorum gentium* who talk of spirit, "of taste, and of sense,) came to allow him so

* Originally of *Christ's College;* but afterwards of *Bene't;* M. A. 1739. He was a writer in the "*Athenian Letters.*"

† *Madame de Sévigné* says, "the *best* company is the *worst;*" and gives the same reason.

‡ I dare affirm that a more elegant paragraph, and more ingeniously turned, cannot be discovered in English prose.

"high

"high a rank in their order. His observations "relative to the art are by no means uncommon; "and they are seldom accurately deduced, or clearly "expressed. Indeed they are but few, and come "in—one can scarce tell how.

"The book is a novel, formed upon low and "grossly debauched characters, which, for aught I "know, may be well enough marked out and pre-"served. The distance of time, and the difference "of manners, throw obscurity over such writings; "and the text is often corrupt, as well as mutilated. "But I cannot, and will not suppose that it could, "even to a *Roman* of his day, have more of enter-"tainment than we allow to the *Polite Conversation* "of *Swift*. They are pictures of objects which "deserve no attention. I say nothing to the obsce-"nity, as it certainly was in more general fashion "at *Rome*, than *as yet* it is with *us*. In a little time, "perhaps, we *shall be ancients* in this particular: "our leaders at *Paris* are so already.

"I should mention the verses, which I think are "admired. There is now and then a good line, "but they are most unequal in the same copy; "some are bombast, others quite insipid. You, "who are so covetous of your time, will abuse me "for throwing away mine. But the Author's repu-"tation tempted me page after page. Hope whis-"pered the good that was to come at last. In truth, "I have been too much in motion, and my thoughts "continue to vibrate. I endeavour to fix them, but "hitherto in vain; so *His me consolor*. I amuse, if "I cannot content myself."

But I hasten to his wit and humour: with some few specimens of them I shall close my work.

The choice here is very difficult, and, as children say, *one likes all of them best*.

"*Dec.* 21, 1742.

"I hope *Charles* acknowledges the service he "received at my hands in the affair of his treat. I "sent

" sent our Master that very day to *Hetherington's*.
" *T. C.* and *P. B.* I tempted out of town with
" rumours of small-pox. I invented a most *urbane*
" way of *un-inviting Lord A.*; and I *managed* a
" hoarseness for myself.

" By the *help* of these *deductions* the company
" fitted *the Hall*. I do not hear of much wit, but
" it was clearly a select meeting of ingenious men.
" *Coventry* keeps the state of a *Persian** *Monarch*
" after paying his devotions to the Sun in the Garden
" of his palace. The rest of the day he gives audi-
" ence to us who are his *Satraps*."

To this Letter is annexed a *jeu d'esprit* too ingenious to be overlooked, and withheld from the Reader:

" To the Right Hon. the *Lord D'Arcy*: the
" humble Petition of *Daniel Wray*, of *Queen's*
" *College*, in the *University of Cambridge*:

" Sheweth, That your Petitioner has entirely em-
" ployed the former part of his life in endeavour-
" ing to form a sett of his friends who might be
" agreeable, and useful to him.

" That to this end he has been at the pains of
" reading, of writing, of talking, of drinking, of
" travelling, and of getting himself elected into the
" *Royal Society*.

" That these, his honest endeavours met with
" suitable success; and the acquaintance he had
" established was such, both in its number, and in
" its value, as not only contented him, but conferred
" honour upon him.

" That, in the space of these three years last past,
" many of his said acquaintance have entered into
" the state of matrimony; your Petitioner having
" in vain forewarned them of the danger they ran of
" giving up their old friends which they all of them

* This alludes to the part he took in the Persian correspondence of the "*Athenian Letters*."

" readily

" readily and solemnly assured, and promised him,
" would never be *their* case.

" That, notwithstanding their promise aforesaid, " they have, to a man, deserted your Petitioner, and, " to use the words of no celebrated Poet, *hid them-* " *selves behind their wives.*

" That, moreover, within the period of three years, " divers of your Petitioner's friends have arrived in " succession to the dignity of *Peers* in *Great Britain,* " or in *Ireland,* or have otherwise acquired the title " of *my Lord.*

" That, immediately upon, or soon after, the said " succession, or acquisition, they have ceased to asso- " ciate, or to correspond with your Petitioner, who is " the more surprized at this conduct on their part, " inasmuch as he has been always punctual, both in " speaking, and in writing, to give them their several, " and respective titles.

" That, by these accidents, the number of your " Petitioner's friends has been so reduced, that, " unless an early stop is put to such proceedings, " he must look out for new friendships, at a time of " life when he ought in reason to sit down, and " enjoy the old ones.

" That he therefore humbly hopes, from your " Lordship's known equity and candour, that you " will, by your authority, and your example, dis- " courage the mal-practices aforesaid; and continue " to *know* your Petitioner, though you should get " as many wives as *Solomon,* and as many titles as " the *Czar.*

" And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

(Signed) " DANIEL WRAY."

The following is a comic picture of an Election: it is dated *Cambridge, Jan.* 19, 1743.

" The Election of a *Provost of King's* is over.— " *Dr. George* is the man.

" The Fellows went into Chapel on Monday, " before noon in the morning, as the Statute directs.

" After

"After prayers, and sacrament they began to vote.
"—22 for *George*; 16 for *Thackeray*; 10 for
"*Chapman*.

"Thus they continued, scrutinizing, and walking "about, eating, and sleeping; some of them smoak-"ing. Still the same numbers for each candidate; "till yesterday about noon (for they held that in "the 48 hours allowed for the Election no adjourn-"ment could be made); when the Tories, *Chapman's* "friends, refusing absolutely to concur with either "of the two other parties, *Thackeray's* votes went "over to *George* by agreement, and he was declared.

"A friend of mine, a curious man, tells me, he "took a survey of his brothers at the hour of two "in the morning; and that never was a more "curious, or a more diverting spectacle.

"Some, wrapped in blankets, erect in their stalls "like mummies: others, asleep on cushions, like so "many *Gothic* tombs. Here a red cap over a wig; "there a face lost in the cape of a rug. One blow-"ing a chafing-dish with a surplice sleeve; another "warming a little negus, or sipping *Coke upon* "*Littleton*, *i. e.* tent and brandy.—Thus did they "combat the cold of that frosty night; which has "not killed any one of them, to my infinite sur-"prize."

I do not see more wit, or livelier *badinage* in *Swift* and Co. than in the following *jeu d'esprit*:

"You were in a fit of desperate humility when "you answered my Letter. Whether the genius "of *Charles*, which rises, and soars above those with "whom he converses, oppressed you, or your labours "*in Re Rusticâ* had sunk your spirits to the bottom "of a canal, your distrust of your composition "before the merciful tribunal of *my wit*, had no "colour for it. You had written, as you observe, "according to the sage prescription, at proper inter-"vals, in detached paragraphs, like the *Ana*; and I "never knew that method fail.

"Besides.

" Besides, I do not allow *the imparity of congress* between us which *you* have taken into your " head; and I do not make the point of being more " ingenious than your common run of correspon- " dents. If I do, now and then, cast up the end of " a thought into a conceit, it is merely to supply the " want of those materials, and of that better enter- " tainment, which your other friends are in the habit " of supplying to your board.

" I cannot, like B. watch the birth *of news*, and " send it piping hot before it grows false. Much less " have I, like *Horace*, and *Charles*, those hints from " great men, which give such a foundation to *their* " political reasonings; or such materials for Eccle- " siastical History, as the vicariat of *Mr. Gage* fur- " nishes to *John* *.

" Answer me, I entreat you, in the manner of " those great writers. Give me original papers, and " authentic details of your transactions, whether as " a parish reformer, a reader of giant folios, or, " above all, as planter of pear and fig-trees, in whose " growth I am so deeply interested, and whose deli- " cious fruit I already taste *in the mind's palate*.

" The Doctor never looked so well in his life. How " indeed should he do otherwise? He was invited " this summer to *Houghton*; was conveyed by old " *Montford*; picked up the *Duke of Grafton* in his " way, and met *Lord Townshend* upon the road —

" Cum magnis vixisse.

" I should have been put entirely down by this " greatness, had it not been my good fortune to have " lived, in the same identical summer, with *Lady* " *Marchioness Grey*, and with his *Grace of York*; " nay, to have travelled with *Lord Chancellor tête* " *à tête*.

" * * * I cannot but smile at the old *Duchess's* † " most critical interdict against versifying any part

* *John Yorke.*

† *Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.*

" of the *Duke's* life. She appears to have been
" aware that her Biographer's lofty eloquence, and
" the desired *Overseer's* flowery taste, would be in
" danger of sliding into poetry. You remember
" that *Livy*, who, it must be confessed, had less of
" that spirit, is guilty once, or twice; and how whim-
" sical a difficulty would be imposed upon the exe-
" cutors, if they, who are to license the work, and
" pay the reward, should find such a verse in the
" *Battle of Blenheim*, as there is in that of *Cannæ*."

The following Letter is not inferior to this:

" *Queen's College, Cambridge, Jan.* 5, 1745.

" You were in a most humble, and mortified state
" of mind, when you seated yourself to the good
" work of sending news to me.

" Never did *Raphael* dispose a subject with better
" judgment, or execute it with more spirit, than
" you have done your History-piece of the late
" Revolution.

" A *rough*, an *imperfect sketch*, do you call it?
" Why it could hang in a *Dilettante's* closet, as a
" companion to *Vertot's Portugal*, the *Venice* of
" *St. Real*, or the *Genoa* of *Mascardi*.

" Besides, your cabinet courier arrived at a time,
" and place, as opportune, as could be wished. I
" was gone with *Lord Cornwallis's* family over to
" my friend *Wollaston's*; and wonderful it is to
" relate, what a thirst of advices from Court pos-
" sessed us all when Monday morning, and all the
" letters, came. I should have made an ignoble
" figure, to have owed all my information to *their*
" correspondents. By *your* favour I knew the
" whole affair before I left my bed-chamber, and
" marched in to breakfast with a letter in my hand
" fuller of History than all, or any one of theirs.
" Not that I let them into the deeper abyss of your
" politics, your reflections *de summâ rerum*, and
" the reasons which induced our friends to open the
" door.

"door. These I keep charily, to regulate my own "conduct by them in slippery times like these, "when I begin to think at last *que c'est un mauvais* "*métier que celui de médire;* and that the Roman "maxim is very sound wisdom, 'not to speak ill of "any man, for who can tell but he may one day "come to be Pope?'"

Upon the *5th of June,* 1746, he alludes humourously, but gracefully, to all his obligations:

"Believe me, every tour, every new pleasure, "brings you and your partialities fresh into the "mind.

"Totum muneris hoc *tui* est,
"Quod monstrer digito prætereuntium,

"on a long-tailed Hungarian, with spruce accou-"trements; and, what is more flattering, all my "acquaintances are become friends to me, and fine "men out of number allow me for an acquaintance, "ever since it appeared that I had the honour to "be *your* friend.

"Yet still there are, whom I cannot but envy. "Nothing makes up, to those who have enjoyed "*Wrest,* the loss of it: and it vexes me that I can-"not hate *Lord Willoughby,* as being my successor. "But I scouted my Lord's acquaintance, *Mr.* "*Mauduit* *, the other day, who *feared that he was* "*out of order, as he was not returned.* I told him, "it was almost as impossible to be sick *at Wrest,* as "*of* it, except from the inordinate use of strawber-"ries and cream cheese, against which the *philo-"sophy* of that Peer would sufficiently guard him."

I cannot forbear to copy another admirable vein of criticism. It is on *The Beauties,* a favourite Poem of *Horace Walpole;* and is followed by a neat satire upon it in arch and pleasant rhyme.

* *Israel Mauduit,* the well-known Political Writer.

"All

"All people give it," he says, "to *Horry Wal-* "*pole*; and some like it. But, surely, it wants the "terseness and the elegance indispensable to the "legitimate character of these effusions. Nor is the "want of them redeemed by powerful strokes of "invention. Nor can I allow the improper, and the "ungraceful use of many words, or the negligence "of construction. Yet, we all agree, it is worth "reading; and I send it accordingly. But I must "criticize the applications of his goddesses. They "are by no means particular, and appropriate. How "unlike the exquisite propriety of *Addison's* Gods, "in allusion to the personages in *his* view. We "do not conceive upon what ground *Lady Emily* is "*Venus*; but, above all,

"Ill-judging Bard! will nothing serve-a,
"But *Fitzroy* must be your *Minerva*?
"Such troops of martial Beaux, who pay
"Their vows at shrine of *Ranelagh*;
"Those ebon locks, that glowing bloom,
"The sober goddess ill become.
"Where is the azure eye? not here,
"Nor grace of dignity severe.
"Science, and wit should here be seen,
"And various arts attend their Queen.
"Pens, crayons, notes, are heap'd around,
"And *Scarabocchi* strew the ground.
"Such is *my Pallas*—would you fully
"Describe the Goddess—vide *Woolley**.

"Be not offended, my dear *Principal*; but these "verses are the hurried produce of *your* office this "morning. Towards the end of each quarter we have "much leisure, and I apply it *cum dignitate*; for the "subalterns kindly suppose that I am engaged in a

* Who this Lady was, no Antiquarian gallant has discovered.

"deep

"deep calculation, when I am only hunting for a "rhyme. *Sept.* 5, 1746."

Part of another, dated *Sept.* 30, is very amusing, and characteristic of the writer's comic style.

"* * * You will say there is no getting rid of "my impertinence, and that even the approved "method of dealing with troublesome visitors, "*not* "*at home*," cannot defend you against *me*. But, "when Monday is a holiday, I have a kind of pre- "scription to pass it with you. Besides, you may "possibly have no factor of poetical wares in town. "*Birch*, I think, does not act in that capacity.

"* * * * As to *Richmond* occurrences, you "will own that we improved upon *Wimpole*; for, "after two pools at commerce amongst F. R. S.'s "and Ladies of suitable gravity, we started up into "country-dances. I would have *Lady Grey* know "in particular, that I, with a most prudent Lady for "my partner, led up '*De'el tak the war*' with great "agility, and general applause."

I can scarce tell, where to end; but I select at least one more, as at least a favourite of my own. It is dated Oct. 25, 1746.

"* * * The quarter is received, and a laudable "one it is; ready for you at your pleasure. The "other day, when money was paid for the Army, I "could not but reflect with pleasure on the persons "of the *Deputy Paymaster*, and of the *Deputy Teller*. "The golden age, thought I, of *Augustus*, or of "*Charles the Second*, is returned—"*when Wits had* "*places*."—But must not my imagination have "run up to the two *Principals*, and close the verse, "*and great men had wit?*"

"It was edifying to observe *Mr. Gr.* count his "notes, and sign his receipts, with all that phlegm, "and that absence of sprightly images, which be- "comes an Officer of the Revenue; when I, with "equal gravity, leaning over my desk, superintended

"the

"the labour. *Ecce spectaculum dignum!* I wish "every dull fellow in the Nation had assisted, in order "to be convinced what men of business *we* make."

His *badinage* upon his official importance prompts him with a perpetual fund of humour. Upon the 17th of October 1746 he is full of it.

"As for the *sævus Aquilo*, and *Eurus*, and "*Auster*, and the rest of them, I value them no "more than the obstinate fellow in *Horace* did, "or the God of the Sea in *Virgil*. It is not in the "power of such blusterers to put their spoke in the "wheel of my visits at *Wrest*.

"But in the Office there is a *lene tormentum*, "which has great power. There is *je ne scay quoy* "at or near the end of a quarter, that attaches me "with a kind of spell. Why this very day did we "make up our accompt; and a worthy making-up it "was. I could not forbear ejaculating, what an ad-"mirable conduct of the Revenue! how calculated "for the ease, and comfort of the subject!

"This week too, and the next, are busy ones upon "another account. So my project was to pass that "long string of holidays with you (the longest of the "whole Exchequer year), which begins with *Simon* "*and Jude*, and reaches to the *Powder-plot*. But *my* "*Lord* informs me that you are to be up at the birth-"day. I praise your loyalty, and shall admire your "coat; but they are my ruin, for they cut off the last, "and sweetest retreat which I had reserved as the "*bonne bouche* of this delightfully extended summer."

I have mentioned the celebrated *Edwards*, who wrote the *Canons of Criticism*. There is a very entertaining Letter, which contains an account of him, not a little curious, and amusing, accompanied by a laugh at my hero's neighbour and friend *Mr. Cambridge*, who often took the same liberty with *him*. It is dated *Kew Lane*, 30 July 1750, and has this passage: "My expedition has been to *Turrick*,

"where

"where I found *Edwards* much improved by the "air of his vale. He was busy in erecting a fabric "to keep his winter-fuel dry, and proposed to adorn "the end of it with a *Doric* portico in the original "taste before the invention of sculpture, with real "sculls of sheep, and bones instead of triglyphs, in "the frieze.

"* * * How will his host *Cambridge* receive "so humble a guest—a mere Poet, and Critic, after "three Royal figures have dignified his wheel of "admiring visitors*."

"If any thing could have added flow of spirits to "that *naval genius*, it must have been this event. "He had not only such illustrious company aboard, "but the very dinner cooked upon the Severn. "Nothing is wanted for his glory but an Historian; "and it vexed me extremely that his Reporter in the "Evening Post had no other sentiment for the *Royal* "*Highnesses* but that of being pleased with *the* "*novelty of the thing*."

Another part of this Letter presents in the most pleasing form the vein of his comic style.

"But why allure me with peaches, and venison? "Surely I am not such a *curva in terras anima;* and "though I can taste these lower pleasures, I rate "them but in their order, and love *Wrest* for en- "tertainments far more delicate. The part which "you assign to me in these your *squirely* visits, I "know not if I can sustain with *éclat;* but I comfort "myself in the reflection, that, as I have not assisted "at ceremonies like these for three or four years, a "new stock of conceits will not be necessary; the "old ones, after such an interval, may, like Sermons, "fairly come over again."

In *Oct.* 6, 1759, there is a lively account of the celebrated *Maclaine.* "*Justice Lediard* has kept,

* In a subsequent Letter of Sept. 1, he says: "*Cambridge* is con- "tented with his late acquaintance the *Duchess* and the *Prince*, "and aims at nothing higher—*till the King returns*."

"by

" by way of trophies, I imagine, some Letters found
" in that gentleman's cabinet; not Letters of State,
" —let not your curiosity be alarmed, but a corre-
" spondence between him and *Plunket* his fellow-
" labourer in the fortune-hunting line of politics.
" That rascal, it seems, acted in the capacity of *Archer*,
" when *his honoured Lord and Master* made love
" in *Aimwell's* manner. They had cast their eyes
" upon one Lady worth £.30,000 whom *Plunket*
" thus delineates—'*ugly, ill-shaped, and very desirous*
" *to marry a tall, handsome gentleman.* If a man
" of spirit could see her at church, and could assure
" her that he would carry her to her beloved metro-
" polis, he could not fail to succeed.'—In the same
" repository are Love-letters, writ in a fair hand, like
" the Academy of Compliments in their style, almost
" *fac similes.* These were either intended for dif-
" ferent Ladies, or had been returned by them."

In the Letter from which I quoted an allusion to Mrs. Wray's *prowess* at a rout, there is an account of the celebrated *Wildman's* Bees; and, as it happens, *Mr. Cambridge* is again *the hero.*

" The modern *Aristæus* has exhibited here at the
" *Castle.* He walked about with six swarms about
" him, which covered his head, breast, and shoulders,
" leaving only his nostrils and his mouth clear.
" These he shook off upon a table, and then drove
" them into their hive.

" C. attended, not *pour la physique*, but in his
" *apostolical capacity*—of *catching men.* It was
" entertaining to see him hook all that could be
" worth his bait."

In a Letter of Sept. 23, 1766, there is an account of *Akenside's* Poem: " I was at *Mount Ararat*
" sooner than usual, to attend *Lord and Lady Dacre*
" accompanied by *Akenside*, who passed the evening
" there, and communicated the second and part of a
" third book in his great work. In the former, and
" in

"in the same philosophical way, he is eloquent on the "topics of truth, and virtue, vice, and the passions. "In the latter *Solon* is introduced giving a Fable on "the *Origin of Evil.* It is introduced by an Episode "from *Herodotus* of *Argarista's* marriage, the daugh- "ter of *Clisthenes*, which is delightfully poetical."

In *October* 1766, there is a most elegant and classical picture of his favourites:

"Many thanks for our delightful *villeggiatura*, "in such company, with such fare, and with such "*cloudless weather*. When I reflect on my situation "there, I cannot help considering myself in the *cohors* "*amicorum* of some *Pro-Consul* residing in his pro- "vince. How classical an air have the rest of the "*comites!*—The *dialis flamen*—The Senator from "his neighbouring villa—The old Jurisconsult, "who dispensed his profound *responsa* round the "country for half a century—Above all the *Orator**, "who, after his reign in *curiâ et in foro*, is not "driven from it by a *conspiracy of the wicked*, "but only takes breath in his *Tettenhangerianum* "(a vile word, by the way, to *Romanize*)—Then "our *concursus provenientium*—the Philosophers, "claiming your protection for schools in which "they preside—And, as completing your train, "*Conjux lectissima matrona, quam etiam Cecina,* "*rigidus censor, spretâ lege Oppiâ, in provinciam* "*admisisset.* [*Tacit.* 3.]"

Never existed a happier nor a more graceful application.

Upon the *4th of October*, 1769, he gives a short essay upon *the Comet.*

"The French papers give us *De la Lande's* scheme "for *the Comet.* Being *Anti-gallican*, as far as our "Philosophy and Philology go, I stand by the cal- "culations at *Greenwich.* The *perihelion* will be "on the 7th; and the Comet will re-appear on the

* *Mr. Charles Yorke.*

"15th

"15th as an Evening Star, to accommodate star-
"gazing and vulgar eyes: it will be as far off as the
"Sun is from us, and will not have passed so near
"him as they suppose in *France*. The last was 49
"degrees long before we lost it; and will be more
"considerable on the return."

Nov. 14, 1769, is a comic account of his fame as the *Cicerone* of *Paoli*:

"I had proposed giving your Lordship a journal "of *Signor Paoli's* expedition to the *Museum* under "*my* command. But *Lady Bel* has, like the *Con*-"*federates*, intercepted the packet.

"I seriously believe that I shall get reputation "amongst the *Patriots** by appearing cheek-by-jowl "with him in the same newspaper which records "*Mr. Boswell's* voyage in the Stationers' barge "*without his Chief*. So, my Lord, these respectable "Historians, who govern *the Nation*, have deigned, "this once, to *notice me!*"

I cannot better conclude this imperfect sketch than by a faithful transcript of some passages in one of his *Athenian* papers, on the subject of Religion. Perhaps I am too partial, but I could suppose it a Saturday's paper of the immortal *Addison*. Like *him*, he reconciled wit and humour to sound criticism, elegant literature, accuracy of reasoning, taste, morals, and a life prepared for death by its Christian temper, innocence, and virtue.

This paper is an admirable report of *Cleander* in *Greece*, to his *Persian* friend, in which he describes the *Delphic* shrine with just ridicule, having seen all the mummeries of it, which he details with such life, and spirit, as an ocular witness, that

* Though at *Cambridge* he was *every inch a Whig*, he became (and it is not uncommon) extremely hostile to this line of Politics *in his old age;* and the *Patriots* were the victims of his ridicule, but in the purest vein of laughing satire.

one

one sees him in the act of exploring what he paints with such clearness, and force. But I shall copy what I may call his *Creed*, though under the veil of *Cleander's* Philosophy.

"Never have I wished more ardently for my "old friends the patrons of studious, and specula- "tive years, than I did this morning in the sacred "grove of laurel, which leads from the temple to the "hill. Full of the reflections which this remarkable "place could not fail to suggest, how did I regret "our *Bactrian solitude*, where the venerable *Smer-* "*dis* would lead the inquisitive *Cleander* into sub- "jects of the highest import, would hear his objec- "tions, would redress all his errors, direct his rea- "sonings, and warm his heart. * * *

"Under these disadvantages, forgive me if I "should fall into mistakes, or should controvert "some opinions which prevail amongst our *Eastern* "Sages; for never can I be persuaded that Oracles "which are scattered over this land of idolatry are "under the guidance of the impious *Arimanius;* "that a knowledge of distant futurity is an emana- "tion from *him*; and that such are the methods by "which he establishes the kingdom of error, so as "to divert human worship from its only genuine "object.

"How irrational is the supposition that our just, "and benevolent *Oromasdes* could suffer the hu- "man mind, confined, and fallible as he has created "its powers, to be with such inequality assailed, and "with such invincible controul deluded! How pre- "posterous a dispensation is it, that, when *he* is "adored with all that purity which reason dictates, "and which his own *Prophet* has enjoined, no such "divine communications are prompted by *him*, "whilst he permits the book of destiny to be opened "in all the venerable groves, and at all the romantic "fountains of *Greece*, for purposes of impiety, and "of superstition!

"But

"But we have no reason to deprecate any such "inference. *Oromasdes* addresses himself to all "men by the voice of nature, and of reason—to the "*East* by his own sacred volume. By these ways "the supreme wisdom teaches us all which it is our "happiness to know, and we cannot expect, that he "will indulge the vain curiosity of knowing before-"hand what cannot be averted. Nor is *Arimanius* "to be accused of revealing such mysteries. From "all I could observe in this judgement-seat of divi-"nation, we recur to no supernatural power—"credulous devotion, and a mystic air, the offspring "of art, explain the whole secret. Men are de-"ceived by men."

He then relates in the liveliest manner, and with classical accuracy, all the *jeux de théatre* which are played off to catch the mind by their illusions; but, with philosophical ingenuity, he accounts for many of these tricks by *phænomena* of nature—winding up the solution by these beautiful, and sound reflections:

"Upon other principles, what can this *fury* "mean? Can it serve any purpose, but that of "amusing the multitude? Can a madman see fur-"ther into futurity than a man of a sound mind? and "should not the capacity, when disturbed the least, "be the fittest receptacle of commerce with a supe-"rior intelligence?

"How different is the disposition of those holy "men, amongst whom it is *thy* favoured blessing to "reside! Abstracted indeed from the world, but "not as being unable to encounter it, not heated by "passion, or sunk into melancholy, they are in "train to receive the divine impressions: and if that "influence, after the copious, and refreshing streams "which have been shed upon our great Lawgiver, "still descends upon the sons of men, it must be "upon these, his genuine successors. The effects "are not unworthy of such an original, sublime as it is.

"The Sages to whom I allude are not employed "in giving doubtful answers to impious, or trifling "questions,

"questions, in tempting a curiosity which is a death's "blow to happiness, and virtue, but in one great "scheme of benevolence, in correcting the mis-"taken, succouring the unfortunate, pointing out "the essential truths of morality, and leading the "way to their practice."

I cannot forbear, in this place, to remark with how much address, under the veil of this fiction, like some of *Addison's* pious allegories, he elevates Christianity above all other Creeds.

He resumes the history; and, with no common archness, just as if he had been present, he relates one of his own remarks upon the ridicule from which these divinations could not escape:

"When surveying the sacred wealth, and observ-"ing almost in every apartment some costly offer-"ing of *Crœsus*, I could not but compassionate "that unfortunate Prince, whose dependance on "this very Oracle had lost him his Crown; and "when a *Lacedæmonian* of the company shewed "me the tablet on which is engraved the famous "answer to *Lycurgus*, I directed his view to the "golden lion of *Crœsus*. But see there (said I) a "memorial of a different import. The God who "gave a sanction to the constitutions of your Law-"giver sent the no less devout Monarch of *Lydia* on "the very expedition that ruined him; and, es-"tablishing one government, he desolated another."

His peroration is worthy of *Barrow* himself:

"May *we* make the use of the moment before us, "as the best of all methods to lay in provision of "happiness for all futurity! The wise, and gracious "*Oromasdes* gave us prudence, and sagacity enough "to equip us for the common events of life; and "where our prospect is clouded, or out of reach, we "may repose our unlimited confidence in those "hands from which alone we came, to which alone "we shall return."

After

After this incomparable remark, he rather descends into the bantering vein, familiar to him; but so like *Addison*, that I cannot forbear to copy it, because the wit is neat, and chaste. But I am half-angry with it *there*.

"It is ridiculous to hope for information from "above upon trifles; and we that are travellers "in *Greece*, may remark that *Oracles* are much the "most frequent in *Bœotia*, which is by no means "renowned for its Wits or Philosophers."

I mentioned the address which Mr. WRAY has marked in adapting to his fiction, upon topics which fairly admit of this art, modern allusions. I gave an early example of it in these memoirs of his genius, when I introduced his nuptial compliments to his friend.

I will now add a similar *trait* of ingenuity, which, if I may use this expression, *Persianizes* the scene at *Wrest*; a scene, which he venerated with almost a *Persian* idolatry.

It proves, that, with all his other talents, he had the charm, and grace of making ingenuous compliments (for he was no flatterer) more pleasing by the turn of style, and the colours of the picture.

Could *Lord Chesterfield* have been more polished than my Hero's portrait of those, whom taste, as well as gratitude prompted him to admire, and love? Call it partial, if you will; it is the partiality of a sincere, as well as generous mind; and the zeal of an Epicure, if I may use that phrase, in his relish for talent, and virtue.

"Here thou wilt be most cordially," says *Mr. Yorke*, through his friend, in the character of *Orsames* a *Persian*. "I fondly wish to make thee ac-"quainted with every particular of my happiness; "for happy I am in my new situation, to the extent "of my desires. Not because, when I look round, "my own possessions compose the varied landscape. "They are not the palaces, the villas, the elegant "furniture, the magnificent equipage, that I would "proclaim

" proclaim to thee. *Sesamnes* gave infinitely more " than all these, when he gave me his daughter with " his dying hand*. Her figure, her air, her voice, " express that graceful ease, and those engaging " manners, which run through her whole character. " But an humble sense of her own excellencies, and " a shyness of applause, however deserved, permit " only her friends to know, that she adds to the deli- " cate beauties of a female mind, the commanding " features of a manly intellect; an apprehension " acute enough at once to seize, and a taste exact " enough to appreciate the value of all that comes " into her presence; a firmness only as yet evinced " in the little occurrences of life, but upon which " her dependance could be safely reposed in events " the most critically important; a popular benevo- " lence, which puts all who approach her at their " ease; and at the same time an accuracy of taste in " her friendship, which keeps off the forward, and " the undeserving.

" Fondly to lean upon such a bosom! to retire " into such a heart! Can I form a wish beyond it? " Here, perplexed with Court factions, and fatigued " with public business, I deposit all my cares— " think them over again—assisted by the most " exquisite perfection of good sense, or lose all " thought of them in the tenderest endearments; " here, in my happier hours, the seasons of domestic " life, sure to find a perpetual source of delights, a " taste for the same amusements, or a magic spirit " that invents new scenes of pleasure, and the most " unaffected compliance with such as are proposed " by others.

" For we are not here in solitude. A select party " of dear, and chosen friends improve the local plea- " sures of the circle.

* This, I apprehend, alludes to the *Duke of Kent* and the *Marchioness Grey* his daughter, who had recently become the wife of *Mr. Yorke;* and whose Father died soon after the marriage, leaving her sole heiress of his wealth.

" * * *

"* * * But what a wretch must I have been, "had I entered into a family incapable of these "rational enjoyments; and, when I look round the "Court, how do I wonder at my good fortune!

"As fashion has more influence over the fair sex, "they are degenerated from the old *Persian* severity "more than *we* are. The becoming reserve, the house-"hold virtues, that graced our mothers, are the sub-"jects of ridicule; and the apartments of the women "have lost that air of inviolable sanctity, that used "to surround them. An eternal round of trifling "pleasures leaves no room for improvement, and "reflection; weakens the nobler faculties, and ex-"poses the unguarded fortress to any impressions. "Hence ridiculous fears, impotent passions, extra-"vagant wishes, and a long train of dissipating "follies, terminated in vice, and shame."

Here let us part. Forgive, dear Sir, the number of the pages, and thank yourself. You touched a favourite string of my heart, and your own zeal for your friends will make allowances for mine.

Before I take my leave,—as *wit* formed so prominent a feature of the character before us, let me endeavour to atone for my dullness, or my inaccuracies, by a passage in *Barrow*, the *Tully* of the Pulpit, which, in describing *wit*, though to reprobate the abuse of it, proves, by the most eloquent picture of it that is perhaps to be found in the whole compass of language, or of thought, how deeply he had explored the subject; and what a master-key to all its powers the fertile genius of his glowing vein supplied. A more picturesque, a more chaste, a more living resemblance, was never taken by a *Raphael*, or a *Titian* from the life, and soul of Nature.

The text is *Ephes. v.* 4: "*Nor foolish talking*, "*nor jesting, which are not convenient.*"

The

The depth, and the luminous accuracy of all the distinctions which he has conferred upon this entertaining, as well as interesting subject, the compass, and variety of his learning, the eloquence, and grace of his language, the delicacy of the satire, the ingenuity of the illustrations, and the dignified purity of the moral, have reconciled the *sublime* to the *beautiful* in a degree perhaps unparalleled. I could cite many of his brilliant passages; but I shall only select one,* as a model of picturesque analysis.

"But first it may be demanded *what it is:* "to which I could answer as *Democritus* to him "that asked the definition of a man—*it is that,* "*which to see is to know.* Any one better appre-"hends what it is by acquaintance with it, than I "can inform him by description.

"It is indeed so versatile, appearing in so many "shapes, in so many postures, in so many garbs, "it is apprehended so variously by several eyes, and "judgments, that it seems no less arduous to settle "a correct, and clear notion of it, than to make a "portrait of *Proteus*, or to delineate the figure of "the Air.

"Sometimes it is couched in a pat allusion to a "known story, or in a seasonable application of "a moral proverb, or in forging an apposite fable.

"Sometimes it plays in words, and phrases, tak-"ing advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, "or the affinity of their sound.

"Sometimes it is wrapped in a whimsical dress "of humourous expression.—Sometimes it lurks "under an odd similitude, in smart replies, in "shrewd intimation, in diverting, or in retorting "an objection.

"Sometimes it is to be found in a bold scheme "of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, or "startling metaphor, *in a colourable reconcilement "of contradictions*, or *in acute nonsense**.

"A scenical representation of persons, or things, "a counterfeit speech, a mimical aspect, or gesture, "passes for it; sometimes an affected simplicity gives "birth to it. Sometimes it springs from a lucky "hit upon something out of the common way; "sometimes from wresting craftily an obvious truth "to the purpose in view. It may often consist in "we know not what, and may often spring up we "can scarce tell how.

"Its ways are unaccountable, because answer-"able to the numberless rovings of the fancy and "windings of language.

"It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the "common way, and which, by a sort of surprize in the "conceit, or expression, amuses the fancy, and breeds "delight in the taste.

"It calls for admiration, as importing a nimble "sagacity of apprehension, a felicity of invention, "a liveliness of spirit, and a reach of talent above "the common kind. It seems to argue a rare quick-"ness of parts, to *fetch*† *in a remote conceit, and "make it applicable*—a notable skill, that can dex-"terously accommodate them to the purpose before "us. It procures delight, as it gratifies curiosity "with a singular effect, and with a semblance of "difficulty,—by diverting the mind from its road of "serious thoughts,—by instilling airiness of spirit,—"and by seasoning what is insipid with a new, and "grateful relish."

* A happier version could not have been made of *Quintilian*, vi. 3. "Eadem, quæ si impendentiùs excidunt *stulta* sunt, si verò rem damus *venusta*."

† *Mr. Locke* makes this (*one*) power the *essence* of the faculty; but this cannot be accurate. It makes a *part* stand for the *whole*.

Compre-

Comprehensive as this picture is, it has not laid stress enough upon one unquestioned province in *wit*, though he has named it,—that of *irony*; in which the antient Orators, Poets, and Sages, took peculiar delight, and marked peculiar talent.

Prior's reproof to a conceited *Frenchman*, who sung the airs himself at an Opera, will give a neat, and familiar example of it. The performer, and this *amateur*, one of the company in the boxes near *Prior*, were singing the same air at the same time. *Prior* hissed the singer professed, and his neighbour expressed a good deal of surprize. *Prior* hissed on, till he was called upon to explain himself. "Curse "the fellow," said he, "for being so loud, that I could "not hear *you* so distinctly as I wished."

South, in the act of preaching, perceived the *King*, and *Lauderdale* asleep. "Fie, my *Lord Duke*," said he, "you snore so loud, you 'll wake the King."

In the *wit* that *Barrow* concedes to a virtuous. and wise man, he gives a picture of himself.

"It is, when it enlightens the intellect by good "sense conveyed in jocular expression; when it in- "fringes neither on religion, charity, and justice, nor "on peace; when it maintains good-humour, sweetens "conversation, and makes the endearment of society "more captivating, when it exposes what is vile, and "base, to contempt; when it reclaims the vicious, and "laughs them into virtue; when it answers what is "below refutation; when it replies to obloquy; when "it counterbalances the fashion of error, and vice, "playing off their own weapons of ridicule against "them; when it adorns truth; when it follows great "examples; when it is not used upon subjects impro- "per for it, or in a manner unbecoming, in measure "intemperate, at an undue season, or to a danger- "ous end."

 Of

Of this kind was the enchanting, and the moral *wit* of *Socrates*, or the rich, and glowing, but equally chaste, and moral vein of the immortal *Addison*, who is equally above all competitors in his religious papers, and in his mock-heroic style of grave humour,—in his moralizing paper on *Westminster Abbey*, and in that which convulses the reader with laughter by the simplicities of his dramatic friend *the Knight* in the very same place.

I am not absurd enough to elevate *my* hero into the fame of men like these; but I may, without inordinate partiality for him, accredit him to the world as a man who possessed a comic vein, a philosophical taste, a fund of learning, and science, a polished grace of style, a religious morality of life, and a social temper, which made him the delight of his friends—*of his enemies I never heard.*

It may appear, at the first glance of it, a paradox, but I believe it will be found correct, when it is analyzed, and compared with experience, to say, that nothing is more difficult, than to give the portrait of a *singular* man; I mean the features, and the countenance of his mind.

It may be thought upon the footing of analogy to painter's canvas, that a *singular mind* is the more easily caught, like a *singular face*. But the parallel is not just, in my opinion; for the *singular mind* is inseparable from little strokes of character, which must be *seen* to be *felt*.

The look, the air, the form, the gesture, all the lights, and the shades, which constitute the effect, elude every power to describe it, so as to make it a living resemblance.

But

But the difficulty is heightened, when the faculties, and the habits are so *varied*, as to make that very circumstance an appropriate character in itself.

I shall only attempt a faint impression of a *deportment*, and of *a manner* the most *original* that I ever knew.

Mr. Wray had a vivacity, and laughing air, half ludicrous, yet exciting no ridicule, and bordering upon levity, but never too near it—more juvenile at least than his age, ever since I knew him first (and then he was not young) ; but in this comic vein he was never coarse, or ill-bred : was never too free, and was never ill-natured. He was blessed with a power to make *instruction pleasant*, which no colours can reach.

I have known men of distinguished parts, and wit, who seem to have got by heart a whole string of Epigrams in prose, and *bons mots*, to be let off in the course of the day.

Shakespeare, who was at home in every human character, and walked in every path of it, says of those men, as represented by one of his dramatic figures,

> " This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons pease,
> " And utters it again as Jove doth please."

Horace describes the jester of *his* day :

> " ——————————————*facetos*,
> " Qui *captat* risus hominum, famamque dicacis."

Mr. Wray had no such ambition ; he was above it : all his whims of thought, fancy, or expression, were not only his own, but were prompted by the casual impulse of the moment. He had a right even to be as dull as he was brilliant, from his perfect indifference to the effect of all that he said, except that he was happy in communicating pleasure to those around him.

In

In general society he had no imperious air of the pedant, or fopperies of taste. He had no oracles to deliver; no "*little Senate* for his "*laws;*" but "*spared his own strength*,*" in wisdom, or in wit. He had a light, and familiar note, that made its party good with boys, and girls. He rather said in a lively, and comic style what carried the weight of a powerful intellect, than what are foolishly called "*good things.*"

I can remember a thousand *bons mots* of those *wits professed, Chesterfield, Horace Walpole,* and *Selwyn.* Of WRAY, I recollect none: and it is not because they did not exist; it is because they were melted into something better, and superior.

Believe ever,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

GEORGE HARDINGE.

* "*Parcentis viribus.*" HOR.

To John Nichols, Esq.

Dear Sir, *Jan.* 1, 1816.

Never ending! still beginning! We have parted with Wray, and with his Widow. Almost all who knew him but myself, are in the *vault of the Capulets;* but he is living still, and I am going to marry him!

You shall take his own word for it.

(Copy.)

" My dear Lord, *Thursday, one o'clock.*

" A few hours ago, in my own Parish Church, " at the canonical hour exactly in pursuance of the " marriage act, without soliciting *his Grace* or *Miss* " *T.** for a special licence, our friend *Jeffreys*† ad- " mitted me into the respectable order of married " men. Well,—so much of the ceremonial is past; " and I cannot but wish that the rest of the forms " may be fairly and soon over; for, however, I may " fancy myself qualified to make a ——— hus- " band, I cannot suppose the character of bride- " groom so exactly fits me.

* *Miss Catharine Talbot, Mrs. Carter's* friend, who was domiciled at *Lambeth* Palace by *Archbishop Secker*

† Mr. Wray's brother in law, and father to the *Rev. Mr. Jeffreys,* in possession of Mr. Wray's fortune.

" It

"It would be highly ungrateful to doubt your "Lordship's and *Lady Grey's* good wishes to me upon "this greatest event of my life; and must I not wish "to extend that kind prejudice to one upon whom "all my happiness in future is to depend?

"My dearest Lord, and ever honoured Madam, "believe me, you will find her worthy of your fa- "vours. The perfection of good sense, the gentlest "of all tempers, a taste for what is really excellent, "and a manner totally free from affectation, are "what I shall present, when you allow me to intro- "duce Mrs. WRAY.

"You will conclude, that upon this day nothing "sublunary can have place in my thoughts. Ne- "vertheless the King's and your Lordship's Exche- "quer will not be forgotten. Those cares, not "even in my departure out of the single state,

Non ipsâ in morte relinquunt.

"and I have time for telling you that your last quar- "ter's accompt was ——— pounds, ——— &c. &c.

"With gratitude and respect,
"My dear Lord,
"Your ever devoted servant,
"D. WRAY."

There is no date of month or year. He was too much flurried for such *minutiæ*; but subsequent Letters mark them both.—*August* 1758.

I am afraid of my own egotism. It is the first cousin of garrulity, and a kind of spoon-meat for old age. But, if I am not much deceived by the *Ipse dixitism* of grey hairs, and of a beard so white, the Reader's taste will agree with mine; and then I shall say with *Horace*,

"Et sapit, et mecum facit,"

if I recommend the Letter just copied for its pleasant vein, for its judicious gallantry, and above all,

for

for the admirable portrait of his wife;—not forgetting the enthusiasm of his *gratitude*.

In reading these Letters, that virtue of *gratitude*, so thoroughly out of date in these times that it may be called *old style*, enchants me the most; and if these memoirs only furnished the history of such an attachment, as a mutual and perfect esteem formed and cemented between *Lord Hardwicke* and his friend, I should hope they will not be found uninteresting.

The next Letter is not inferior to this, in pleasantry of temper, and goodness of heart. But it furnishes an amusing feature of *Lord Hardwicke's* wish to monopolize his *Deputy*, and of his fear that marriage will seduce him. The answer is full of spirit, and of those admirable affections which endeared him to his friends.

(Copy.)

"MY DEAR LORD, *Tuesday*, *Sept*. 5, 1758.

"A thousand thanks to your Lordship and Lady
"Marchioness, for your good wishes, and for your
"kind thoughts of *Mrs*. WRAY and *me*. Can you
"make it a disputable question whether I purpose to
"visit *Wrest* this year? I never can suffer any such
"precedent against my established claim to that ho-
"nour; nor can I be now content, without commu-
"nicating this privilege to one who will not be less
"gratefully sensible of those pleasures, which that
"charming place affords.

"Our dinners and visits *d'étiquette* are in a manner
"closed, and the care of settling in our *London* house,
"which has just received us, can be suspended.

"If

"If, therefore, your Lordship will notify to me "in a line, when that *suit and service* can best fall "in with your designs for the Autumn, if any part "of it can be said (even by hope) to remain, we shall "obey the summons with all the alacrity and readi-"ness, which a man, his wife, and a carriage, can "afford. I must allow that a servant and cloak-bag "were sooner packed up.

"There was not the least occasion for your Lord-"ship to think of any addition to the nuptial festi-"vities. You have more substantially obliged us. "Without your friendship, we should not have "entered into this union, which both of us think, "and shall, I dare say, continue to think, a happy "one.

"Under any other circumstances, it would have "been imprudent, indeed impracticable *.

"But you will accuse me of '*gloominess and* "*gravity*.' Indeed, my dear Lord, I am not *me-* "*lancholy*. I am serious; but think I am not the "worse company for it.

"As to your other objection, 'that I am not "enough my own man,' I put in a two-fold plea.

"Confessing myself too much engaged of late, "because in this *great affair* I had neither *deputy*, "nor assistant; and alledging *Dr. Heberden's* au-"thority for my *dégagement*, who will take no "denial, when the household has been settled— "I must write a book, and wish you had such a lei-"sure from your military cares—I think you would "compound with my Doctor for another *Historico-* "*political* preface, but seriously from an officious "paragraph, setting forth in high colours the ala-"crity of your provincials, in taking commissions; "I half concluded that you had found them rather

* This passage makes one smile at the *cura peculi*, which had formed at least the habit, if not prominent foible of his mind and spirit; for he certainly could have married with no imprudence, if he had not been *Deputy Teller of the Exchequer*.

"backward

"backward. I began to imagine that your next "meeting would shut the *Temple of Janus*.

"You know my pacific spirit; and I wish that "some *new Augustus* would for ever build up against "the gates of those edifices all over the world.

"Nor am I less warranted in a wish of this kind "by our late successes. Our Governors will, I "hope, make the only good use of them; for all the "*tocsin of* '*Take and hold*,' by the infallible politi-"cians of *Guildhall*.

"To obviate an alarming prejudice, which your "Lordship took up rather too lightly, as if I were "*out* with all the *Wits*, I must inform you, that, "besides many visits from that quarter, I have re-"ceived elegant gratulations from *Soame Jenyns* "and *Sam Richardson*, two authors, how excellent! "and in how different a manner! and a very spruce "imitation of *Horace* on my wedding day, by an "old member of *Bene't College*.

"Your Lordship's devoted,

"D. WRAY."

(These are Extracts.)

"9 *Aug.* 1757.—*Great Queen-street*.

"Many posts ago should I, in all gratitude, have "acknowledged your Lordship's last favour at "*Wrest*—but I should scarce have the heart, even "at this late hour, to write, if the other province "of your *Deputy* did not require it—so full have I "been since my arrival here of *Exchequer* ideas, "and those not the most agreeable.

"The mistaken account of *the Fees* which the "*Marine Society* have published, could not but "waken the resentment; and vengeance of the *po-*"*lite* Satyrist, who conveys his *belles moralités* "through the channel of *The London Evening*.—"Accordingly, he bestowed upon the Officers of the "*Exchequer* some of those names by which he has

"called

"called the best and greatest men for the last twenty "or thirty years.

"*Lord Lincoln*, reasonably offended by such "treatment, especially where he, as well as your "Lordship, had been remarkably generous, thought "proper to remonstrate, in a direct appeal to the "Board of *Treasury*, on the subject of the Letter "from thence to us—recommending that we should "claim no fees upon that order.—*Mr. West*, who "had written the Letter, allowed the justice of the "appellant's resentment, undertook to withdraw "the Letter, and promised that he would be cau-"tious in future.—This was deemed the best that "could be done: for, if that Letter had produced "its effect, the *London Evening* hero would have "triumphed in the power of his eloquence over *the* "*Publicans.*—Such is our *précis* of this *eventful* "history.—It would be tedious to write, and worse "to read, all the little particulars; nor had I in-"tended writing at all upon the subject, reserving "it for our conversations in the garden, or the li-"brary.

"But alas! another *Treasury* business, for it cer-"tainly is *Extra-Scaccarial*, lays violent hands upon "me, and will fix me here for the whole of this "month, this pleasant month, during the adjourn-"ment of the *Board of Treasury*, our only vacation. "My comfort is, that I enjoy *the coolest* situation, "and the possibility of a little breath in *Richmond* "air on Sundays.

"On Thursday, at one o'clock, just as the Board "were breaking up, they sent for the Deputy-Audi-"tor and the Tellers. It was to command that we "should dispose of the undrawn tickets (more than "two thirds of the whole number.)

"We of course made our excuses—we deprecated "such an ample trust. His Grace kindly replied, "that we who were known officers of the publick "merited their confidence; and so they dismissed

"us.

" us, to furnish place, persons, materials, and me-
" thods, for the purpose.

" My old friends, the *Chancellor* * and *Lord Duncannon*, most graciously saluted me at my entrance: but no memory of the *Egyptian* or the *Roman* club—of the *Noctes cœnæque deûm*—prevailed upon them to second my sincere *Nolo tickettare*, &c."

" *Wimple*, 18 *Sept*. 1757.

" You are always, directly or indirectly, *per te aut per alios*, promoting my interest.

" You gave *Lord Hardwicke* notice that my Lottery Magistrature had expired; and I immediately received a most kind summons from *Wimple*. You will make no doubt of my obedience, and of making short work with *omne quod obstat*.

" 'Ad *Mæcenatem* memori quin mente recurram.' Here I arrived on Sunday last, taking the *prône du Curè* of *Buntingford*, and a vile dinner at *Royston*, in my way.

" In the Park I met a captain-like cavalier, attended by a servant. This, it seems, was the Commandant of the Blues at *Royston*, who had proceeded with equal prudence and alacrity in defence of your Deputy-lieutenant *Mr. Wortham*, and whom *Lord Hardwicke* had therefore complimented with an immediate invitation to dinner, and had then dismissed with a haunch of venison, a welcome addition to his baggage.

" You have already received the authentic report of the disturbances in these quarters, and, thank heaven, you had the whole history.—Nothing has occurred since; and the Justices of *Hertfordshire*, who had been so insulted in their character of Deputy-lieutenants, have licensed the ale-

* The *Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hon. H. B. Legge*.

" houses

" houses at *Royston* last week in peace. I condole " with your Lordship, and the publick, upon that " spirit of misrule which has possessed the people, " and that such a contagion should have spread so " far from your neighbourhood in *Bedfordshire*, to " those who should compose your corps in this " country.—*Lord Hardwicke*, who, in the good " sense of that phrase, is much of a Μνάμων Συμπότης, " and finds room in his head for the verse of his " friends, recollects the ominous line in your Ad- " dress to the Farmers of *Higham*, upon Militia Law— " though I doubt the Poet, with all his vaticinal " powers, foresaw nothing like what has happened.

" I need not paint our life here to your Lordship. " It flows on in the usual tenor, uniform, but ever " interesting—morning rides, and sometimes long, " but never too long—evening walks, and (which " is exactly right) before tea—lounges in the li- " brary, and (pray indulge me in adding) profusion " of excellent fruit.

" My Lord is renewing his old acquaintance with " *Tacitus*, and receives more pleasure from these " ancient accounts than from the modern dispatches " of the *Cockpit*;—Though, to be sure, the man- " ners of the S. P. Q. R. and their domestic politics " under *Tiberius* were more depraved than ours in " the Eighteenth Century, their foreign affairs went " on rather better: and the Historian relates no such " advices from *Parthia* as come to us daily from " *Stadt* and from *North America*.

" I brought hither, from *the Solicitor* *, the copy " of his Address to *Lord Mansfield* in *Lincoln's* " *Inn Hall*, and full minutes of *Lord M's* reply.— " You will permit my *Lord Hardwicke* to be not a " little pleased with so elegant a performance of an " Orator so dear to him; and will not be offended " by the well-timed, as well as the deserved praise " given him by the Answerer.

* The *Solicitor General, Mr. Yorke.*

" The

"The weather perseveres beyond our hopes—the "late rains have restored the verdure of spring, and "the warm suns give us the roads of summer. The "Equinoctial winds came *prol-eptically* a fortnight "ago, nor have trees yet lost any of their leaves.

"It gives me pain that I must immediately quit "the charming scene.—But my time is come, and "I return to the yellow, as well as dropping foliage "of *St. James's Park*."

"* * * * * * Friday's post brought Letters from "your Lordship, from the Colonel *, and *Mr.* "*Charles*. When I read them aloud, after dinner, "I could not but observe the satisfaction of the pa-"rents at three such able dispatches, from the Lord-"lieutenant, the Solicitor, and the Envoy."

"*Sept.* 19, 1758.

"That charming place *Wrest*, let the weather "and *Brown* have put it in all the disorder they "*can* inflict upon it, will not fail to surprize its "new guest †; though, to say truth, however struck "in general by scenes and by objects, I think she "is rather more learned in the minuter details of "botany, wherein I recollect that she has the honour "to agree with our excellent friend ‡, the late Arch-"bishop of *Canterbury*."

The sequel of the Letter is, in part, upon the death of *Mr. Cocks*, who was a volunteer, had been the only officer wounded in one of the expeditions, and the only one killed in the other. He was a young man of great fortune, a relation of the *Hardwickes*, animated by public spirit, and by an impulse to military enterprize.

* *Sir Joseph Yorke.*

† MRS. WRAY.

‡ This was *Herring*; for *Hutton* was in the possession of the See only one year, from 1757 to 1758; but *Herring*, who preceded him, held it for ten years.

But

But I must add, that, after grief on the death of *Mr. Pond*, who has been already mentioned (and at whose house he had resided as a batchelor for several years), he laments, *inter alia*—because his character as a *virtuoso* is likely to suffer.

"*Great Queen-street*, 3 *Oct.* 1758.

"'*Inter scabiem tantam & contagia—not* lucri'—
" but the reverse, amongst a number of dirty and of
" noisy carpenters, masons, whitewashers, and
" painters, who besieged me on my arrival here,
" how unqualified am I to pay your Lordship my
" duties!

" Your last words still ring in my ears; and this
" new topic, the marriage-visit, your cordialities to
" my little wife, naturally suggest expressions of
" gratitude not used upon former occasions.

" But what are subjects and *loci* to a mind fixed
" upon the ground with cares domestic, and even
" *stabulary*?

" These, however, cannot, I hope, last very long:
" when I am but settled once in my house, I'll
" shake my wings, and meditate their usual flight."

In July 1759, he alludes again to his nuptials, in these words:

" Thither (at *Wrest*), alas! my dear Lord, you
" would scarce allow me to look, as if my *weakened*
" *eye* could (really and in prose) look at no prospect
" but the matrimonial one. In truth, it is not *Mrs.*
" Wray, nor my *household condition* which disables
" me; but that puzzling Law, which must be put
" into something like a formal execution; and this
" foolish rheumatism, which permits me only to
" take the gentlest rides, and scarce to walk at all.
" When the bodies, natural and politic, resume
" their healthful state, I shall have the honour of

" obeying

"obeying your Lordship's commands; for I will "not run the hazard of losing that privilege, which "I so highly value, and for which I have prescrip-"tive right."

August 21, 1759, he steps into the politics of the day:

"Much have I to see at *Wrest*, much to hear; "for I trust your Lordship may indulge me in what "may have transpired from the *Marshal Contade's* "papers. Our specimen of him in the last *Gazette* "was a bad one. Are not *Duke Ferdinand's* orders "remarkably well written? They appeared so "not only to me, but also to one of the oldest, and "surely one of the best writers now left, the *Bishop* "*of W.* *

"But how strange, that after every affair, suc-"cessful, or unfortunate, we must have trials, ill "blood, and factions!

"* * * The *Swedish* papers are of an odd cast, "fierce, and obstinate *in re*, tedious, and awkward *in*

* This evidently is the *Bishop* of *Winchester*, who had then possessed the See twenty-five years, and who held it three years more. Need I tell his name—dear to every honourable mind in Church and State! The high-spirited, eloquent, and virtuous *Hoadly* gives the most pleasing instance of *Euthanasia* that is to be found in the annals of the world. Though plunged in controversy for a course of years, and the victim of those "*iræ*," which do somehow or other take a fancy to the "*animæ cœlestes*,"—though hunted by the obloquies of the *Tory* and the *Jacobite*, he survived every tempest, and closed his life in the revered simplicity of his native character; and in the possession of so unimpaired a capacity, that in a very advanced age, when the faculties are in general depressed, if not impaired, he had all the acuteness of the reasoning power, and all the vigour of that intellectual spirit, which had vindicated the cause of Liberty, so well displayed in the masterly detection of a cheat who had forged his name. Here I cannot forbear to recommend, in defiance of *Dr. Johnson*, an Ode of *Dr. Akenside* in honour to this Prelate—an Ode which the defamer of this Poet's lyric powers had not the power to write.

" *modo*. I hope we shall not have any thing to do " with them, though we are told they are to make " a visit in the North, accompanied by *Mons*. " *Thurot*. Will this loss in *Germany* indispose " our *French* adversaries to an attempt upon Eng- " land, or drive them into it? I sat near an excel- " lent man at the Admiralty the other day, who " comforted me with all the difficulties attending " such a design."

" From the Office, Sept. 8, 1759.

" MY DEAR LORD,

* * * " The good news, that now sets-in from " all quarters, is in such quantities, that it really dis- " tracts one's attention. *Amherst's* brother is come " this morning, to confirm what is already in the " papers. *Lady Anson's** and *Mr. John's*† absence " is a signal grievance to me on occasions like these. " It half tempts me to gallop away back to *Wrest* ‡ " for fresh accounts. Believe me, these events, and " the arrear of business, put me into a flutter, &c.

" D. WRAY."

* *Lord Hardwicke's* sister.

† His brother, often mentioned before; one of the most amiable men that ever I knew; modest, enlightened, elegant, and engaging in his manners, universally beloved.

‡ This *badinage* reminds me of an imposition which I once practised upon my neighbour, the celebrated *Mr. Cambridge*. I wished upon some occasion to borrow a *Martial*. He told me he had no such a book, *except by heart*. I therefore inferred that he could not immediately detect me. Accordingly I sent him an Epigram which I had made, and an English version of it, as from the original. He commended the latter, but said that it wanted the neatness of the *Roman!* When I undeceived him, he laughed, and forgave me.

It originated in a whimsical fact. *Mr. Cambridge* had a rage for news; and living in effect at *Richmond*, though on the other side of the *Thames*, he had the command of many political reporters; Mr. WRAY's *Lord Hardwicke* included. As I was then occupied in professional business at my Chambers, I knew less of public news than he did; and every Saturday, in my way to a Villa of my own from *Lincoln's Inn* near him, called upon him

"*Sept.* 11, 1759.

"The 300*l.* loan, opened on the vote of credit the "day before I came to *Wrest*, was soon filled. Yes-"terday came a second of 200*l.* which goes on well*.

"The subscription of this year is at last, after so "many Gazettes extraordinary, advanced above par, "including the use on the Lottery Tickets. As the "accounts from *Spain* give us five Men of War got "into *Cadiz*, it has been concluded that the other "two of the seven escaped from *Boscawen*, or had "fallen into our hands; but this, after all, is *logic*, "not *history*: we must not therefore depend upon it.

"D. WRAY."

"MY DEAR LORD, *Sept.* 27, 1759.

"I acknowledge two Letters, one, a most friendly, "and cheerful answer, the other on business. First, "therefore, of the second. The Subscription † was "proposed, and was urged by his Grace of *New-*"*castle* with a speech, and with his own 500*l.* "Lords *Anson*, *Northumberland*, and *Berkeley*, "200*l.* each. *Legge*, *Charles Townshend*, *General* "*Cornwallis*, *George Cooke*, *James West*, *James* "*Colebrook*, 100*l.* *Lord North* 50*l.*—and other "small sums.

"Yesterday, at one of the Bankers, I saw *Lord* "*Lincoln's* name for 200*l.*; and I have heard that "*Lord Hardwicke* has given the like sum. *Thomas*

him for the news from *London!* This, I told him, was not unlike what *Martial* said, Lib. iii. 7.

Deciano Salutem.

Vix *Româ* egressus, villæ novus advena, ruris
Vicini dominum te "*quid in urbe?*" rogo.
Tu novitatis amans *Româ* si *Tibura malles*,
Per nos "*de villâ quæ nova,*" disce tuâ.

* Two open loans at the Exchequer, in small sums, in consequence of a vote of credit of 1,000,000*l.* in the preceding Session of Parliament.

† A voluntary subscription began, in the City of London, towards the expence of raising troops for the public service.

 "*Towns-*

"*Townshend* you see in the City list for 100*l.*
"These are all my *data* at present; but subscrip-
"tions come in daily, though somewhat slowly, at
"the Bankers.

"At *Guildhall*, I hear, seven or eight hundred
"men have been enlisted; but it is added, that, like
"the *urbana colluvies*, they desert apace.

"Your mock at my *invasion fears* was rather
"unseasonable; as, at the time I received it, the
"Commander-in-chief was in the act of setting out
"for examination of our defence on the *Essex* and
"*Kentish* coast.

"Your Lordship still has a thirst for more of
"these particular histories. In truth, I am tired of
"so many that are of the same inhuman kind,
"slaughters, burnings, and starvings, &c.

"How is the lately rich, and beautiful dominion
"of *Saxony* changing every day its plunderers!
"*Leipsick* is already once more *Prussian*. So we
"believe is *Dresden* *. If so, the *Saxon* corps may
"as well return to *Contade*.

"I spent some few, and very agreeable days at
"*Moor-park* †; and flatter myself to have been of
"some little use to the *Solicitor* ‡, as he saw not a
"soul but the *Archdeacon*. We visited the envi-
"rons of *Latimers* in particular, which, in the
"*Doddington-ian* phrase, is "*one feature.*" It is
"indeed, a *Buckinghamshire* beechen dale, such as
"you meet over the *Chilterns*, improved, &c.

"D. WRAY."

* How would the *Anti-Vienna Politicians* chuckle over these Elegiacs in prose; this compassion for *Saxony!* But the *cases* and the *times* are not very similar.

† Then *Lord Anson's* country seat, near Rickmansworth, Herts.

‡ *Mr. Charles Yorke*, who had then lost his first wife, mother to this *Earl of Hardwicke*. Nothing is more amiable than Mr. WRAY's affectionate concern for his admired friend under this affliction. He often touches upon it in these Letters, with expressions of tenderness which prove, that he must have deeply shared the distress of the widower.

"Mount

"*Mount Ararat*, 11 *Sept*. 1760.

"However I may dislike the *unanimity* which "has cost us millions, yet I am not of *Kate Matchlock's* opinion, who rejoiced at a war at home or "abroad. — But, indeed, if one judges from papers "in the coffee-house, and prints in the shop win-"dows, nothing else is to be expected.

"A more violent spirit never has been raised — "*Hogarth* himself has joined the adventurers, and "has fairly taken his post amongst *Grub-street* en-"gravers *; nor is he a bit more ingenious than his "brethren, and rather more obscure, as he does not "stick labels in the mouths of his figures — his only "distinction is, that he has chosen the less popular "side. *Victa Catoni.*

* * * "You ask after my *comes jucundus*; not "only as being *pro* but *in vehiculo*. — It was im-"possible that I could have terminated my delight-"ful rustication at *Wimple* better than by passing "a day with a man whose conversation I so much, "and so justly admire. If your Lordship thinks of "a journey to *Hagley* this autumn, you must not "be angry if I envy your happiness.

"I have not leisure, as you know, to beat over "the town for *Genii*, or to way-lay the *Wits* upon "the *King's Road*. — *Stuart* has not fallen in my "way. — But that I should not appear quite an "alien from the ingenious, I can boast that *Hoadly* † "dined with me yesterday, in his way to *Garrick*, "at *Hampton*.

* * "These fluctuations [of the funds] reach "not the residence from which I write. — Our "*drums* have been renewed by the harvest moon. "*Papa* had last night a very noble one. The mean-"est figure was an *Esquire of the Bath*."

* In his Print called *The Times!*

† *Dr. John Hoadly*, the Bishop's youngest son, and *Chancellor* of *Winchester*.

"10

"10 *Sept.* 1768, *Exchequer.*

* * * "I have somewhere met, here and there, "with a little specimen or two of *Bléterie's Tacitus*, "and like it wonderfully. — But what can one do "with any version of such a writer but compare now "and then a shining passage with its original, out "of curiosity?—The *supplement* will be of more use.

"* * * The improvements in *Blenheim* gardens "are considerable.—The valley below the bridge "winding betwixt woody banks, and with fine old "trees upon them, is covered by water, and it ends "in a perpetual cascade.—It is at once pleasing, and "magnificent. — Just now they are continuing it "further.—The *Provost of Eton* *, who converses "with *Brown*, told us that he himself cries it up "as the master-piece of his genius.

* * * "There is published at *Lisbon*, not, of "course, without the consent of that Court, a me-"morial, setting forth in strong colours the miser-"able state of the nation, who are, it says, '*Chris-"tians without a head*,' and praying for a version "of the Bible. Can a serious man help rejoicing "at this dawn of religion, and of common sense, "where they were so little expected, though we "should sell them fewer barrels of cod, and of her-"rings? — Our merchants are, however, better "pleased, that in future they will be obliged no lon-"ger to accept in payment the bills of the *Compa-"nies*.

* * * "I have to thank you for the obliging in-"vitation to *Wimple*, and for adding to its *agré-"mens*, though it wanted no such aid, your pro-"ject of summoning *Mr. Jenyns*."

"1 *Oct.* 1768.

"We found all the world gaping at the *King* of "*Denmark*. * *

* Dr. *Edward Barnard*.

"At

"At the Queen's ball, after several country dances, "he asked his Brother Monarch, whether his Ma- "jesty was tired? 'Not at all,' replied the King; and "called for *The Hemp Dressers*, which he conti- "nued for two hours.—At *Carlton House* the same "question was returned upon *the Dane*, who con- "fessed himself *abbattu*, and cried *quarter*.—Our "Friend * at the Ferry is not reduced to the expe- "dient of a nunnery for his daughters.—He has "found choice of habits *à la Begum* amongst his "*Hindoo* friends; and for his own *castan*, or *serdar*, "a hat-full of emeralds, of rubies, and of topazes.— "He is so learned upon muslin, with or without "stars, upon dresses for the camp or the *durbar*, &c. "that I would advise a person who is not curious *in* "*re vestiariâ ultra Gangem*, to keep out of his way.

* * "We saw lately at the *Exchequer* the will "of a rich soap-maker, who leaves 1000*l.* to *the* "*great and good Patriot William Pitt, late Se-* "*cretary of State*.

"The distribution of tickets for the *Danish* Mas- "querade seems not to content the fine world.— "The City of *London* has 400, *Liverpool* and *Man-* "*chester* 30 or 40 a-piece, *and each University* 50.

"I reckon that *one* may fall to my share, and "shall be happy to meet *Roger Long* †, *Edmund* "*Law* ‡, and the *Divinity Professor* §, in their cha- "racter of *Harlequins* and *Punchinellos*.—The Vice- "Chancellor || may choose between the Doctor's "robes and his gown of King's Advocate.—He will "be no unsuitable *pendant* to *Sir Thomas Robinson*, "who will be certainly a principal figure."

"*Mount Ararat, Tuesday*, 18 *Oct*. 1768.

"On Thursday morning *Lord Morton's* servant brought me an account of his death ¶.

* *Mr. Cambridge.*
† Master of *Pembroke Hall.*
‡ Master of *Peter House.*
§ *Dr. Thomas Rutherforth.*
|| *Dr. James Marriott*, afterwards knighted.
¶ The *Earl of Morton* died Oct. 12, 1768.

"He

"He was seized on Tuesday noon, returning to "*Chiswick*, with his old pain, &c. &c.

"After such an event, your Lordship will not ex-"pect information or entertainment at my hands.—"A most intimate friendship of more than forty "years — an agreement in most points of curiosity "— a mutual toleration, forbearance, and good hu-"mour between us, where it happened that we did "not agree — had formed a connexion which can-"not be severed without pain.—In my train of life I "can scarce tell where it is that I shall not miss him. "—We shall miss him all of us at the *Royal Society*. "— There he cannot be replaced, nor will it be "easy to find such another *Trustee* * in this age of "inattention.—It is a miserable topic of consolation "for us old men, that, if our contemporaries leave "not *us*, we must leave *them*. — One by one mine "have almost all of them left me; and happy, thrice "happy, am I to have had the opportunity of mak-"ing younger connexions.—My first prayer, and my "last is, may Heaven preserve the House of *Yorke!*

"I hear that our friend is to be succeeded as *Lord* "*Register* by *Lord Frederick Campbell*; and from "the same authority, not contemptible, that *Lord* "*Chatham* has resigned in anger †.

* * * "But, indeed, my concern for that body "is much cooled by our late grievous loss. — Into "what hands the administration may fall, I cannot "guess; and whether so many *fresh-water* sailors "may not be for putting their oars into that boat "as to sink her.

"Any manuscript account of mine, as a report of "the masquerade, would be very inferior to those "which are printed in the papers. Besides, many of "your correspondents were present, and figured "there. We, at second hand, have not ascertained "the number of tickets, or been able to determine

* Of the *British Museum*.

† In Nov. 1768 *Lord Bristol* succeeded him as Lord Privy Seal.

"the

"the simple question, whether his Majesty was "there? — But, in truth, I had no power of attention to such vanities.

"My dear Lord, excuse the insignificance of this "wretched stuff. Accept my best thanks for all that "is *flatteur* in your note; and continue to me the "honour of your friendship, which must, I perceive, be soon, very soon, my only comfort.

"Just now, in my ride, I saw in the *Park** their "Majesties in their chaise and pair of cream-colours; "and the *Duke of Newcastle* with his four greys, "and *Andrew Stone*.

"The carriages met; but, according to the most "authentic information of two fern-cutters — no "conference."

"22 *Oct.* 1768. *King-street.*

"* * * A Letter came yesterday from *Miss Vansittart*, by order of her Royal Highness, who desires to see the Collection †.—Another application "there is, more extraordinary — *Miss Chudleigh* "solicits permission to be received into the reading-"room. The only female student who as yet has "honoured us was *Mrs. Macaulay*; and your Lordship may recollect what an untoward event offended her delicacy ‡. I trust *the Maid of Honour* "will command more deference, and respect.

"*Lord Charles* § is deaf to all our prayers; and "will not *preside* over us.

"* * * * The *Journal Encyclopédique* has given "me amusement. *D'Alembert*, I see, has given a "Supplement to his *Destruction des Jésuites*. I "should like to read it; but it is not yet arrived.

"*D'Arnaud's* Tragedy, on the subject of Monastic Vows, I guess, by the extracts, to be very "touching, and of a singular kind, particularly on

* *Richmond Park.* † At the *British Museum.*

‡ This alludes to the indelicacy of a gentleman there, in *Mrs. Macaulay's* presence; of which the particulars will not bear to be repeated. § *Lord Charles Cavendish.*

"account

"account of the *égards*, against which he could not re-"bel.—There is also a defence of *Monkery*, that one "should like to see, were it only to peep over it."

"27 *Oct.* 1768. *King-street.*
"*J. Wilkes's eve.*

"* * This afternoon sixteen Counsellors met in "*Crane-court.*—*Burrow* moved that *West* should be "our President: but he had three votes, and *Burrow* "thirteen, upon the idea that his office of Treasurer "made him ineligible*. This, however, is under-"stood as only till *St. Andrew's* day; and the office "therefore is open. * * *

"A good-enough man told me, that, hearing it "said your Lordship seldom attended the Society, "he replied, 'you would not accept the office, if you "did not chuse to attend.'

"And what can I say—but that you have been so "gracious a Chief to me in Temporals, that I should "be happy to move under you in Spirituals? for such "I can fairly call our concerns at the *Royal Society*."

"10 *Sept.* 1771. *Dean-street.*

"* * * * If my engraver had kept his time, I "should have sent you a copy of my *Greek* inscrip-"tion, without the *Dissertation*, which you could not "want†. Instead of it accept a copy of another‡, "observed by a good brother, of yours, and mine, in

* *James Burrow*, esq. was elected, *pro tempore;* and *James West*, esq. on the *St. Andrew's* day following.

† His Observations on a *Greek* Inscription brought from *Athens*, printed in the Archæologia, vol. II. pp. 216—221.

‡ Θ K

ΒΕΣΣΒΟΡΟΥΟΣ ΟΣΚΙΝΕΩ
ΦΙΛΩ ΗΔΥΤΑΤΩ
ΜΝΕΙΑΣ ΧΑΡΙΝ.
Bessborough to *Hoskins*,
his delightfullest friend,
in honour to his memory.

N. B. *Hoskins* was a diligent and well-informed Counsel in the Court of Chancery, an epicure, and a wit; rich, and a general favourite of the *viri principes*, a good-natured, unassuming, and pleasant companion.

"his

"his *Antiquarian* pilgrimage through the environs of "*Richmond*, upon a very elegant *cippus*. If it had "not the date, *Stukeley* would have placed it next "in the antiquity of it after that of *Cleander*."

"29 *Sept.* 1771. *Mount Ararat.*

"The young Ladies, who would see the last of us, "have reported, I trust, the full hearts, and the "lingering looks, accompanied by the rooks from "the tops of the Park trees;—they, happy little "flutterers, to return before sun-set—we, alas, af-"ter many long months—perhaps years—per-"haps never again.

"*Soles occidere & redire possunt;*
"*Nobis cum semel, &c.*

"The morning was bright, and pleasant—an ad-"ditional mortification, to leave a fine place in fine "weather. But, *luckily*, it soon clouded over us, "and we had rain the second post.—As my chaise "led the way under water, we entered *Ware* in to-"lerable order; but, as we passed through the de-"luge, the only motive that kept our friend in the "second chaise was the *Sea without shore*, and she "was forced to sail on to the *Black Bull.*

"Towards the end of the journey we met with "a phænomenon, *Moore's* machine, the wheels nine "feet high, doors before and behind, instead of on the "sides, drawn by one horse, but converted into an *Is-*"*lington* stage, and carrying six at six-pence a-head.

"On our arrival, I found that *la belle cousine* had "secured a merry supper with people of quality.

"* * * *Dr. Morton* * is returned within his time. "He imports the *League and Covenant* of 1638— "the original upon a giant skin of parchment, "signed by a handsome number. It is remarkable "that *Montrose* is the first of the names. It is "printed in *Rushworth*, but with no signatures.

* Then Keeper of the MSS. and Medals at the *British Museum;* and after the death of *Dr. Maty*, Principal Librarian.

"It

"It has been sent by *Dr. M^cBride*, a very inge-
"nious Physician of *Ireland*; and it came to him
"from his grandfather, a Dissenting Minister.

"* * * * *Nash* will carry his election for *Lord*
"*Mayor*; but, if thus far the cause of Liberty may
"suffer in the City, it has its triumphs in other
"parts of the Town. — Messieurs the Managers of
"*Covent-garden* theatre wait upon the shilling
"gallery, to assure the good company, that *Mr.*
"*Shuter* has, *bonâ fide*, as others may have done,
"strained his ancle; and the soldier whipt at the
"Tower makes affidavit before a Justice of Peace,
"that he is not killed, or dead, but living. — These
"proper attentions may satisfy the good people of
"*England* for a month, accompanied by the finish-
"ing dose of *Junius* on Saturday.

"The *Voyage* of the *Endeavour* has been set-
"tled: *Hawkesworth* is to be the writer, recom-
"mended by *Garrick*.

"Steps are taking towards the Expedition of next
"spring. — *Cook* is again to command, and they
"have already named the two vessels *Enterprize*,
"and *Resolution* — so the fond parent christens a
"child before it is born.

"There are no animals of prey in *Otaheite*. When
"*Tupia* * saw in *New Zealand* a hawk seize a little
"bird, he was extremely shocked; as *Milton's Adam*
"at the Eagle and Lion after the Fall.

"Our Patriots, however enlarged their ideas may
"appear to themselves, will be contemptible in your
"Lordship's eyes, when you have read the inclosed
"Proposals, which extend the notion of *Country* to
"the *Antipodes*."

"15 *Oct.* 1771. *Dean-street.*

"If I may compare great things with small, I
"am in the same case with your Lordship — little

* *Tupia*, a man of some consequence at *Otaheite*, left that island with *Omiah*; but died, at *Batavia* on the passage to *England*.

"to

" to do — and stript of topics. — But should I venture to divert my idleness when I have no information to give you? — You complain, that your *Cambridge Heads* * furnished not a single *fact*. Why facts, my Lord, grow not upon every hedge; and if *Dyer* † were to rise from the dead, he could never support his periodical MS.

" As to the *Heads*, during my academical scene, a moiety perhaps were dull, a few agreeable, and my personal friends — in general good enough to pass a dinner, and smoke an evening's pipe. *Hæc est conditio vivendi.* — It is vain to expect every day. —

" *Insigne, recens, adhuc*
" *Indictum ore alio* ‡."

" Nor are great examples wanting, or at a distance, for proof, that *facts* are not of the importance, that some folks would assign to them.

" Without any *events* at all to account for it, a sudden, as well as considerable fall of stocks took place, even upon a Saturday afternoon, a fortnight ago. — Nothing asserted could stand for a moment; but the sinking went on, continued at first by a set of jobbers, who had sold stock for time, and had made insurances upon the falling-scheme. They employed brokers, who usually do business for the knowing ones, to sell out of all the funds at once. That gave the alarm, and people followed helter-skelter.

" We hear likewise from '*Change-alley*, that insurances are now *doing* there at 5*l.* to receive 100*l.* in case the Pretender should be *King* of *Poland* in two years. This too sets all *fact* at bay.

" Have you heard of the *Congress* at *Inverary*.

" So fine a Duke, and so fine a Duchess, there,

* *Heads of Colleges.*
† A famous *News-writer* at the beginning of the 18th Century.
‡ *Horace,* Od. iii. 25.

" opening

"opening house after so long an *interregnum*, drew "all the country—and though fifty beds were made, "they were so crowded that even *David Hume*, for "all his great figure as a Philosopher, and Historian, "or his greater as a fat man, was obliged by the "*adamantine* * *peg-maker* to make one of three in "a bed.

"* * * * I think with you, that a Captain of "Marines for a part in tragedy, or a Boatswain for "a comic personage, might be as fairly recom-"mended, as *Doctor Hawkesworth* for a voyage "writer.—The author of the Poem upon theatrical "declamation, advising the actor to keep within his "proper sphere, instead of giving himself airs, ends "his *tirade* thus:

"*Votre état est de plaire* †, *& non de proteger.*

"* * * * I have seen great men—his Royal "Highness's Preceptor, three other Bishops, a Se-"cretary of the Treasury—*Sir James*—and the "flower of the medical class—but in their *facts* "they emulated the *Vice-chancellor*, &c."

"*Dean-street, Oct.* 24, 1771.

"Last week I received a piece of notable waggery "from *Wimple*, which, though not of the most "refined, or classical kind, verily had its full effect. "Four whole pages, and the *envelope*, filled up "with my old friend *Sam's* ‡ flowing *Miscellanies* quite "exhausted me. Such correspondence, *à la Shen-*"*stone*, as *Cambridge* admirably expresses it, I "have *outgrown*. But the direction, in the *Master's* "own hand, subjecting me to a double postage, from "the residence of a Peer—(and here your Lordship's "part in the jest comes in) was no despicable attack "upon my finances; and I grudged the tax, which

* Si figit *adamantinos*—
—— dura *Necessitas*
Clavos—— HORACE, Od. iii. 24.

† This alludes to *Garrick's* recommendation of *Hawkesworth*.

‡ *Dr. Samuel Salter.*

"might

" might have been much better spent at the Coffee-
" house, upon the *memoirs* of *Messrs. Wilkes and*
" *Townsend.*

" Your Lordship's Letter indeed makes me ample " amends by a second invitation to *Wimple.* I can " scarce ever call myself busy, but there is no bu- " siness of mine, which your commands would not " supersede. — These are of the most agreeable " kind; but,

" Quam mihi das *ægro*, dabis *ægrotare* timenti,
" *Mæcenas*, veniam *.

" This wet atmosphere is the first act of the win- " ter, and calls up to my remembrance the gout, the " asthma, &c. My foot, thank Heaven, gives no " alarming symptoms, but I cannot help fancying a " tightness across my breast.—However, if nothing " worse comes on, I will wait upon you to-morrow " se'nnight for a few days.

" *Mrs.* WRAY would, I am sure, take it very ill " if you could suppose her preference of *drums* — " town, or country—to *Wimple.* But she has *des* " *affaires* which hang her up just at present. — I " shall therefore plant myself in a chaise, and regret " those better days when I trotted myself down to " *Wrest* half a dozen times in the summer, and " could finish my journeys by a defiance of snow " and frost upon *Gunpowder Treason.*

" *Mount Ararat. Holyrood-day*, 1771.

" * * * On Wednesday next we purpose to wait " upon you; and, as our *convoy* is more numerous " than heretofore, I cannot answer for it that all will " be equally good sailors—and therefore beg that we " may not be expected at the dinner-hour. Should " all circumstances be favourable, we may be at " *Wimple* before the usual hour. If not, a bit " upon the road will bring us in at the tea.

* *Horace, Epist.* i. 4.

" I was

"I was not acquainted with *Mr. Wood**; but he "was thought an able *commis*, and I know, that he "was a good writer. Besides, common humanity "has claims upon our concern, when a man is torn "away just in sight of an agreeable retreat, which "his age might promise him the power to enjoy "for some years."

This Letter is very curious, on account of its faith in the *Rowley's* Poems.

"*Dean-street, Monday, Nov.* 18, 1771.

"Had I persevered in that apparently wise reso-"lution, to write no more till I had some *Fact* "of consequence to relate, I should have been dumb "with my pen till silence would have become in-"decorum.

"*Dukes* do not marry and elope every week. "*Porten*† I found enveloped in the decyphering "screen.

"It was a sub-curate of *Grosvenor-square* who "married his *R. H.*‡ It is by some disputed, whe-"ther at present the parties are three leagues from "*Paris*, or three miles from *London*.

"*Dr. Swinney*§, your Lordship's friend, presented

* *Robert Wood*, esq. Under Secretary of State, and Author of the very excellent "*Essay on the Genius of Homer*."

† *Sir Stanier Porten*, another Under Secretary of State.

‡ *Henry* the late *Duke of Cumberland*; who was privately married to *Mrs. Horton*, by *Dr. Stevens*, who had a living in *Norfolk*, and was Afternoon Preacher at a Chapel near *Grosvenor-square*.

§ Of *Clare Hall, Cambridge*; B. A. 1744; M. A. 1749; D. D. 1763; F. R. S. 1764; F. S. A. 1767. He was a gentleman of uncommon generosity and benevolence; had an extensive knowledge of antient and modern languages; and was the author of several pieces in prose and verse, which were well received. An enthusiastic affection for the fine arts impelled him to visit most Courts of *Europe*, and to see *Nismes*; and he resided several years as Chaplain to the *British* Embassy at *Constantinople*, where he made a Collection of curious coins, gems, and other antiquities. *Dr. Swinney* published "A Commencement Sermon, *Cambridge*, 1794;" "A Sermon addressed to the *British* Soldiery, 1766;" and in the same year "A Letter to Ephraim." He died at *Scarborough* Nov. 12, 1783.

"his

"his Father-in-law *Holwell's** Works, closing with
"*quas aut incuria fudit*,
"in a very audible voice.

"From *Raper* †, a very good paper upon the "ancient coin.

"From the *Antiquaries*, an account, and sketch, "by *Pownall*, of a newly-discovered *British* anti-"quity on the summit of *Pen-maen-maur* ‡. He "takes it, probably enough, to be of *Druid* "origin.

"The fools, and the wicked, who *wish*—the wise "and well-affected (vulgarly called *Slaves* and *Cow-* "*ards)* who *fear* — a war, talk of a NEW-YORKER "plundered by a SPANIARD; but the City pays no "attention to it, nor have stocks felt it.

"DR. ROSS has been at BRISTOL with the Sur-"geon§ who has ROWLEY'S Papers. Most of them are "transcribed, and MODERNIZED by the sexton's son, "WHO DESTROYED THE ORIGINALS! But *Ross* him-"self saw others of them upon the GENUINE PARCH-"MENT. The Ode in particular, to "*Ella's Spright*," "and those two short poems, one by *Rowley*, the "other by *Canning*, which, if you recollect, *we* "liked so well, and suspected the most.

"That Surgeon § has also many deeds, &c. of *Can-* "*ning's*, found in the same room, which the school-"boys used to pull about, and tear off the seals to "play with them ||."

* *John Zephaniah Holwell, Esq.* sometime Governor of *Bengal.* He published, in 1764, "Indian Tracts, by Mr. Holwell and his Friend," and in 1765 and 1765, "Extracts relative to the Affairs in India," 8vo.

† *Matthew Raper,* esq. See his "Inquiry into the Value of Greek and Roman Money;" *Phil. Trans.* vol. LXI. p. 402.

‡ See *Archæologia,* vol. III. p. 303.

§ *Mr. William Barret,* the Historian of *Bristol.*

|| You will recollect, that WRAY and *Mr. Tyrwhitt* were intimate friends.

 "*Exchequer.*

"*Exchequer, Friday, Nov.* 22, 1772.

"The divisions are great in the Besieger's camp;
"particularly between *Lord T.* and *C——n* ‡,
"about the author of *Junius's* Letters.

"On Wednesday the cause of *Inglewood Forest*
"was determined in the Exchequer; *Sir James*
"clearly nonsuited, on account that one third of
"rent was not reserved to the Crown in the grant,
"in pursuance of 1 *Queen Anne*. It was reserved
"by a covenant, but not in the legal form. The
"lease therefore is void; and *the Duke* will hold the
"estate by the late act of *Sir George Savile*, by
"which possession is made secure after unimpeached
"possession for 60 years."

"*Dean-street, May* 27, 1774.

"My prognostic of the new peruke at *Hayes*
was not vain — yesterday verified it in the House
"of Peers.

"The *great man* began his Oration to a thin
"House, no Minister present but *Lord Suffolk*.—
"He was temperate, and gentle through the whole:
"and by no means excused the *Bostonians*. He said,
"they *must* acknowledge the authority, and repair
"the damage.—The *Bills* were mere severity. He
"disliked also the condemnation of the unheard; a
"dangerous practice.—How different was the usage
"of those who were guilty of the late Rebellion! They
"had fair trials.—Then he introduced a handsome
"*éloge* upon the Head of the Law in that period.
"He described himself as a man without views of

‡ These few words are of no trivial import; and they wonderfully confirm a passage in a conversation between *Lord C—n* (evidently *Camden*) and me. He told me, that many things in *Junius* convinced *him*, that the *materials* were prompted by *Earl T——le;* and he mentioned, in particular, a confidential statement, which had been made in private, between *Lord Ch——m*, *Lord T——le*, and *Lord Camden*; which, from the nature of it, could *only* have been disclosed by *Lord T.* through *Junius*, to the publick.

employment—

"employment—but there are, who do not quite be-
"lieve him.

"*June* 26, 1775.

"Your papers are full of the *Regatta*. The *Ro-*
"*tunda* was brilliant — the supper short — the wine
"scarce — the dancing-room unfinished — full of
"sweepers, and workmen—the lamps in the garden
"were not ready — so it was literally a night-scene.
"I saw the shew on the water. It was blustering,
"wet, and gloomy, a circumstance enough to dis-
"concert a better appearance, which, after all, did
"not come up to a *Lord Mayor's day*.

"I sincerely condole with your Lordship on the
"miscarriage of your pinery; and will not have
"presumption to set against it my no-crop of hay,
"and strawberries dwindled into nothing, by this
"drought. — We had not even the rain of the *Re-*
"*gatta* night.

"*Mrs. M. J.* * neither assisted in doing the ho-
"nours of that *fête*, nor paid her duty at Court
"on the Birth-day — but, in conformity most loyal
"to the orders from thence, appeared at my house
"by eight that morning, in flaring yellow, and red
"stripes. — My *Privy Council dinner* is over. It
"consisted of *Ellis, Jenkinson, Jenyns*, and *Agar*.

"*Dean-street, July* 12, 1775.

"* * * It was a compliment of some violence to
"my courage, that you should have supposed me
"embarked amongst the *Regattini*; nor was the
"conjecture of *Lady Grey* better founded, who
"placed me in the house of the *Tellers*. I was commo-
"diously and safely deposited in *Privy-garden*, by

* This lady was the sister of his brother-in-law *Dr. Jeffreys*. She lived at the house of *Mr. Dayrell*, MRS. WRAY's father, and after his death with *Mr. Dayrell*, his eldest son. He was fond of jokes with her; but had (as we all of us had who knew her) a sincere esteem for her. She was fond of chat, of parties, and of anecdotes; had a fund of good spirits, and of good humour.

 "*Mrs.*

"*Mrs. A. Stone*, as communicative to me of her "house as her late husband used to be of his news, "and of his politics, to our *Twickenham* friend.

"The success of that entertainment has elevated the "emulation of the Beaux near *Sunbury*, who are to "open their new assembly-room next week, graced "by a rowing-match, and the necessary accompani-"ments.—Whether an ambition of attending it has "yet reached the *Richmond* Belles, I cannot learn.

"The defaming Chronicle informs us, that *la Re-* "*gente de Bloomsbury* has conveyed a *carte-blanche* "to a very young Count without success.

"* * * The *Resolution* is expected every day "from her long voyage. *Captain Cook's* Journal "has been sent from the *Cape*, and is now before "his Majesty. He has been further South than all "former Navigators. In latitude 66 he was amongst "ice mountains, and some wrapt in clouds. In 71 "was flat ice as far as he could see; perhaps quite "as far as *the Pole*.

"* * * The largest island they saw was near *Spi-* "*rito Santo*. They sailed by it for 80 leagues. The "inhabitants understood the *Otaheite* language, and "were civil, as indeed they also were even at *New Zea-* "*land*. They found the *Otaheitians* recovered from "their calamities, and improved in their buildings by "the tools which our ships had given them. The *Bo-* "*labola* man whom they took on board when they "touched first at that Island, finding him quite stu-"pid, they left behind them when they called there "again.—I think we may now be satisfied that there "is no *Southern Continent*, except perhaps a frozen "one under *the Pole*.

"* * * I did not think of ranking your Lord-"ship with my *Privy Counsellors*: something which approaches to the Cabinet would have suited bet-"ter. — For example, the *Most Reverend* will sanctify *Mount Ararat* on Monday next. Had "your Lordship been within call, I should have

"requested

"requested the honour of your company, to balance
"the sacred with civil dignities."

"26 *July*, 1775.

"Your Lordship's quotation, '*silver, and gold* "*have I none, but such*,' &c. is remarkably apt.— "Those worldly riches were not more excelled by "the heaven-descending gifts of the Apostles, than "meagre, crippled, and maimed intelligence, "wrung from a galloping *chargé des affaires*, or a "hide-bound *commis*, yields to nautical observations, "faithfully reported, and philosophical researches, "well directed.

"I omitted in my last, that *Cook* had christened "his newly-discovered land of 80 leagues *New Ca*-"*ledonia;* and that *Forster* promises 200 new ani-"mals, with a more numerous collection of plants.

"But your Lordship has an absolute spite against "the *South Sea*, equal to your predilection for *China** "and *Ethiopia*. For the former, honest *Bell*, who "writes from the Capital, so well agrees with *Robras's* "account from the *Wapping* of *China*, that I am "satisfied as to the general character of that people.

"For *Ethiopia*.—*Mr. Bruce, late Consul at* "*Algiers*, had an order in May for more than "1,600*l*. somewhat above a year's allowance, due "October 1765; and in June *Mr. Bruce (tout-court)* "received 2,000*l*. of his Majesty's free gift, and royal "bounty; a confirmation of the report, we had pre-"viously heard, that a safe lodgement had been "made of the Collection at *Buckingham House*.— "We have no other *Abyssinian* advices, except that "as I was in the act of shewing *Maty* † *Richmond* "*Gardens*, *Cambridge* made a seizure of him; the

* At the top of this Letter is written, in *Lord Hardwicke's* hand, what follows: "I will not give up my passion for *China;* "and my '*spite against the South Sea*' is nothing but a thorough "conviction, that we know enough about it, and are come to a "*ne plus ultra* in our discovery."

† Dr. *Matthew Maty*, Principal Librarian at the *British Museum*.

"Doctor

" Doctor having dropt, in spring, that an early *Por-*
" *tuguese* traveller had mentioned the horrid prac-
" tice of cutting up their dinner from a live animal.
" — It seems, that he had not yet furnished our cu-
" rious friend with a reference to the very identical,
" and specific passage.—His pertinacity, and mode
" of springing upon the Doctor, was no bad image
" of the *Ethiopian* attack.

" * * * I have dined with Consuls, and Half-se-
" cretaries of State, have entertained Embassadors,
" and Cabinet Counsellors; but *all is vanity.*—I am
" never a bit the wiser. Perhaps I have not the talent,
" perhaps not the passion, for *squeezing*; but I re-
" turn home from those fountains of intelligence, no
" more informed than from drinking tea with Cou-
" sin *Alice*, and Uncle *John*."

" *Dean-street, Aug.* 10, 1775.

" I scolded *Sam Salter* for troubling your Lord-
" ship with his Letter to me. It contained, besides a
" chearful account of his health, a very neat Epitaph
" in *Latin Iambics* upon his father, and mother.—
" He sent it me to *license.*—I *re-cuse* not commis-
" sions, that are so properly *de mon ressort.*

" The question between *China* and the *Pacific*
" *Ocean* has been boulted to the bran. But *Cook*
" is returned, and has resumed his place at the
" *Mitre**. He is a right-headed, unaffected man; and
" I have a great authority for calling him *our best*
" *Navigator.*

" * * * In the affair of *Algiers*, one can hardly
" conceive, how so great an army could be landed,
" could be engaged for several hours, and have re-
" embarked the same day. It was a mere project of
" the King, not liked by the Nation, or troops.—The
" officers particularly suffered, and scarce a house in
" *Spain* has not some loss to deplore. Can one,
" help comparing it with *Don Sebastian's* fatal ex-
" pedition?

* The *tavern* where the *Royal Society* dined.

" As

"As to my *domestic*, Mrs. WRAY's apartment "of state is completed, and the bills paid.

"* * * *Mr. Yorke* most kindly sat with me last "night. He meditates an expedition to the Moun-"tains of *Cambria*. He is a bold and steady *Anti-"American.—Et sapit, et mecum facit.*

"*Mount Ararat, Monday* 21 *Aug.* 1775.

"* * * * We have, upon tolerable authority, a "whimsical story. The Leaders of the Rebels dressed "up two or three hundred men in English uniforms, "with proper *quota* of officers, their principal in "the character of an M. P. These were introduced "into the camp as deserters in a body from our "army.

"* * * The *Duchess of Kingston*, and *Mr. Foote* "have mounted, you see, the public stage. The "town rather favours her Grace's cause; but they "confess Mr. *Foote* is the best writer of the two.

"* * * *La belle Cousine* is not so entirely taken "up with sublunary *pomps*, and *vanities*, but that "she can spare time for better thoughts, on a Sun-"day at least. Yesterday she deposited her friend "the *Bishop of Chester* * in our pulpit, from whence "he gave us a Charity-sermon, in a manner to ex-"tract a larger collection out of our pockets than "has been remembered.

"* * * * Your Lordship must allow me to *pa-"rentate* over the *manes* of *Josiah Colebrook* †, an "old acquaintance, and the last remnant of *Lord "Willoughby's* administration, in whose *Quæstor-"ship* the *Mitre* prospered, and the *Antiquaries* be-"came rich. '*I could have better spared a better "man.*' But why *better?* His dexterity, and pre-"cision in what alone he undertook, and his bene-"volent heart, formed a character preferable to that "of prating wits, or puffing scribblers."

* *Dr. William Markham*, afterwards *Abp. of York.*

† *Josiah Colebrook*, esq. F. R. S. Treasurer to the Antiquarian Society, died Aug. 16, 1775.

" *Dean-street, Oct.* 5, 1775.

" *Sir Stanyan Porten* parts more easily with his " money to the highwayman, than with his Court " secrets to his nephew. — He was robbed in day- " light, before five o'clock, on the *Acton* road. " From that road a fellow was pursued, and was " taken in a field close to *Mount Ararat,* on *Sun-* " *day* (as we, of that pious house, were going to " church); who, as we calculate, will prove the very " man. This wretch, confined in our cage the " whole day, has wonderfully moved the tender " hearts of the Ladies, who would not have him " *hanged* for the world!

" Whether his guilt in robbing *our cousin* will " alter the case, who knows?

" In the mean time, our *Michaelmas drums* go " on *à merveille.* I trust, before the season is out, " we shall get another step from the quality, and go " to a couple of them on the same night. *Mrs.* " Wray's cards are out for a very distant period *.

" I sallied forth once more for *Hampton.* I met " our Friend, and Madam, " *all in their coach and* " *four;*" we talked over our business, at least as well " as this *highway-conversation* would allow, and " parted good friends, not without hints of a dinner.

" *Sam* † flows on, full of matter, and very cheerful.

" * * * *Lady Am. Polworth* § has opened the *Li-* " *censer's* || *office,* which has been so long shut, with

* I chiefly mark these passages to shew how the *old Bachelor* of 1758 was grown young, volatile, and social, in 1775.

† *Dr. Samuel Salter, Master of the Charter-house.*

§ *Amabella,* eldest daughter of *Philip* second Earl of *Hardwicke,* married, in 1772, to *Alexander Lord Polwarth* (who was created *Baron Hume* in 1771, but died in 1781). On the death of her mother *Jemima Marchioness Grey, Lady Polwarth* succeeded to the title of *Baroness Lucas* of *Crudwell,* and is still in possession of *Wrest,* the seat of her grandfather the *Duke of Kent.*

|| Mr. Wray had burlesqued himself into the *Licenser,* in other words critic *en titre* of compositions, written by the *Yorkes* and by his other intimate friends.

" four

"four *Sonnetti* from *Petrarch.* That Poet is hardly "more imitable than *Pindar;*—for, in keeping to "his ease, and his nature, the Poetry* is in danger "of escaping, and there are frequent strokes, not "*concetti*, as they remain with *him*, which the "English Translator cannot redeem from the appear-"ance of something like affectation to an English "Reader.

"*Lady Amabella* has managed him wonderfully. "She has generally kept herself close to the original; "has preserved its colour; and where she deviates a "little, gives better poetry.

"I attempted, by her command, a *tinkering* ap-"plication or two, but with little success."

"*Oct.* 19, 1775.

"I am glad the *Feriæ Autumnales Academico-* "*Wimpolianæ* are celebrated with all their antient "festivities; but I wonder how such a *posse* could "be collected. Perhaps the *smoky* Doctors take the "more kindly to their *High Steward*, as having "learnt the report, that their *Chancellor* will not be "over courtly in the approaching session.

"* * * *Ma belle Cousine* is, notwithstanding "her sympathy for highwaymen *in the cage*, afraid "of them in a dark evening *upon the road.* Ac-"cordingly we returned the other night, guarded by "our two men, the head of each horse peering in "upon us at each window.—In the *Hounslow-* "*heath* conference the *Earl* was mentioned, *non* "*sinè gloriâ;* but this topic, in all its branches, "was too delicate, and much too extensive, to be "settled by our *Plenipotentiaries* in boots. It "claimed a more decent, and regular place of *Con-* "*gress.* The *contracting parties*, however, as well "as the *Allies*, were apparently in good humour.

* This *critique* appears to me incomparable, and most happily expressed.

"The

"The Raffling Ladies are well disposed to receive "any of your Lordship's favours. The sinews of "their Finery (like those of the War) have been sup "plied from the *Exchequer*.

"P.S. * * * To be remembered at *Wimple*, is "my first ambition; and I could wish *Mr. Jenyns* "to be amongst the rememberers. It pleases me "that I shall no longer be to *remember him*, as I "hope to *see* him in a day or two."

"*Dean-street*, *Dec.* 9, 1775.

"Our Ladies made a running visit *en passant* to "a Right Honourable *croney* at *Hatfield*, and passed "a formidable crowd of oxen at *Barnet* without "peril, or fear.

"I have just heard from *Dr. Salter*, who is in "health, with his head, and paper full of miscella-"neous criticisms, ancient, and modern, *Greek*, and "*Latin*.

"Notwithstanding your Lordship's *anti-antarctic* "prejudices, I must inform you, that whatever is "come from thence is at the service of the *Museum*. "We have already received some fine shews of ani-"mals, and beautiful, as well as rare birds, from "*Mr. Forster* *.

"* * * The collection will be ample: Natural "History, habits, utensils, arms, &c.: It will be "a monument of *British*, and successful navigations "in those unknown Seas. They are now to end. "A single ship is to be sent with *Omai*, and with "such provisions of plants, and of animals, as may "be useful to our *tropical allies*. We shall bring in "return the bread-tree for our *West Indies*, and *St.* "*Helena*.

"The basis of the book is to be *Captain Cook's* "*Journal*, with proper additions from *Forster's* * "papers, who is to write it, but subject occasionally

* *Mr. John Reinhold Forster.*

"to

"to correction. There will be at least three-score "plates, maps, views of places, and of the several "events, the landings, the meetings with natives, "their *costume*, their habits, &c. at the Govern- "ment's expence.

"* * * I have run through *Wraxall**. He is so "futile, that, although his topic is quite new, one "can scarce bear to go on travelling with him. He "never stops to give any dimensions, and will not "even *guess* at the height of the noble cascade in "*Sweden*, or the extent of a gigantic house in "*Russia*."

"*Aug*. 2, 1776.

"* * * Yesterday your Lordship's health was most "cordially toasted, in better claret than usual; and "after, venison absolutely perfect. We had an assem- "bly of 26 Philosophers; and we adjourned, after "good cheer, to another sumptuous entertainment. "*five electrical eels*, "all-alive, alive o" from *Suri-* "*nam*. They are but ugly, and snake-looking fish, "above a yard long some of them, generally they "are somewhat less. Most of the company received "the *electrical stroke*. I thought I could fairly "pass eldest. *Walsh*† and *Banks* were so eloquent "in commending the importer of these tropical ani- "mals into our chilling latitude, that all of us were "liberal to him. Your Lordship will not be angry "that it cost me a guinea. Perhaps it may defer "a little the consideration of the *new coach*.

"* * * Our friend, the Gentleman-Usher of the "*eels*, has more odd creatures for us, particularly *a* "*sucking alligator, very lively*. It is three months "old, and six inches long‡."

* His "Tour round the *Baltic*."

† *John Walsh*, esq. M. P. for *Pontefract*. See his very curious paper on the *Torpedo*, or *Electrical Eel*, in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. LXIII. p. 461.

‡ Does not this make the Elegy on Wray's *Polipus* very appropriate? and may we not say of its hero — "*antiquum obtinet*."

"*Aug*.

"*Aug.* 8, 1776.

"The *Gymnoti* are alive and well.—*Mr. Walsh* "has obtained *sparks* from *them*, which the *Torpedo* "never afforded, and which proves their agreement "with electrical substances."

"*Aug.* 20, 1776.

"* * * *Voltaire* has published Comments on the "Bible, two octavos. Must we buy, and read what "is a mere *hash*, as I apprehend, of the former "conceits?—Yesterday, I confess, when the con-"tinued rain confined me, and was death to a fine "crop of standard apricots, I wished I had brought "those volumes down. In the summer it is a pe-"nance to encounter the *Rabbinism*, upon which *Miss* "*Le Coq* has been so arch. But the Miscellaneous "Volume, which begins with *Les Loix de Minos*, is "worth its half-crown. The Dedication to his old "friend *Richelieu* is clever. The flattery is neat, "the criticism sound.—I observe no marks of old "age, unless you will call by that name his passion-"ate homage to the age of *Louis XIV*. But he is "absolutely in the right; nor will I ever give up "the *epoch* of *Queen Anne*, and *George I.*; or allow "*Swift*, and *Addison* to be shoved off the stage by "*Sam Johnson*, and *Goldsmith*.

"We are in train for some days next week at "*Windsor*, and with *Heberden*;

"*Nec turpes—nec cytharâ carentes.*

"a controversy all day, with unsuspecting freedom,— "—some Philosophy, and more Philology.

"It fell to the Doctor, as the last remaining friend "of poor *Jeremiah Markland*, to inscribe his tomb-"stone. He sent me an epitaph to be *tinkered**, "and receive a more *lapidarian* aspect. I have re-"turned it in its native simplicity, as best becoming "the subject, and the writer."

* See this Epitaph in "*Literary Anecdotes*," vol. IV. p. 310.

"*Dean-*

" *Dean-street, Sept.* 6, 1776.

" * * * *Mr. Jenyns* and I are really (not *im-*
" *mensely**) intimate, but, when parted for the
" summer, we acquiesce, contented, because reflect-
" ing, that winter brings us together again. I shall
" expect no intelligence of him till the fall of the leaf.

" His principal adversary (as we compute from
" the size) is *Kenrick*†, whose opinions I am not over-
" curious to see, where *Christianity* is the subject.

" Does not *Mr. Soame Jenyns* tell us that he means
" his book for the unthinking, and the dissipated?
" Nor should a Philosopher disdain to confer his at-
" tention upon such topics as are well treated, only
" because *all* his difficulties on such an important,
" and such an extensive subject, are not removed?
" Should he not thank a writer who illustrates many
" points, and opens new lights?

" The *Regatta* in the middle of a week suited
" not me; but the vogue of *Richmond* quality com-
" manded my guinea—

" *Whoever is depos'd, or crown'd,*
" *My billet at the fire is found.*

" As I am no *maritime power*, my attendance
" was not required. But how to excuse our opposite
" neighbour ‡, who commands a hoisted, and prin-
" cipal flag upon the river! He has indeed made
" some amends for his failure on the water, by his
" personal assiduities at the fire-operations, and has
" emulated the zeal of his betters in Court, and City

* I remember this a cant word of the day, as *mighty* was at an earlier day. G. H.

† That *Dr. William Kenrick's* religious sentiments sat very loose upon him, is evident from his "Epistles Philosophical and Moral, or Epistle to Lorenzo, 1758."

‡ I make no scruple to say, that he points at *Mr. Cambridge*. They were friends, and, as I have said before, played innocently with one another's foibles.

" at

"at the function of *not-burning Hartley's* House "on *Putney Common* *.

"My friend *Tyrwhitt* listens to your exhortations, and will give a *new*† *Glossary* to *Chaucer*. "Your Lordship will allow me to form great expectations from this work, as I know the learning, "the taste, and the accuracy of the author.

"He will assist *Payne*, I believe, in the publication of *Rowley's* pieces; which again will bring "that controversy ‡ to the bar of criticism.

"We sojourned several days close by the gates of "the turret at *Windsor*, and of the Little Park. * *

"Though my Doctor and I [*Doctor Heberden*] "argue upon most of the subjects between us, we "are not given to dispute. But we are at no loss "for entertainment. He had just got possession of "*Markland's* legacy—of his Critical MSS. and "Classic Authors, with noted margins, in a legible "hand; and, lest our *Greek* and *Latin* should be "exhausted, *Kennicott* came with his auxiliary *Hebrew*."

* These experiments of *Mr. David Hartley* are commemorated by a pillar still remaining on the spot.

† The former Glossary was not URRY's work, to which it is annexed, but of *Dr. Thomas*, then Student of *Christ-church*, afterwards *Rector of Presteigne*.— *Tyrwhitt* commends it.

‡ I cannot help smiling at this *bone*.—But it is a curious fact, though little noted, that even this acute, and sagacious critic, not only in his Preface to that publication, abstains from all censure of those who were advocates for the authenticity, and leaves it open; but had committed himself in his notes upon *Chaucer*, by recording *Rowley* as an ancient, and quoting a passage from him, to *illustrate Chaucer!* Yet, in the sequel, a *phalanx* was in battle array against a *revered* friend of mine, *Jacob Bryant*, and with more asperity than was due to the subject. But in the posthumous publication of *Horace Walpole's* entertaining Works, demonstration has transpired, that he was at first one of the implicit believers; and, when he was undeceived, was unwilling to own that he ever entertained a moment's doubt of the imposture; yet his Editors have published a Letter signed by him, which proves the reverse. G. H.

[*Mr. Tyrwhitt* was actually a *believer* when he first printed on the subject; but, seeing good ground for changing his opinion, he actually canceled several leaves beforehis volume was published. J. N.]

Before

Before I proceed, I cannot help saying a word upon that profound scholar *Markland*, who was, perhaps, inferior to *Bentley* alone in critical *acumen*, but possessed a most elegant, and liberal mind; was unassuming, affectionate, and benevolent. His works immortalize him, and he was gentle, as a lamb.

Yet, alas! what is the effect of party in the polemics of Literature! *Bishop Hurd*, by nature, and by general habit, a most amiable man, has, in two instances, been a victim of his abject homage to *Warburton*. One of them respects *Dr. Jortin*, and is too well known. The other applies to *Markland*, whom, in one of his Letters to the Idol of his Pen, he depreciates in the most contemptuous manner, though a very superior critic, and scholar to either of them.

I would recommend *Markland's* Dedication to *Hemsterhusius* and his brother Editor *Wesselingius*, for a model of pure *Latinity*, and (which is better) of a modest humility upon the subject of his own peculiar talent. G. H.

Extracts continued.

" 17 *Sept.* 1776.

" * * * *David Hume*, after a long illness, *is no* " *more*, that being the very term for the incident; " for being asked near his last moments by his " friends, he replied, '*annihilation*.' This comes " from good authority. He has left, and for publi- " cation, *Memoirs of his Life*, and a Dialogue, " which is between an Atheist, a Believer, and a " Sceptic. It was thought a little *too strong* to come " out sooner.

" The genteel deportment of *la belle Cousine* has " afforded ample materials for correspondence. As

" a

"a *Collector* she is indefatigable. She attends the
"*Regattas*, never misses a Ball, dines with Bishops,
"and with Members of Parliament.—Lest our
"circuit should be too narrow, she has decoyed MRS.
"WRAY to hold up her train at the *Berkhampstead*
"annual *Festino*."

"10 *Oct.* 1776.

"* * * May the campaign of our ally *General*
"*Keene* * at *Cambridge* be as successful as that of
"*General Howe* at *New York!*

"The only military advices which I have to add
"are, that *la belle Cousine* † is declared *aide de camp*
"to *Lady C. F.* ‡; and that under this command
"she defies fire and water, ferries, and reviews."

"19 *Oct.* 1776.

"Upon the receipt of a second cargo in *brochures*,
"and soon after I had got through one of equal
"size, I cannot but reflect upon what unequal terms
"this literary commerce is carried on between us.
"You supply me with all the art, and learning of
"the Continent: I can send your Lordship nothing
"in return, but a *Gazette Extraordinary*, of which
"you have triplicates by the same post.

"* * * The *Divinity-Professor's* § *low-flying*
"Sermon has received strictures from a wealthy
"*Hosier* ‖, known to the Church as a Member of the
"Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

* *Mr. Benjamin Keene*, son to the *Bishop of Ely*, was M. P. for *Cambridge*, the colleague of *Soame Jenyns*.

† *Miss Jeffreys*, the Maid of Honour.

‡ *Lady C. Fitzroy*, who married *Mr. Jeffreys*, Commissioner of the Customs, and brother to the Residentiary of *St. Paul's*, MRS. WRAY's brother-in-law.

§ *Dr. Richard Watson*, the present *Bishop of Landaff*.

‖ *Mr. William Stevens*, an eminent Hosier in *Old Broad-street*, and Treasurer to *Queen Anne's* Bounty. He died in 1807; and some excellent Memoirs of him have since been given to the pub-
lick

"He is a *Tory* of the old *Filmer* stamp, and will "not convince, or please many readers; yet he is "not without some good strokes at *the Doctor*.

"But *non tali auxilio*.—The *Whigs* are the most "offended by such rhapsodies; and this Preacher "should have been reproved by one of us, for draw-"ing such invidious, and false consequences from "our sacred principles."

"*Dean-street*, 4 *Jan*. 1777.

"* * * *Chevalier D'Eon* * is re-called; but in "his real character of *Mademoiselle Denys*, with all "marks of favour. She is to use herself to petti-"coats in a Convent; and when she is well in her "geers, is to go where she pleases with her *croix de* "*St. Louis* at her stomacher, in testimony. Our "friend believes, that she will return to reside in "*England*. What a pity it is that *Jack Wilkes* is "not a widower!"

"25 *May*, 1777.

"* * * * As, when one has nothing to say, the "weather acquires importance, and becomes a *topic*; "sorry am I to observe, that our *Pentecostal* holi-"days have not been more propitious to excursions "than our *Paschal* season has generally been.

"*Messrs. Jenyns* and *Cole* † were escorted by

lick by *Mr. Justice Park*.—*Mr. Stevens* published two distinct works; the one intituled, "Strictures on a Sermon, intituled, *The Principles of the Revolution vindicated*, preached before the University of *Cambridge*, on Wednesday, May 25, 1776, by *Richard Watson*, D. D. F. R. S. Regius Professor of Divinity in that University;" the other, intituled, "The Revolution vindicated, and Constitutional Liberty asserted; in Answer to the *Rev. Dr. Watson's* Accession Sermon, preached before the University of *Cambridge*, on October 25, 1776."

* Of this extraordinary *man*, see a good account in *Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary*, vol. XI. p. 476.

† *Charles Nalson Cole*, esq. a Barrister, and Registrar to the *Fen-office*.

 "umbrellas

" umbrellas at *Mount Ararat;* and MRS. WRAY'S
" genteel visitors had not a more brilliant reception.

" * * * * I have gone through *Cook's* Voyage.
" The countries at which he touched afforded little
" in addition to all we knew before.

" The scenes, and the figures, well represented in
" his Plates, claimed, I think, more of a correspond-
" ing description, than we find in the *Journal.*

" But the Captain has perfected his work, the
" survey of the two vast Oceans, in so complete a
" manner — has, with such dexterity, annihilated
" all theory of a continent, and of islands, the fa-
" vourites of hasty navigators, or fanciful reasoners,
" and he tells his plain tale so naturally, that he must
" convince the reader, and will go down to poste-
" rity as one of our principal discoverers.

" By returning late, I escaped the highwayman
" who robbed my neighbour *Knox*, at six, upon
" *Barnes Common.* The servant pursued the rogue,
" who was taken in a garden at *Putney.*

" Wishing your Lordship clearer skies, I here
" close my dull dispatch, as genuine a *country-post*
" as the original one in *Swift.*"

" *Dean-street, Tuesday, 29th July*, 1777.

" * * * * I hope your Lordship and the Ladies
" had a good journey to the sea; and that, although
" such unseasonable weather may have set you to
" the fire, it has not prevented your operations in
" the water.

" On the same Friday I took a peep at my *Sabi-*
" *num*, where I found the hay sopped, and the far-
" mers impatient. They paid, however, the rent in
" arrear; but repairs necessary to *new houses* agree
" not with *new coaches.* Luckily, indeed, the *Ex-*
" *chequer* comes in aid. * * *

" Near

"Near his own gate I met *Admiral Forbes*. He "carried me home; and, as they were quite alone, "I *slept* there. I must not say for the world that "I *lay* there; for our *fine* speakers have degraded "that word into almost ———

"The hostess recollected with pleasure the happy "hours at *Wrest*,

"*Which danc'd away, with down upon their feet.*"

"* * * The account of people seen in a desert "island near *Madagascar* is cleared up. The lady "of *Sir Robert Fletcher* (who died at the *Cape*), in "her way hither, touched at the *Mauritius*, where, "from the best authority, she had the following "account:

"'That, sixteen years ago, a *French* ship in the "*Slave-trade* was lost near that island, where many "of the people got ashore. The attempts to bring "them off had been disappointed, by the rocks, and "breakers round them.

"'At last, they all found their way out upon rafts, "except seven black women, and a child, who were "the persons lately seen there, and are now safe in "one of the *French* islands.

"'They subsisted upon the eggs of birds, and "made clothing of the feathers.'

"* * * * My cousin *Gibbon* [the Historian] is "much amused at *Paris*, and spends most of his "time *chez le Controlleur-genéral*, as a leading fi-"gure in the circle *de Madame* * * * *."

"*Windsor*, 13 *Aug*. 1777.

"I am happy to hear your Lordship has begun "the remedies which are prescribed. I commend "your visits to the rooms. Every little change of "situation helps; nor must we hang upon the days "that are past. They are gone; but there are amuse-

" ments, and even pleasures, for later * periods of " life. Why should not we all, in our several de- " grees, make the best of them?

" *Tom Davies's Review* meets with little atten- " tion. It was produced by nothing but the vogue " of *Ch.'s* † Characters; consequently, the *Remarks* " have not been discussed, not in my hearing at least. " They could not be contradicted. The pitiful " scribbler, therefore, could only take occasion from " thence to re-advertize his nonsense, with all the " puffs.

" I have at last found the author of my extract. " The whole passage in the original stands: 'Vetustis " novitatem dare, novis auctoritatem, obsoletis nito- " rem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam, dubiis fidem, " omnibus verò naturam, & naturæ sua omnia. " Itaque etiam non assecutis voluisse abundè pul- " chrum atque magnificum est.'

" It is in *Pliny the Elder's* dedication of his work " to the young *Emperor*. From this ample descrip- " tion the Author claims indulgence to his own ex- " ecution of it.

" The part generally quoted would not suffer me " to look into that author for it, who is valuable on " account of his Collections, and those precious re- " mains in ancient learning which he saved from the " general wreck; but in style is turgid, hard, and " more affected in his manner than his nephew. " Had I seen the end of the sentence, I think I " should have recognized the turn and the curling " of the *Natural Historian*.

" * * * Though so near to Court, we come to no " *Cabinet secrets*. My Doctor‡ and I subsist

* He was then SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AGE. Few at such an age are so philosophically cheerful.

† "The Characters of *George the First, Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Hardwicke, Mr. Fox,* and *Mr. Pitt,* reviewed. With Royal and Noble Anecdotes, and a Sketch of *Lord Chesterfield's* Characters, 1777."

‡ *Doctor Heberden.*

" upon

" upon our old stores of *Greek* and *Latin*, with now
" and then a little relish of *Hebrew**.

" 13 *Oct.* 1777. *Mount Ararat.*

" * * * The magnetical apparatus furnished at " the *Pantheon*, like other public establishments, " cannot escape from the *liberty of the subject*.

" Besides the pertinacious *Viscount* † — *Nairne*, " a Philosophical-instrument-maker, and lately " F. R. S. has entered into the controversy.

" Mrs. Wray assisted at one debate between " him and *Wilson*, extremely polemic,—

" *Tradidit mundum disputationibus rerum*,

" as the *Vulgate* has it. Every thing is a bone of " dispute; though we are told this question between " *sharp and blunt points* at last has been closed by " the *highest of all authorities* ‡.

" A robbery in *Hyde Park* at noon-day—and a " safe gallop between *Shelburne* and *Devonshire* walls, must have certainly found their place in *Sir* " *Richard Baker's Chronicle*.

" Yesterday several persons who had been saved " from drowning were at *Richmond* church, and the " Patrons of that Charity with them; where, after " a pathetic sermon by an *eloquent* young *Scotch-* " *man* §, more than 50*l.* were collected."

" P. S. The Royal *conductors* are all of them " reformed, from *points* to *knobs*."

* How pleasing it is to see this picture of two such men, so accomplished, so virtuous, and so happy, after a mutual attachment of near half a century, united in friendship, and pursuing together objects of literature, with a zeal of taste, and a full command of their intellectual powers!

† *Lord Viscount Mahon*, the present *Earl Stanhope*.

‡ *The King*.

§ The *Rev. Colin Milne, D. D.* He died Oct. 2, 1815, æt. 72. See Gent. Mag. vol. LXXXV. p. 381.

" *Sept.*

" *Sept.* 30, 1780.

" Many thanks to *Lord Hardwicke* for the verses, " and the dispatch from *Vienna.*

" *Monsignor Nunzio* writes characters like any " *Sallust*, or *Paterculus;* and must be a great wit, " because he disdains to be *read.* It was, after deep " study, and recourse to Dictionaries, that he was " decyphered—the *Bishop* of *Monte-Fiascone* and " *Corneto.*"

" * * * To-day's *Gazette* is a cordial which I " hope will give us a fillip *. You will, I am sure, " allow me to feel a particular satisfaction from the " renown acquired by the son of my two old and " good friends, *Lord, and Lady Cornwallis.*

" But your Lordship is, I dare say, casting your " political, and shrewd eye towards the Continent.

" The *Bavarian* succession opens a wide scene " for the chicane of the *German Publicists.* " There are. who say the Courts at *Vienna*, and *Ber-* " *lin* have agreed to share it *à la Polonaise.*

" Many thanks to your Lordship and *Lady Grey* " for a huge packet of *brochures.* More thanks for " the addition of such curious, and MS observations " in the margin — rare amusement for these long, " dark, asthmatic days. I could scarce abstain from " the return of a suitable compliment *in verse* for " one of the notes, which has been so flattering to " me. It is the fashion of the day. The Dedica- " tion, Proëm, Narration, &c. are out of my head; " but it would have ended thus:

" But when my prose, my verse, my politics,
" Have passed to *Lethe* from the banks of *Styx*,
" The debt of authors to the earth discharging,
" I can yet live in *H*[*ardwicke*]'s scribbled margin."

" The nicer critics observe here a little reminis- " cence of the celebrated answer by *Mr. P.* to the " Noble Bard."

* *Earl Cornwallis's* victory at *Camden* in *America.*

MR.

[No date.]

"Mr. Wray presents his compliments to *Lord* " *Hardwicke*, and returns the *Memoires de Trévoux*.

"The verses do certainly come in, and go out, most " awkwardly in the *Epistle to Florus*, and the two " parts, which are separated by them, join well to- " gether.

"*Heinsius* would insert them in a part of the " *Epistle to Augustus*, where they would ruin the " connexion. They are by no means wanted " where *Boivin* would put them in, after *Scribimus* " *indocti*, &c. Their end indeed connects well " enough with what follows, *Hic error tamen*, &c.; " rather *too well*, I think, too nicely, for the gene- " ral manner of *Horace's* junctions, and transitions.

"The *si vacat*, and the *ædem* I cannot allow to " require the person of *Augustus*.

"In *the Fragment* itself are several hardnesses, and " inconsistencies; so indeed there are in several of the " *Sermones*, only perhaps to be helped by the secret " history of the Court of *Augustus*; the materials " for which, I doubt, are beyond the reach of *Messrs*. " *Brecquigny*, and *Astle*.

"The *French* critics, who are beat out of the mere, " and literal criticism by the *Dutch*, and by the " *English*, have taken to that of the *sense*, have " aimed at these transpositions, and insertions, parti- " cularly *Sanadon*, but they have not been followed.

"Nothing can be more improbable, more *un-* " *Antiquarian*, than every one of the readings for " *Faustina's* Coin. I am surprized to find *P*. " *Tormenini's** name to one of them. He was " *ultimus Romanorum*, the last philosopher amongst " the Jesuits—in *France* at least.

"Scholars unused to *Coins*, and *Inscriptions* make " wretched work of it, when laying their *profane* " hands upon *them*. Practice in the subject is in- " dispensable to sound criticism in that sphere."

* Q. this name?

I have

I have thus closed what I have not the disingenerous assurance to call my *labours*, for they have been amusements, and pleasures.

As the Copyist of these Letters in the Second Part of the *Memoirs*, I have abstained from comments, or explanatory notes; and the variety of the Author's materials, which is no less pleasing, than singular, at so advanced an age, either precluded any such aid of mine, by dispensing with it, or left the apparent obscurity, of trivial importance.

My object has been, throughout the selection, to mark the kind, and persevering attachments of his benevolent intercourse with his friends; but, above all, with his Patron;—his flowing wit—his fund of learning—and shrewdness of intellect—his entertaining peculiarities—the wonderful compass of his memory—and his command of style. Though in such a copious detail I may be accused of an overwhelming prolixity, I can assure my Readers, that I have been upon my guard in mercy to them, have suspected my own prepossessions, and have suppressed, with pain of self-denial, many interesting relicks of his genius, and virtue.

Letters, in the usual intercourse of life, are fallacies, if they are called in; as proving either characters, or opinions. But the *Letters* now before us, like those of *Tully* to *Atticus*, or of *Gray*, and *Cowper*, are like soliloquies overheard, and make the writer breathe in his posthumous image.

Yours very faithfully,

G. HARDINGE.



Jas. Basire sc.

WILLIAM WOLLASTON, ESQ.

MEMOIRS

Compiled by WILLIAM WOLLASTON, ESQ. in 1709, relating to himself and Family *.

THE following memoirs, or commentaries, although not void of some surprising events, and such turns of fortune as in a great family might furnish materials for history, yet relating to obscure persons, and being intended only for private use, are compiled as it were in haste, and with that negligence which becomes the lowness of the subject. But, however, so far as I can remember, they contain nothing but what I have either known myself, or have heard from them that I thought I had reason to believe. If it shall please God to prolong my life, perhaps I may revise them. The design of them is, to preserve the memory of some passages which must otherwise perish inevitably; to rectify some misrepresentations, that owe their original only to ill-natured divinations concerning a family that never much appeared to vindicate itself, or to envy, or that delight which mankind finds in making stories and doing mischief; to transmit to my children an idea of their parentage, that in some measure they may know not only whence they are, but also what have been the circumstances, the adventures, the successes, or mortifications, of their ancestors; and lastly, that this humble domestic monument may testify my sense of God's providence, which, by how much the more inconsiderable I am, is by so much the more strongly proved to be particular.

At Trescot, in the parish of Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, lived lately one

* Communicated by the Author's great-grandson, the Rev. John Henry Wollaston, M. A. F. R. S. Rector of Scotter in Lincolnshire, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in ordinary.

Thomas

Thomas Wollaston, a plain man, but one that seemed to have good sense, and a well-conditioned estate, though not great. From him I had a genealogy of the Wollastons*. He shewed me moreover a deed of entail, dated in the reign of Edward IV. by which William lord of Perton settled upon William (the first man I suppose in the genealogy) son of Alane, heretofore lord of Overton, all the possessions which Michael of Trescot heretofore held in Trescot; and two other deeds belonging to the family, without date, and in the judgement of Sir William Dugdale of great antiquity, by which it appears the family is antient, and has been considerable.

William of Perton, my grandfather's grandfather, led a country life, with the reputation of a very honest man, and, as it seems, not altogether without success. He bound my great-grandfather [Henry] apprentice to a woollen-draper in London, which trade in those times was one of the best. Sir John Wollaston was son of his third son, younger brother to my great-grandfather (a man too well known perhaps in the civil wars); and it is said they all lived well.

When his son Henry came out of his apprenticeship, he went to his father, to know what he would please to give him in order to his setting-up. His father told him, "that he had other children (for, beside Richard and Edward mentioned in the genealogy, he had a daughter); and, by the condition and manner of his life, it could not be expected that he should have accumulated wealth; but, if 300 marks would do him any service, he had so much by him, and would freely give it." Upon which the son replied, "that that sum would not set up a woollen-draper; that therefore he desired his father would keep it, and make much of himself with it; and for him, he doubted not but that he might, with some patience and application, find means to ad-

* This genealogy is preserved, together with a more ample pedigree of the family, in the History of Leicestershire, IV. 542.

vance

vance himself." At his return to London, knowing the way to advancement was by humility, he served his master as a journeyman; and, having behaved himself always well, his master favoured him with the privilege of taking some odd things into the shop for himself, such as the master did not sell (so I understand the story). Whatever he got, he still added it to his little separate stock; till at length he found himself able to take a shop for himself, &c. He attained to a great age; and it was he, if I mistake not, that was 92 years old when he died. He always traded in a way that was plain, honest, punctual; raised a fair estate, and such as it would be almost impossible to raise by the like methods in these times. Though he studiously declined public offices, and particularly those of the City, he had nevertheless in all the affairs of it a great deference paid to him, upon the score of his great wisdom and probity; and at last died in a very remarkable manner: his servant calling him in to dinner, he ordered, that the rest of the family should sit down without him, and that Will his eldest son should come to him. William his son came; he proposed that they two, according to the fashion of devotion in those days, should sing a Psalm together. What presages good men may have before death I know not; but on this Psalm he chose to lay out his last breath; for in the middle of it he expired in his chair. He had two wives; and by the former of them two sons, William of Shenton and my grandfather; by the latter, Justice Wollaston, of Waltham-abbey. To this youngest son, it is said, he left 900*l.* *per annum*; but they of that branch soon fell to demolishing their fortune, and have now, some years since, completed the ruin of it; and as to his other two sons the tradition stands thus: the elder of them, William, having in his younger years disobliged his father by some extravagance, and by marrying without his consent, was intended to be disinherited;

disinherited; that is, his father had in his will given the rest of his estates, above what his youngest son had, to my grandfather, leaving to his eldest only an annuity for life of 100*l.* But it seems his son William at length reformed; and, that wife dying, married another, to his father's satisfaction. Upon this his father, not long before his death, determined also to reform his will, and to leave his eldest son as much or more than he should leave my grandfather. A will was just drawn up to this purpose, when he died as before is said; but nothing more was done to it; so after his death two wills were found; one, in which Thomas was heir, regularly signed and sealed; another, in favour of William, neither sealed nor signed, though (I think) written with my great-grandfather's own hand.

William, who had not more wit than Thomas, but (as appeared afterwards) abundantly more wisdom, notwithstanding his youthful inadvertencies, applied himself immediately to his brother upon the point of equity and duty to their father. He represented to him "that, some usual formalities in law were indeed wanting in this latter testament; but that it was nevertheless manifestly the true will, *i. e.* the true meaning and design of their father; for their father's hand was well known, and so was the late reconciliation, and the regard their father had for him since that time as his eldest son, &c." This (or something probably to this purpose) had such an effect on my grandfather, who was a good-natured man, and infirm withal in his resolutions, that he agreed to stand by the latter unfinished will, upon condition that his brother William should pay him 1000*l.* It seems as if he had something of that temper that appeared in great measure in some of his posterity, by which for present money they would part with future advantages to a great disproportion. For a further proof of his easiness, he took no bond or other writing of his brother for the

1000*l.*

1000*l.* presuming possibly upon his brother's justice and ingenuity in return to the late great instance of his compliance and kindness to him. When my grandfather went afterward for his money, his brother asked what he had to shew for it. My grandfather made what answer he could under such a surprize: but, in short, could get none of it. Hereupon my grandfather exhibited his complaint in Chancery; but at last he only recovered 400*l.* and that with charge and trouble, no doubt. Whether my great-uncle, this William, foresaw that he could keep the money to better purpose for his brother than he could pay it to him, and so intrenched a little more upon common justice than he was wont to do, or whether he had any other reason for what he did, I have not heard; but the event wonderfully justified his conduct: for, as if the two brothers had now interchanged their humours, the elder by thriftiness and good management improved what he had, and from it raised the estate which my late cousin left to me, and which for a great while has been the support of the family; whereas my grandfather diminished his share by claret and negligence, till nothing remained; only a small parcel of land, which (as I take it) had been seized by some act of the Star-chamber, reverted to him unexpectedly; and this helped afterward to do a seasonable piece of service to my father and me, &c.

Here I cannot but adore the Divine Providence, when I consider how near to ruin the family was. If my great-grandfather had not made that imperfect will, or if my grandfather had inflexibly adhered to the other, the whole had been spent as the part was. My grandfather's easiness, in which lay our danger, saved us; and that severity in my great-uncle towards his brother, which people then blamed, we now enjoy.

My great-uncle, this William, lived once at Oncot-hall, near Stafford; but, after he had purchased the

the manor of Shenton in Leicestershire, he made that his seat, and lived there retiredly. He seems to have been a very considerate man, and no discredit to a wise father. Something harsh indeed he was reckoned to his brother, which has been hinted already, as will appear further in the sequel of this narration, and indeed is not to be excused perfectly. But some abatement perhaps he may deserve in this article, upon the score of his brother's indiscretions, that might check his affection, and of that preference which his father had once given him in his will, probably never quite forgotten. He was celebrated for being a good landlord; and commonly, after he had bought an estate, lowered the rents. As his lot fell in troublesome times, and he was esteemed a Cavalier, according to the phrase of the civil wars, decimations, and I know not what else, were many times threatened. This drove him into greater concealments, either at London, or wherever he could find his safety and convenience; and I verily think those persecutions and flights helped to raise his estate, whilst he was oft under a necessity of living meanly, in order to disguise himself. He died in 1667, or thereabout, aged 86 years. To my grandfather, and every one of his children, he bequeathed small annuities for their lives; to four women servants 100*l.* a year apiece (which thing has not passed without observation); some legacies to others; and the rest all to his only surviving child William, whose name I would always be understood to mention with the greatest respect. He entailed the estate, after the decease of his son, upon the heirs male of his body; and in the default of such issue, then part of it upon my uncle Thomas, and the other part upon my father, and the heirs male of their bodies, &c. Only, in this case, the two daughters of my cousin, who were then all the children he had living, were to have 10,000*l.* apiece raised for them out of it; whence, by the way,

way, it appears that the estate from the beginning was never intended for them.

To return now to my grandfather: I never certainly knew what estate his father left him, but an estate he had, part of which was at Abbot's-Langley in Hertfordshire, where he had a seat, kept his coach even in those days, and lived very handsomely; then his father left a large personal estate, to his share of which at least he was entitled. Besides this he had an office, which he neglected, and at last sold much under the value. The gentleman who bought it made 700*l. per annum* of it. And having been bred first in St. John's College, Cambridge, and then to the Law in one of the Inns of Court, he might have made an additional fortune, gotten something, to be sure, from that education and his own industry. At least, by keeping himself honestly employed, and saving what he had, he might have got from himself just as much as he spent; but he contracted a habit of drinking, and fell into company, that not only kept him from his office and other business, but also spunged upon him, and helped him to consume what he could have easily consumed without help. I have seen an account, accidentally preserved, of above 1400*l.* which he paid for one man, that had no other title to his kindness but what was acquired over the bottle, and by being his companion. This ought to have been a warning to all his posterity, not to engage themselves with needy, flattering, insidious fellows, nor indeed in any gangs at all; but to give their time to their proper business, and only to divert when and where diversion is seasonable and safe. Besides, there are dangers in drinking, from a man's own heats and inadvertencies, of which he affords an instance in this following story: One time, in the freedom of wine, he spoke some words that rendered him obnoxious to the then Government; for this he was forced to abscond, and at length fled into Ireland; and, lest his estate should be seized, he made

made over that to his brother, either having forgot the business of the 1000*l.* or not knowing whom else to trust, or perhaps by this time foreseeing that he might stand in need of his brother's kindness in other matters hereafter; for I suppose he had nothing left but what lay at Langley, and not all that neither. How unaccountable are the depths of Providence! This estate, which, though a remainder after many subtractions, was still considerable, my uncle would never restore to him again; but, instead of that, sold it. I never heard that the money received for it went toward the purchase of Finborough. This seemed hard then; but I fancy my great-uncle intended to get what he could from him, that it might be as it were a treasure or reserve in his hands for the future support of my grandfather's family; and thus my grandfather, having sunk his patrimony, depended for the rest of his life mostly upon his brother, was forced to shift his habitation, and at length settled for a considerable time in a part of his brother's house at Oncott, where he continued to the year 1664, as I remember. My grandfather had two wives; the former was an heiress, and had 200*l. per annum*; she bore him a son, who died soon after the birth, as did the mother also. This 200*l. per annum* he might have held during his life, the child being born alive; but, agreeably to himself, he returned it to his wife's relations. The other, my grandmother, was daughter of sir George Aldrich, and an accomplished fine woman. I know not what portion he had with her; but no doubt it made an addition to his estate, fit to have been mentioned above, among the other parts of it. His eldest son George attended his cousin Henry of Shenton to Bosworth school in Leicestershire, and from thence to Trinity College in Cambridge, being (as I apprehend the story) a kind of sizar to him. So soon had my grandfather made an end of what his provident father had been longer in getting for him!

George

George, being low in his circumstances, not well used by his cousin, and misrepresented to his uncle, in a sort of despair, went into the Low Countries, and there listed himself for a soldier; but, soon finding the military life disagreeable, he sought by all means possible to get a release from it. I have seen some melancholy letters to his father upon that subject. What became of him is not certainly known. My conjecture is, that, being a good scholar, and likely to make a creditable proselyte to the Church of Rome, he was prevailed upon to change his religion for his liberty, and was taken into some of the seminaries abroad. And, that this conjecture may not seem altogether groundless, I was told in the reign of king James II. by a minister in Worcestershire, not far from Droitwich, who seemed to be a grave and credible person, and was a stranger to me and my family, that a little while before there had been at a gentleman's house in this parish a Jesuit (I think he called him Provincial of the Jesuits) whose name was *Wollaston*. He said, he had been several times in his company, and inquired whether I was related to him, &c. Being very solicitous to know his Christian name, age, and country, he told me his name was *George*, his age about 70 (as he guessed), and his country *Leicestershire*, all which circumstances could scarce meet in any other. I heard also afterward that there had been at St. James's a Provincial of the Jesuits of that name, but that he died soon after his coming over. I can say nothing positively of him. He is lost to all his relations.

My father, being the youngest child, was born in the eclipse of all my grandfather's prosperity; and therefore had little more education than what might qualify him for a trade: that of a woollen-draper was chosen, and he was sent up to London to be put out; but, having an impediment in his speech, caused by a canker in his mouth when he was young, he was judged upon that score incapable of

 business.

business, and so returned into the country. Being grown up with his father at Oncott, he could in those circumstances expect no great matter of a fortune with a wife; but he married a virtuous prudent woman, my dear mother, daughter to a country gentleman, who had an estate of about 100*l.* *per annum*, lived well, in a very pretty seat, and was related to most of the better families in that part of Staffordshire. My father, after his marriage, was forced for the present to live in a small house of my mother's father, in which I was born. Afterwards my grandfather Wollaston, and aunt Philadelphia, determined to live with my father; and we went all together to Great Bloxwich. From thence we removed, after one year, to Shenstone, not far from Lichfield; and hence again, after some years more, to Footherly, in the parish of the same Shenstone. Of all the places in which we pitched (for our removings seemed like the pitching of tents) I thought we lived the most comfortably in this. We had a pretty well situated house, and some things and places about it, that I can yet think of with delight.

Here my grandfather ended a life of 87 years, the greatest part of which he had spent in repentance. He was a comely old gentleman, and his aspect demanded respect; had always enjoyed health till about two years before he died, during which time he was confined to his chamber; had been formerly reckoned a good scholar; was all my time (and I have heard my father say the same for all his time) a pious good man, and one that accommodated himself handsomely to his present circumstances; and, had he borne his prosperity as well as he bore his adversity, he had doubtless been a happy man. He at last went out, *εὐθανάτως*, so sedately and decently, that I scarce discerned the time of his change, though I then stood by the bed to receive his last blessing. I believe he never fell into any suspicion of knavery, nor have I heard that lewdness was ever laid

laid to his charge; but he had loved wine and company; had been negligent of his affairs; was often imposed upon, not through want of sense, but excess of good-nature; and rarely put any cares to himself with respect to futurity. He died in April 1674.

By his death we lost his annuity, and another payment of 30*l.* *per annum* which his brother had procured for him out of a certain preferment in his gift: beside this, a debt of about 70*l.* was lost, and half of that little land which was before said to be retrieved unexpectedly went to my uncle Thomas. This was a great blow in our circumstances, which by this were rendered still harder than before. Yet we had some favour from my cousin at Shenstone, whose father we always thought had given some secret directions to him to be assisting to us, upon the score not barely of relation, but principally of my grandfather's compliance in the business of their father's will; of the 600*l.* out of 1000*l.* never paid; of the estate at Langley never re-conveyed to him, &c. And we had reason to look upon these things as a fund left with him for our use, and to look upon that fund as very considerable too, considering the long time that money and that estate had been detained, and the amount of interest, which, at the rate allowed in those days, was very great. It is certain that neither what my great-uncle gave in his life-time, nor what he left at his death to my grandfather and his children, nor both together (to which I might add nor all that has been given since), ever equalled the sum to which all those particulars amount by far, unless the chance he left them by the entail of his estate be taken into the account; which ought to be well noted. Moreover, my cousin's circumstances were extraordinary good; for, though he had now by this time a son born, yet he had a fair estate ready for him, had money for his daughters' fortunes by him; and, in short, little re-

 maining

maining to be done for his own particular family, had a great opportunity of doing good to others: and accordingly he did make my father some allowance above his small annuity; my elder brother was bound apprentice to a mercer; soon after I was sent to Cambridge; and my other brothers were by times disposed of to trades (which things it is sufficient only to hint). But still all this was obtained by great entreaties, and not without much dread of being denied; and in fine a deduction was made from my father's allowance. Upon this he thought it prudence to leave Footherly for a house of less rent in another place, &c.; but that was not till after I was gone to the University.

And now the order of my narration requires that I should begin to say something of myself particularly.

I was born March 26, 1659. Many things that were done and happened during my tender years I can still remember distinctly; but that which made the deepest impression upon me was the state of the family. I heard the discourses of my parents, observed their difficulties, and even then thought of them within myself. When I was in the tenth year of my age, and had only learnt at home to read, there came a straggling fellow (from whence I never knew) to Shenstone, where we then lived, and opened a Latin school for country lads, such as he was capable of teaching. To this man I went the first hour almost after I had heard of him, as it were by a kind of impulse, and since have always placed this man's coming among the many particular providences of my life, though it seemed then to be accidental, and in the eyes of the world may be an inconsiderable matter. He staid there two years; but for half a year of that time I was sick, having first a violent ague, then a continued fever, that brought my life into great danger, and then my ague again. When this man was gone, means were found to send my brothers (two of them) and me

to

to Lichfield school, where soon after happened a great confusion; the magistrates of the city turned the master out of the school house, though they had not power to turn him out of the place absolutely, or deprive him of the salary. Many scholars followed him, and I among the rest, to another house in the neighbourhood, where he found a convenient room, and taught school for some time. But, looking out for other preferment, he soon neglected it, and so by degrees it came to nothing, and he removed to a living. The man loved me, and I staid with him to the last moment; but I lost time; what I did I did chiefly of myself; I suppose I might be about three years with him. Then, the schism being ended, I returned to the free-school, and was with this new master about a year: and this was all the schooling I ever had. I loved my book, yet passed this time very uneasily. I had not the advantages which I saw others have. I began to be much infested with the head-ache; the rudeness of a great school was very disagreeable to my nature; and more thoughts sprung up in my mind, and daily grew upon me, concerning our condition, and what would become of us if my father should die, and that little we had to depend upon should die with him.

And now my father became solicitous how to dispose of us. Many things were talked over; but at length my cousin of Shenton intimating an intention of some kindness if I went to Cambridge, it was resolved that I should go. My relations having no acquaintance there, and consequently it being indifferent upon that account to what College I went, my last master recommended me to his brother, Mr. Jenner, fellow of Sidney. With this recommendation, a country fellow that I had never seen before, a little money, and a provision in other respects but very ordinary, I set out for a place altogether unknown; and was admitted a Pensioner in Sidney

College

College June 18, 1674, being then 15 years old the March before. Mr. Jenner left the College within two years; and the master that I chose for my tutor after him I chose, not upon the score of his learning and ingenuity, of which God knows he had little, but because the rest of my fellow pupils generally took him, as being then the only senior fellow that did take pupils. The truth is, we thought by this to have compounded with him, as it were, not to hurt us; but this project did not succeed equally to all. He was a partial man, mighty inquisitive after little things, and one who (I believe) at his heart did not love a scholar. The shifts I made after my admission, and the difficulties with which I conflicted, I shall suppress now, as, by artful management, I kept them from appearing then. In a word, my allowance was short, and, which troubled me most, I had scarce any books or materials to work with, no assistance or direction from any body, nor sufficient confidence to supply that defect by enquiries and examining others, though I observed many did that; yet I happened so to order my studies, that I was not reckoned no scholar neither, but indeed had such a degree of reputation as hath since been matter of amazement to me who remember my own circumstances; nor did the Society for four or five years shew any disaffection to me, but rather the contrary. After that, I had unjust usage, and many more melancholy hours than I had before, which all proceeded originally from a very trifle. I will relate it briefly. Being obliged, after I had taken the degree of B. A. to answer in the schools to one of those questions which we usually call *Priorums* (because, I suppose, they were originally taken out of Aristotle's book, Prior Analyt.); I had such a question given me as plainly shewed that a speech upon it was expected from me, and so indeed the person who gave it told me. However, I resolved to take no notice of that, but to

to make a direct answer in the common, short, safe way: till some others, saying that they designed to make speeches, prevailed with me to do the same, contrary to the modesty of my nature. Speeches upon this occasion are jesting, and of the same nature with those made by *Tripos's* and *Prevaricators*, as they are styled. Mine was something merry, but I thought perfectly innocent. The misfortune was, it pointed principally at a man that would bear nothing, and at a story, which, though it implied no wickedness, yet implied great folly, and rendered him very ridiculous: and more than that, he was then Dean of the College, and had some power to revenge himself. The man immediately took fire, and his passion was not to be extinguished. Not contented to punish me in the usual methods of the College, he suborned a parcel of illiterate, scandalous fellows, that were already enemies upon that account to the best of my year, to blacken us all, and especially me, with lies, and many stories that had not the least foundation in truth. Some time after this, when my contemporaries began to look after preferments, there was one who fixed his eye upon a Fellowship; and he having, by a certain transaction that I could tell, luckily got an interest in one of the junior Fellows, a bawling driving man, that man engaged for him most of the other junior fellows. This club of them determined, if possible, by right or wrong, to remove all obstacles to the advancement of their friend, of which, it seems, I was yet looked upon as one of the greatest; for, if I should have sate for the fellowship, they suspected that perhaps I might have carried it from him. The false suggestions before mentioned were a good preparative to their design, and gave them a more plausible opportunity to raise a plain persecution against me, which they effected in such a manner, that whatever I either said or did was perverted. I was ill provided to bear this storm, having neither estate,

estate, nor firm health, nor friends to support me; and in those comfortless circumstances it was scarce possible for me not sometimes to seek refuge among that small acquaintance that I had, or not to express some resentment; and this, in reality, was the greatest error I committed, of which they failed not to make their advantage. It is much better to bear reproaches with silence and slighting, till they vanish of themselves, and till the slanderers find it loss of time to invent more lies. The very vindication of innocence, as this world goes, divulges and fixes the imputation, though never so false; and very often infers new censures and injuries. I enjoyed this satisfaction, that they never could accuse me either of vice or idleness, of both which some of them were notoriously guilty. For this I have had the testimony of my greatest enemies since I left the College; and I may add, that my allowance would not maintain libertinism, if that had been my inclination; and debts I contracted none.

They that peruse these papers, I hope, will forgive me, if I here insert one ridiculous story, as a specimen of my treatment, and the expedients which I was forced to use. A Fellow of the College being dead, the Lecturer sent down to the several tables in the hall an order to make verses against the funeral. After dinner upon that day when the verses were to be delivered in, I was asked to take a walk. I replied, "I could not, having not yet finished my verses," (I had made part of a Latin Elegy.) The company then told me, that the Lecturer and some other Fellows intended, "if it were possible, to expose my verses, or at least to put some affront upon me; that they had this information from one of those Fellows himself the night before; and that they thought it adviseable for me to make none at all." The thing struck me; however I excused myself, and retired to my chamber; there I considered to what a state I was unjustly reduced, and what was best to

be

be done. If I made no verses, they might make that omission in me a crime of any magnitude or denomination what they pleased; at least it would be interpreted as a contempt of the Society. On the other side, if I should make verses, I must undergo the criticisms, not so much of scholars (for their learning was not at all terrible) as of buffoons and enemies. At length, to avoid both inconveniencies, I concluded to make some Hebrew verses, which my enemies none of them understood; and, lest they should be shewn to somebody that might understand that language, to speak magnificently of their member deceased, though a person of no great merit.

I presently executed this contrivance as well as I could in so short an interval, and under many disadvantages; and carrying my performance at the time appointed to the Lecturer's chamber, I found there an assembly of my Censors all laughing. But, when they had opened my paper, and found themselves disappointed, their countenances changed, and I was dismissed; and then it was my turn to laugh. That their malice, thus defeated, might the less appear, and lest they themselves should become the jest, my verses were placed uppermost at the funeral. They were worth nothing; yet in this case it was necessary for me to keep a copy of them; and the very same copy which I then scribbled out, for the pleasantness of the conceit, has happened to be preserved, when I have many times lost, and even burnt, many better things.

I left the University Sept. 29, 1681, then 21 years and a half old, having commenced M. A. the summer before; but a mere child in respect of all worldly business, of which I had seen nothing. The place I loved, notwithstanding all unkindness. The way of living there was regular and fixed, which suits with my temper; there was some freedom allowed among friends and contemporaries not to be found elsewhere, as I have since sufficiently experienced

experienced; studies might be prosecuted with the fewest interruptions; almost all changes have ever been irksome to me, and I was going into the wide world quite in the dark as to my future circumstances, and what would become of me. In short, no man ever carried a heavier heart from Cambridge than I did. Yet I am now sensible there was a great deal of Providence in all this. Had I been well used, and got preferment in the University, I verily believe I should have had neither so much knowledge nor estate as, I thank God, I now have.

I steered my course, slowly, toward Shenton. There I was well received by my cousin, and his son seemed likely to prove well affected toward me also; but this was but as it were a lightning before death. It seems that house stood then upon ground that was all undermined, full of plots and designs, to which I was altogether a stranger, as indeed I was to all that kind of management. All the favour shewn to me was considered as interfering with something intended. So snares were laid; and it was easy to catch one who never suspected them, or, if he saw them, durst hardly refuse to go into them.

I shall not enter into a detail of these matters, though some things press upon my memory, and demand to be admitted here. God knows the views and practices of some people at that time, and has since over-ruled them as he pleased. The design against me had the effect for the present, that I was forced to leave Shenton very disadvantageously after three weeks, which was the only time in which I could be said to stay at Shenton; and I verily thought I had for ever lost the only friend which I could now pretend to have in the world. But even this turned to my advantage afterward. It was not yet the proper season for my good fortune to appear.

From

From hence I went to wait upon my father and mother, whom I had not seen for many years, and who now lived at Great Bloxwich, a place by Nature certainly contrived to increase melancholy, or at least so it appeared at the first coming, when I compared it with other places that I had lately seen. There one day I vented some of my melancholy in such a negligent Pindaric as this, upon my removal and journey from the University into the country.

1.

When, driven by the tyranny of Fate,
I left the banks of Cam, and Muses' antient seat,
Loaded with grief I slowly went,
And backward earnest looks with fruitless wishes sent.
Much such a passion swell'd my breast
As that heroic African express'd,
When, forc'd to leave the vanquish'd limbs of Rome,
He curs'd the gods, and their too rigid doom.
Often thought I, this once I'll turn, and feed my eyes
With those blest piles that yonder grow;
My parting sight this once
Shall kiss the stones,
That from the sacred turf do rise;
Yet still repeat my glances as I go.
Till, sinking with the sky,
Behind the earth's convexity,
Cambridge in my horison set,
And left me in the dark my fortune to regret.
Here first the force of sympathy I found.
When in the hills and higher ground
Buried to me it seem'd to lie,
I had myself a mind to die.

2.

As I rode on, now lost in dusky lanes,
Dividing now the open plains,
I drew remarks from things as I pass'd by,
And drank in melancholy at my eye.

All

All other things their own existence seem'd t' enjoy
In peace, without the base alloy,
By which so much of human life is lost,
Provided for at Nature's cost.
I saw the birds enthron'd on trees,
Proclaiming in harmonious notes their ease.
I view'd whole families of sheep,
Nor found I one, like me, could weep;
But to them all the fields afford,
Without their care, both bed and board.
And all the herds had obvious delights:
Or, where those fail'd, they had no appetites.
Their very pains, without reflection,
If any, were the next to none.
Whilst we, who arrogantly call
Ourselves the lords of all,
In anxious cares consume our years,
Slaves both to present wants and future fears.
When these command, we must obey,
And, leaving antient walks and still retreats,
Launch out in unknown worlds to seek new seats,
On which the greater part are cast away.

3.

In comp'ny of such thoughts at length I came
To that fam'd field where Richmond won the diadem.
Methought I saw King Richard bleeding lie
Amidst the signal proofs of bravery,
Oppress'd with multitudes, and rain
Of arrows; almost lost in heaps of his own slain;
Cursing the world's false pomp; and, with a dying groan,
Seeming to threaten Henry with a Throne.
The knowledge of this place
Shew'd me my journey now contracted was.
For here within a vale I saw the house below,
Where now the highest branch of all our race
Serene and flourishing in verdant fields does grow.
Something there was about it that look'd humbly great;

Like

Like such a venerable seat,
As Virtue chose for her retreat,
Far from th' infectious air of court or town;
For Virtue, oftenest, safest dwells alone.

4.

The Earth not many revolutions made
About her axis, nor the Sun survey'd
Oft with his flaming eye
Us mortals rolling by,
Ere, by a new decree of Fate,
The mark of Envy I, and unjust Hate,
Was hence sent out again,
More labours to sustain.
About the navel of the land
A broken, scatter'd village there does stand,
Not very distant from that field,
Where, sacred legends say,
Some Pagan power once expell'd
A thousand martyrs from their tenements of clay,
And left the beasts and birds an impious prey:
But nearer to that town, where was of old
Vulfruna's solitary fold
For idle Saints. Here 'twas more pensive hours
Expected in their course
To wound me deeper, and to load me more,
Who now began to bend, and was already sore.
Of good and bad an equal common share,
A man with evenness may bear;
But, when the evil scale
Does once begin to fall,
And upward carry him,
The smallest moments move the greatest beam.

5.

As I drew near the unknown ground,
A growing damp, diffus'd through all my blood,
Seem'd to arrest me in the neighbourhood.
In this astonishment arriv'd, I found
All things look ill and ominating. Nature frown'd.
No

No scholar here, no man appear'd,
Nor voice articulate was heard.
The sky had quite withdrawn his azure face,
And clouds mov'd o'er it with an angry pace.
The boisterous armies of the North about did fly,
And threaten us and all our earthly infantry.
The crows and magpies dialogu'd, the cackling daws
And boding ravens croak'd, with double-gammut jaws.
All things were sad; each dumpish stock, each weeping stone;
The very anvils night and day did groan.
Bless me, said I, what horrid coast
Is this on which I 'm cast, on which I'm lost?
Sure some abortive part
Of the creation thou art;
Or, having unregarded lain,
The face of unreformed chaos dost retain.

6.

How wisely Nature tempers every state,
And with the torture gives the opiate!
When Pleasure 's fled, and painful thoughts succeed,
Mere weariness procures the rest we need.
I had a small apartment, whither I,
As to my sole asylum, us'd to fly
From all the neighbouring barbarity.
As here one day I sate,
Disposed to ruminate,
Deep Melancholy did benumb,
With thoughts of what was past, of what to come;
The black disease, prevailing o'er my mind,
Did to my spirits all its chains and plummets bind.
At last my soul, unfit for work or exercise,
Began in sleep to sabbatize.
Not many thoughtless minutes I had spent,
When straight a dream this image did present:
I thought

I thought I saw my Muse appear;
Whose dress declar'd her haste, whose looks her fear;
A wreath of laurel in her hand she bore;
Such laurel as the god Apollo wore.
The piercing wind had backward comb'd her hair,
And laid a paint of red upon the fair;
Her gown, which, with cœlestial colours dy'd,
Was with a golden girdle tied,
Through speed a little flow'd aside,
And decently disclos'd her knee;
When, stopping suddenly, she spoke to me:
" What indigested thought, or rash advice,
Has caus'd thee to apostatize?
Not my ill usage surely made thee fly
From thy apprenticeship in Poetry."

7.

She paus'd awhile, with joy and weariness oppress'd,
And quick reciprocations of her breast;
Whilst from between
The two enchanting bosses there, unseen,
Flow'd sympathetic streams, and essences divine.
She spoke again: " What travail and what care
Have I bestow'd! my vehicle of air
How often chang'd in quest of thee!
First at the College I enquir'd,
Where thou, though not so oft as I desir'd,
Wast wont at intervals to think of me.
There none I knew but thy old friend,
On whom not I, but all the Nine by turns attend.
Hence then I mov'd as swift as thought
And, having search'd in vain the City through,
I knew not what to do. [brought;
Hither mere chance, or some blind impulse, me has
And, where I least expected, I have found
Thee sunk in sleep, in melancholy drown'd.
But let thy brisker spirits rais'd disperse this pain,
And all the sad ideas of thy brain:

Let

Let them resume their posts, and not permit to dwell
  Such enemies within the citadel.
  If I can read the characters of Fate,
    As I peep'd lately, in disguise,
  Into the archives of the Destinies,
I saw, upon an adamantine plate
      Engrav'd a firm decree,
Importing some auspicious catastrophe. [kind,
Suppose the worst, thy passage rough, still I 'll be
    And breathe upon thy sails behind.
  Beside, there is a certain port before:
And every moment thou advancest to that shore,
  Where virtuous souls shall better usage find."
  Concern, and agitation of my head,
  Wak'd me; and with the light the phantom fled.

I was now thrown upon an obscure place, near which were but few preferments; and if there had been more, still I had no interest, nor so much as the least acquaintance, nor any thing wherewith to help myself. Yet, when I heard of any preferment vacant, I rode at it, and it fled as fast from me.

At last, in this desperation of success, hearing that the chief master of Birmingham school wanted an assistant, and having never had so much pride as to starve for it, or be burthensome to others if I could prevent it, I offered myself; and the good old man readily embraced me, and indeed as one that stooped to business something below me. It happened (though I knew it not then) that he was born, and had a brother then living, in the neighbourhood of Shenton, and was a man of whom my cousin had an extraordinary opinion. This turned much to my advantage afterward; and I place the disappointments that forced me hither among the many instances of God's good providence toward me. My cousin was pleased both with my situation and my humble industry. After I had been here some time (not long) I got a small lectureship at a chapel about two

two miles off, which made some addition to my other little salary. But I did the duty of the whole Sunday; and that, together with the business of a great school all the week, was very hard upon me, so troubled with head-aches as I was, so dejected upon other accounts, and embarrassed with those new troubles of which I shall give an account immediately. I endured this double labour about four years; but it visibly began to break my constitution, and, if continued, had certainly overcome me.

I went to Birmingham, as I remember, in May or June, 1682. In the very next year my relations began to invade my quiet, and to involve me in the consequence of their follies or misfortunes; and since that time I have rarely been free from their importunities, or the expectation of them.

My elder brother Henry, as has been already said, was bred a mercer, and about this time thought he had an opportunity of setting up. A mercer's shop in Lichfield was to be let, and the goods in it to be sold, as he was made to believe, very cheap. My brother, as he was an easy man, over-eager to be independent, and always promising himself mighty things from his own projects, strikes a bargain for them. What money he had got to set him up he paid down; and for the remainder he gave three bonds, one of 45*l.* due, with interest, in the Spring following, another of 50*l.* about Midsummer, and a third of 85*l.* about Michaelmas. To these bonds my father and I were made parties; that is, we were to be bound with him for the payments. After he had signed and sealed himself, he carried them to my father, who did the same; then he brought them over to me, who before this minute had never heard the least word of all these transactions. The very proposal frighted me, though he said many things to convince me that it was very safe, and little more, as he pretended, than matter of form. But I, who had acted hitherto in a very narrow

sphere, was an utter stranger to all worldly business, knew nothing relating to the law, but that the Latin of it was barbarous, and therefore not without just cause was afraid of perplexing myself, desired to be excused, and sent him away *re infectâ*. A while after he came the second time, but with no better success. Then he made a third journey to me; tells me how he and my father had already executed the bonds; "that these would be valid against them; that what money he had already paid was, some way or other, in danger of being lost, if I did not come in; that not only he, but my father, in his circumstances at that time, might be undone too; and that his counter-bond, together with the goods that were already in great measure paid for, would be an unexceptionable security for me." These things moved me, who had an inward inclination to assist my brother, if I could do it without the ruin of myself; and so I signed too, taking his bond to indemnify me. But I slept ill that night, though really I did not then fully understand the force of this obligation. The person to whom these bonds were given assigns them immediately to creditors of his own; the first to one in London, the second to a man in Coventry, and the third to a goldsmith in Lombard-street, all strangers, and barbarously sharp. I oft admonished my brother to prepare in due time for the approaching payments, but to little purpose; he made light of these sums, which he reckoned inconsiderable things among trading people.

In the beginning of the Spring, the first creditor takes Birmingham in the circuit that he made about the country to collect his debts, and sends for me, engaged then in other kind of work, unapprehensive of any design upon me, and not able to guess who it should be that had sent for me. He informs me, presently who he was, and what his business; "that the money would be soon due, that all parties to bonds

bonds were principals; that he would inquire after nobody but me in respect of the debt; and that I must expect no favour neither." The man had a countenance from which nothing genteel or good-natured could be expected, and it did not belie him.

As soon as I could speak, I gave the savage the best words that I, so thunder-struck, could find, and so made my escape as fast as I could. Then I posted away to Lichfield, where I met with good words and fair promises, and nothing else. The next news after my return was, that all my brother's goods were seized by virtue of a judgment to which they were obnoxious before he bought them (or to that purpose); that he was turned out of the shop, &c.; the whole thing having been a wicked cheat upon him from the beginning, concerted by the persons concerned. Here was my brother undone; and all the security upon which I depended irrecoverably gone. This account called me back in haste to Lichfield, and, being found too true, carried me thence to Bloxwich, to my father, to know what course must be taken in this deplorable conjuncture. The first payment was at hand; the other two would soon follow; and we had nothing to pay with. Here our family was on the point of its lowest depression; and probably, had not I been, our part of it had been lost without remedy. It is not possible for me to describe the acute sense I had of the impending difficulties, the melancholy walks, the restless nights, the various projects in case things should come to extremity, the continual head-aches, &c. The only refuge I knew of was Shenton, where the family flourished indeed. But I had been worked out of favour there; and, if there was any disposition to receive me into it again, that would be extinguished by this false step; and to go thither was like going to execution, especially to me, who scarce ever had the

 con-

confidence to ask common civilities of any body. Notwithstanding all this, since there was no other method to be taken, and nobody else would go, go I must. I performed that journey with great reluctance, and dismal apprehensions. At length, by going and writing together, I prevailed for 45*l.* which my cousin lent me upon bond, to make the first payment; but nothing more could I get, beside anger and severe reprehension. Then I returned to consult with my father what must be done with respect to the two subsequent payments. Nothing material was found out; but there seemed to be a kind of reliance upon me to work out these debts. But then it was not possible for me to do that neither without assistance; since so much time as that would require was not to be asked of the merciless creditors. I proposed therefore that that bit of land at Abbot's-Langley before mentioned should be sold; and the rest of the debts and charges, which together would more than equal the price of that land, I would take upon myself. With this my father was not pleased, though he was really concerned in this affair much more than I was; for he was bound for his own child; and I had not been bound at all, had not he been first in the obligation, and led me (though unwittingly indeed) into the snare. Then, seeing nothing else would please him whom of all men I desired not to displease, out of tenderness to him and his family, I offered, if he would let the land be sold for a supply of present money, to enter into an obligation to repay it, and to take the whole burden upon myself. I considered it was to preserve my parents, to whom I was willing to render all duty and service possible; and then, as my circumstances were likely to continue at that time, I could not with prudence think of marrying; and so I resolved, instead of that, to dedicate part of my labours to their use. Here my father complied. But now again, my uncle Thomas had a title to one moiety of the land, and the one could

could not be sold without the other; there was a journey to be taken to London (where I had never been) in order to the sale; the writings must be made there, to be sure; and then brought down to be signed and sealed by my father and uncle in the country; money must be somewhere found to pay my uncle before sealing; then the writings were to be carried up by a second journey to London before the purchase-money could be received; a chapman must be sought, and perhaps might not presently be found; and how to adjust and effect all these things was a difficult contrivance, and the execution of it would require much labour and application. The subject is to me still so lamentable, that I shall not insist longer upon it, but leave it abruptly; only adding, in short, that I undertook the work by myself, and (thanks be to God!) finished it, though not without a deal of fatigue, many vexations, a thousand dangers and censures, &c. If my brother had really had a title to all that has since been left me, he had in justice owed it me all.

When I entered into those obligations with my father and brother, I seemed indeed to have a sufficient, at least a tolerable security; but that which prevailed most upon me was, respect to my father, and compassion for the family. And, after all, what I did then I did against my reason, I know not how, and have ever thought myself over-ruled for some end. I believe it produced good to me in the event, though a sore affliction for the present, and certainly an instance of great weakness in me. A man may find reason to be bound for his own child, or even brother; but then the reason ought to be a very good one, and the sum for which he is bound no greater than what he can afford (at least is able) to pay: but to be bound for any other person, or even for these, without both the conditions mentioned, is direct madness. I here desire my children, for whose sakes I write this, to take warning, and avoid three things

things particularly—suretyship, gaming, and immoderate drinking.

After I had pretty well overcome the difficulties incurred upon this occasion. (as if more discipline was still necessary for me) another brother, Thomas, starts up to be a new mortification to me. This brother had during his apprenticeship behaved himself very soberly; and more than that had herded with the Dissenters, and nothing was more precise. But after that, having got some money to set him up, part given, and part borrowed upon bond, he falls to drinking, and ranting, and riding about the country, marries a woman as imprudent and perverse as himself, rejects all this while my most serious and earnest advice, and with contempt; and at last pretends to set up when he had nothing left to set up with. In a short time he contracts many debts, his creditors grow clamorous, children are coming into the world, and so, unless somebody would help, he must inevitably be ruined. His interest at Shenton was exhausted; and in that case, poor I was the common centre of all their applications, who myself rather wanted somebody to support me. I could not bear to see him perish, if my power would prevent it. So I went about with him to his principal creditors, undertook some payments for him, &c. But all this was not sufficient. He was forced at last to make over all that he had to me, lest it should be seized. Some of this was sold, to discharge part of those debts which I had undertaken to see discharged; the other part I paid myself. I believe I paid for him at several times about 60 or 70*l.* out of my own pocket, and had a great deal of trouble and anxiety beside, and some heterogeneous business quite out of my way. I contrived to place these affairs on holidays and times of vacation as much as I could, that I might not neglect the duties of my own station; yet I was put upon many inconveniences and

and straits. The very apprehension of a letter, or name of the post, in these times, grew terrible to me; and that caused me to avoid, and even drop many correspondences, which otherwise I might have cultivated to my advantage; and, which affected me very much, people reproached my discretion; and the more I pitied others, the less was I pitied. For all this I have had unsuitable returns made, and tricks put upon me instead of thanks. But that mean reward was not the end that I ever proposed. Natural affection is a duty; and one brother ought to do the best offices that consistently with his own welfare, he can do for another. But, I confess, I over-acted my part, as the case stood.

During the course of these troubles, in which I saw so much of the vanity of the world, it was that I chose the book of Ecclesiastes for matter of meditation in my solitary walks and journies; and, to engage my mind the more, I represented to myself the design of the beginning of it in Pindaric verse. And when the times were mended with me, in the very first respite almost that I had, 1690, I printed it, for a reason only known to myself; adding the paraphrase, notes, &c. Only thinking then that Pindaric verse might not be so proper for a Poem that had the nature of a discourse, I altered that. But this alteration made it worse than it was before, the long and the short being all reduced to one size, not without some torture of the verse and sense too many times, especially by one who had never had time to study versification. What I did, I did chiefly by the strength of nature. Were the same thing to be done now, I should by no means suffer many things to pass that are there; yet I think it not incapable of being corrected.—God knows whether now I shall ever meddle with it any more.

To return into the order of narration; in the third of those years which I spent at Birmingham, it came to

pass

pass that a surrender of the school charter was obtained, surreptitiously, in the end of king Charles the Second's reign. The thing was contrived by some gentlemen, to bring themselves into the government of the school, and, by turning out their old master, to make way for a man from Oxford, who was the creature of the principal actor. I intend not to enter into the particulars of this unfair transaction, though I very well remember much of it. King Charles dying, they had a new charter from his Successor, by which the good old man was plainly to be turned out; the masters for the future were to be (as they interpreted the words) in priest's orders, and yet must take no ecclesiastical preferment; and many other things were appointed as they desired, but with such a power reserved in the Crown as might, if things had continued in the course they were in at that time, have quickly subverted the whole foundation. Soon after this revolution, which took up some time before it was completed, before the new charter could be brought down, old masters ejected, things a little re-settled, &c. knowing it would be scandalous quite to overlook me, they pretended that I was too young to be head master of so great a school, but chose me second master (there were in that school three masters, beside two assistants, and a writing-master). Some of the governors themselves owned I had wrong done me. However, it was not a time for me to murmur. I was forced silently to submit to any thing. I had been now about four years at Birmingham, and I kept this new post about two more. It was worth to me about 70*l.* a year. The late chief master, in whose house I had lived to the time of his expulsion, retired to his brother's in the neighbourhood of Shenton, where he spent the remainder of his days in quietness, and I verily believe in contentment. In that time he once or twice waited upon my cousin; and as be was capable of informing him what I was, what my learn-

ing,

ing, conversation, managements, &c. I doubt not but that he did do it. Here again I cannot but admire the scheme and methods of God's providence, to see how unexpectedly things coincide and cooperate toward the main design.

By this time my cousin's only son, who had been born after the death of my great-uncle, was dead. The entail of his estate, all I think but that of Finborough, had been barred in his son's time, and he was now considering how to dispose of it; for, it seems, he never intended to give it to his daughters, no more than his father did. My uncle Thomas had two sons, but they had had no education; there was something disagreeable in them; and the elder had married a woman contrary to my cousin's express command and denunciation. My elder brother was sent up to London, to see what he would do there, and he soon shewed himself; for in a short time he involved himself in debts, some his own, and some of other people, by being engaged for strangers, and so got into the Fleet for a great sum, worthy of so great an expectant as he pretended to be. Without doubt, such was his temper, if my cousin had left the estate to him, he had been cheated of it all instantly. All this while designs were laid, and applications came from other quarters, and every stone was turned by them that had the least pretence. To ease himself of a care that grew troublesome, my cousin resolves, by a deed, to settle the estate upon my uncle Thomas and my father, in the same proportion and manner exactly in which it had been entailed upon them by his father. This he did, and gave my father a fair intimation of it in a letter to him.

When I went one day to wait upon my father, he shewed me this letter; and, after my return, I reflected upon it, and upon that obligation to which I had submitted in the troubles of my brother Henry. I thought my father, having now unexpectedly so good

good a prospect before him, and being never likely to want that little money, might be persuaded to cancel it; especially considering that even at that rate I should still bear by much the greater share of the debts and charges (which were very great) taken together; and that all the pains laid out upon that affair had been mine. I wrote to him upon that subject with all plainness and submission. But, though two or three letters apiece passed between us, he would never understand the reason of what I wrote; but indeed was rather angry, and seemed something alienated from that time, which was no small trouble to me.

Whilst other people were, some plotting or making addresses to my cousin, and some only big with expectation, I was the only man perhaps among all his relations, who never stirred, nor seemed to expect. I applied myself all the while to my business, and never so much as waited upon him, or employed any body to speak or do any thing in my behalf, though many then blamed me for it. Only, the November before he died, lest a total absence should be taken for ingratitude, I did go. I went upon a Saturday in the afternoon, and gave him a sermon the next day, for which he thanked me heartily; but none of the family beside thanked me at all. The next morning I told him, "that I came only to pay those respects which were due from me, and to thank him for all his favours; and, having done that, desired leave to return to my station, where I ought to be." But not one syllable did I speak or insinuate in relation to his estate, so far was I from supplanting any body. And indeed, though I had some hopes that he would not totally forget me, yet I had no thoughts of what followed. He dismissed me this time with great kindness; and, by his looks and manner, seemed to have a particular regard for me; but he discovered nothing of his intentions by words.

Though I did not use to visit him, yet he employed

ployed people privately to observe me, as one of them after his death told me himself. I little suspected any such thing; but so it was. They gave him accounts from time to time how I behaved myself, either upon public occasions, or in the course of my life; how natural affection had indeed engaged me too far in the affairs of my brothers, but that I had in great measure repaired that fault, and extricated myself; how much industry and humility (two qualities that my cousin loved) were visible in my conduct; and the like—from all which he concluded that what had been suggested in my prejudice was without foundation, and the machinations of some people that I omit to name unjust.

At last God in mercy directed and fixed his inclinations toward me. He revokes his late settlement, and makes his last will, as it now stands, with the first opportunity he could find of doing it privately. In August following he fell sick, and sent secretly to me by night, to come over to him the next day, as if I came of my own accord, without any notice of his illness. This was an indication of something considerable, and the first manifest discovery of his kindness intended, though the messenger, Mr. M. had no directions to tell me any thing of that. Accordingly I went, and staid five days with him; during which time he could get no opportunity to say any thing to me in private, though I saw he desired it earnestly. He then appearing to be something better, I begged leave to go home, to take care of my affairs, and to return again the Monday following. This was upon a Thursday. On Sunday a messenger came in haste for me, and told me that his distemper was increased, and that he was in a dangerous condition. I made what speed I could to him; but he had been dead seven or eight hours before I came.

It was August 19, 1688, when he died, in the 65th year of his age. He had been for many years afflicted

afflicted with a sort of strangury, that confined him to his house and gardens, or adjacent places, and at last died of a tumor near his navel, which, being opened, was mortified. So I understood his case.

He had academical education, and had lived many years in the Temple, yet had made no great proficience in learning: but he knew the world, could discern men, and was discreet. He was hasty, and would be now and then transported; but good-natured after his passion; very indulgent to his wife and children; and in short a good relation, and a good man.

His will gave a new and great turn to my affairs, since by it I found myself entitled to a noble estate; for which I desire ever to adore the Divine goodness; humbly praying, that what God hath been pleased by his Providence to give me, unexpected and undeserved, he would be pleased also to continue, and prosper by his blessing to me and mine.

Such a sudden alteration every nature could not have borne with moderation; but I cannot charge myself with many transgressions in that respect. Yet I did some things, and omitted some, which I should not do or omit now, with the experience and knowledge that I have acquired since, merely through a defect of that advice and assistance which was necessary, but in my case not to be had. Those that I had most reason to trust were either angry, because disappointed, or incapable; some envied me; and so that which gets most people friends deprived me of mine, such as they were; others, thinking I had more by much than really I had, at least at present, formed to themselves designs upon me, and, when they could not succeed, were displeased; and lawyers, even he whom I relied upon most, as I have found to my cost, were apt to betray me.

The first thing I applied myself to was, to know what the estate was. And here, though I desired a sight of my cousin's rentals and accounts, I could never obtain that privilege. Something perhaps might

might have been picked out of the deeds and writings belonging to it with labour, but they were not in my custody. I rode about to the several places where it lay; but tenants were shy, and full of tricks, and it was impossible to fish out things that way without much time, so I have been forced for the most part to depend on Mr. M. I hope he has not deceived me.

The next thing which I turned my thoughts to were, the charges and incumbrances to which I was subject. At my cousin's death, to be sure, I was bare enough. I inherited no goods nor furniture either for house or study. There were, my bond upon which I borrowed money in Harry's business; some bonds of Tom's, &c. which it was expected I should pay immediately, with the utmost interest; there was a progress to be made through the estate, and many affairs to be settled, which could not be done without expence; there were large annuities to be paid, near 600*l.* a year; 3000*l.* was to be raised in four years; the manor of Shenton was left to the widow for life, &c. To which I may add, as aggravations, that I had no power to make a jointure for a wife; heavy taxes commenced just after this time, and have continued ever since; some relations have been exceeding burdens; bills of repairs have happened to be large, tenants have broke, through the hardness of times, &c.

But one of the greatest deductions was the widow's dower. Her jointure, as I remember, was 140*l.* *per annum*, charged upon Sadington, &c.; beside which, my cousin left her for life Shenton (as is said already), an estate at Lee Grange, money, &c. Notwithstanding all this, she told me, soon after her husband's death, that she expected her thirds of the whole estate; and when I answered that I presumed her jointure was a bar to dower, she replied, that her jointure was made in form of a lease, and did not preclude her. In respect to her, who had been the

the wife of my great friend, I proposed to go amicably to work, and inquire of counsel about it. This we did; and they unanimously agreed that her husband did not intend she should have her dower, but, as the case was, she might by law recover it; so I compounded the matter, without any farther assistance of counsel, or any body; and she has ever since enjoyed above 400*l.* *per annum* in my wrong. It is well known, and she herself owns it, that it was always the firm opinion of my cousin (though he proved to be mistaken) that she had no title to dower, and no doubt he made his will accordingly. It can never be imagined that he should leave her so considerable a part of the estate, if he had in the least suspected she had already a title to the third part of the whole—not to say, that in conscience she ought not to have taken this advantage, not only in consideration of the large legacy bequeathed her upon a presumption of her no title, but also of the small fortune which she brought, that did not deserve it. This is the truth of all that affair.

When I came up to London after the death of my cousin, I found my elder brother in the Fleet. His debts were too great to be paid; but I supplied him with money to support him: and because I saw that when he had it he made all the haste he could to want it again, I sent my man every Monday morning to him with money for his pocket that week. After some time I was at the charge of removing him to the King's Bench, and, a while after that, of procuring his liberty also. He carried himself not gratefully to me, as may appear by this, among other instances. But I must premise a short account, to introduce it.

A little before the 3000*l.* charged upon my estate became due, I had advised with counsel, whether I might not fell timber to raise that money, or part of it: and it was thought I might do it; for, first, that money was charged upon the estate, and might in reason

reason therefore perhaps be as well raised out of it this way as any other; especially if it be considered that the widow had wrested from me a large branch of the estate, and the great taxes were fallen upon me, both which tended to disable me, and were neither of them foreseen by my cousin. Secondly, it might be for the advantage of my successor as well as myself, not to venture the hazard of a forfeiture: for, though possibly I might not have incurred a forfeiture, or, if I had, Chancery might have relieved me upon payment of the money; yet Sir A. K. (an able Chancery-man) advised me not to depend upon that. And further, if the trustees, upon non-payment, had entered upon the estate, which was the least that could be; nobody can tell what the consequences might have been. And, thirdly, there lay no action of waste against me for felling timber; not from the heirs at law, because they had no immediate right after me; nor from my son, because there is an intermediate estate in trustees; nor from the trustees, because they have no inheritance, &c. Nevertheless, it was judged adviseable for me to make a present of 100 guineas apiece to Sir J. Ch.'s and Mr. W.'s ladies for their consent, lest under some pretence they might obtain an injunction against me. I submitted to this, though it was but a trick. I raised in Suffolk this way about 1400*l.* and I think not more, all charges deducted; and about 4 or 500*l.* afterwards in several woods; the rest I paid out of my own pocket. And now for my brother.

Just at that time when the timber lay ready to be carried off, he (for whom I had endured so much) exhibits a complaint against me in Chancery, serves the tenant at Finborough with ejectments; goes thither, and formally takes possession of the estate as if the entail had not been barred, and moves for an injunction, that the timber should not be stirred; just as if he intended to undo me, for the time of payment was near. And he contrived to serve me with the

the subpœna on the last day of the Term immediately preceding, that so I might not be able to get in my answer, the drawing of which required some time,- for the writings to be perused were at Shenton. But I used expedition, and stopped his mouth. He had been misled by ill people, which was no novelty; but it was a great charge to me; and he had been thrown back into prison again, by contracting new debts to lawyers, &c. had not I been compassionate, even to foolishness. After all this, I gave him 50*l. per annum*, and several considerable sums besides. Going to live at Chester, he died there of a bruise in his head, got by a fall, in 1694. During the time of his confinement it was said (but the thing is not very certain) that he married a woman, whose father was a prisoner likewise. However, he left no issue.

Whether my brother Tom was here in town before I came, or whether he followed me, I have really forgot; but I maintained him privately, and did some irksome things for him. I have not set down the particular sums he had of me in those days. Now I allow him 60*l. per annum*, beside his own annuity, and the many debts I have paid for him over and over, of which my accompts are witnesses. God forgive his follies, and the disturbances which he has occasioned to me! Other relations have been chargeable to me; but I shall not mention them after these two instances.

I shall here take an opportunity to say something more of my dear father; a man, from whose sobriety, regularity, and unexceptionable morals, some of his children might have transcribed better copies than they did. After the death of my cousin, he was not altogether pleased that I had the estate, because he had it not himself; but he had now a competence, upon which he might live comfortably without dependance, and more agreeably to his own desires; and this satisfaction I believe he enjoyed. He removed to Lichfield; died there March 10, 1691: and

and lies buried in the church of Shenstone, with his father, some of his children, and now his only and beloved wife, lately deceased, &c. I guess him to have been then about 57 years old [he was born Oct. 27, 1634]. He was a man of natural good parts, had the seeds of religion sowed in him early, and read one sort of books much, for the exercise of devotion. But, not having learning enough to enlarge his mind, and enable him to judge for himself, he became something obnoxious to prejudices, stinted himself in the use of his own judgment, which was naturally very strong and good, and seemed not so sensible of the force and obligation of reason. This I ascribe to the conversation he had in his younger years with the minister of a neighbouring parish, who was one of those canting zealots that make reason to be a species of impiety, and who infused such Presbyterian principles into his mind, as stuck by him to the last. Yet he never deserted the Church, where he used to be constantly; unless he did it after the Revolution (as it is called), when separate meetings became legal. He would sometimes be angry (and who is not?), but not to the prejudice of any body; and perhaps he was not so active to get, as the narrowness of his circumstances required. But, in the course of his almost incessant devotions, the integrity and inoffensiveness of his life and manners, and the care he took to behave himself soberly and virtuously, and to avoid all expences incompatible with his little income, he had scarce any equal. In one word, the want of learning was not his fault, but infelicity; and, take him altogether, he was the most conscientious and best man that ever came within my observation. My dear mother, I dare say, parted with him not without great regret. And that I may not separate the characters of them who always lived so faithfully and inseparably together, I shall add here, concerning her, what justice, as well as duty and affection,

obliges me to say. She was not only a singular good woman, but such an one as by her great care and ingenious management supplied many of my father's wants, and without which it would have been almost impossible for him to have brought up his children. She was in truth a help meet for him; and followed him Sept. 24, 1707 [she was born Dec. 27, 1628]. And they now together reap the fruits of their innocent and pious lives, as they formerly participated in the same difficulties and afflictions.

And now I shall only add two or three lines concerning myself, whom they have left behind to act out my part. May I act it as I ought; and make my exit not less innocently and piously than my parents have done before me!

In 1688, Nov. 10, I came to London. Here, after I had in good measure settled my affairs that winter, I took a prospect of all those toils and troubles that I had undergone in the long 30 years I had now lived, and began to thirst after repose and settlement. In order to this, it was become necessary that I should marry. And so, to omit here many things that might perhaps be entertaining, but can be of no great use, upon November the 26th, 1689, I was married to Mrs. Catherine Charlton, since that time my dearest wife; whose family and relations being known to my children as much as to myself, I shall add nothing as to them.

By her I have had these children: Charlton Wollaston, born Sept. 8, 1690; William, April 26, 1693; Francis, June 6, 1694; Catharine, July 18, 1695; Nicholas, July 30, 1696; Bethiah, Sept. 15, 1697; John, Dec. 21, 1698; Theophilus, Aug. 1, 1700 (he died Jan. 17 after); Anne, Sept. 9, 1702; Richard, Aug. 10, 1705 (who died the 11th of November following); Elizabeth, July 13, 1707.

God grant that all we who survive may be mutual and lasting comforts each to other!

WILLIAM WOLLASTON, *April* 15, 1709.

ANECDOTES OF

CHARLES GEORGE DEERING*, M. D.

Written by himself, in a Letter to a Friend.

(From a Manuscript in the Doctor's hand-writing, now in the Possession of James Dowland, *Esq.*)

Dear Mr. Bury, *July* 31, 1737.

You are by this time sensible that a false and malicious report being industriously blown about, that I was a Quack, had kept a Mountebank stage, and lived at the sign of the Urinal, has almost entirely frustrated your sincere intention of serving both this Town and me, in recommending me to your friends: such is the disposition of the major part of men, to lend more readily an ear to slander and detraction, than to praise and commendation; and what is worse, they will not only give credit to an ill report, without taking the least trouble to inquire whether it be true or false, though the consequence of its being believed should be ever so detrimental to the person injured, but eagerly go about to spread it. The sad experience of this, I have hitherto borne with the patience of a Stoic, and have endeavoured rather to convince the thinking part, of my ability in my profession, by the success of the charitable assistance which I have cheerfully given to the sick poor, than by a formal justification of my injured character. All, till this very day, to no purpose: in so much that I am quite at a loss what steps to take, to induce the good inhabitants of *Nottingham* to try whether I am capable of being useful to them or not. Could I but find out that secret, I should think it an ample satisfaction for my past hardships. But whither am I rambling? the confidence I have in your sincere friendship

* Otherwise *Dering*. He was a German by birth.

makes me thus trespass upon your patience; and you know that it is no small relief to an afflicted person, to tell his tale to a compassionate friend; which gives me hope you will excuse this my excursion. Now to the purpose. The odious reflections cast upon me laying also upon you an indirect charge, either of want of probity, in offering to impose upon the Town a person whose character is the reverse of what you have given out and he pretends to, or of extreme weakness, to espouse the interest of one whose character you are unacquainted with; I think it my duty both to you and myself to furnish you with some farther materials (besides what you know already of me) to clear yourself and me from all such malignant aspersions. In order to which, I need not be prolix in telling you, that, having passed through the several classes of the public school, performed my exercises at the Gymnasium of Hamburg, and acquainted myself with three or four of the living languages, I set out for Leyden in 1708, where, for the space of two years and an half, I diligently frequented both the public and private theoretical and practical lectures of Dr. Boerhaave and Albinus, the anatomical and chirurgical of Professor Raw, the chemical of Lettort, and I also attended the botanical in the Physic garden. I spent besides some time under the famous Ruysch at Amsterdam, where falling into acquaintance with an Holsatian Nobleman, I had an opportunity of visiting several parts of Europe with him in quality of a companion. At my return to Hamburg an offer was made to me, to enter into the service of the late Czar Peter Alexeiwitz, as Secretary to Baron Schack, Envoy Extraordinary to her late Majesty Queen Anne from that Prince; and being at the same time informed that that Nobleman employed a great part of his leisure time in chemical experiments, I gladly embraced the opportunity, and went on board of the Thomas and Elizabeth, an English Pink,

Pink, bound for London, 1713, the 10th of April, as you have seen by the passport of Mr. Wich, Envoy Extraordinary from Queen Anne to the Lower Saxon Circle. This post afforded me a great deal of leisure, which I employed partly in chemical trials, partly in reading such physical books as were only extant in the English tongue. I likewise went through several courses of experimental philosophy. Having continued in this station till the beginning of the year 1715, and finding the Baron was like to quit the service of the Czar, I also withdrew, and went to board with two persons who had the care of the education of a considerable number of gentlemen's sons. These, after a month or two, losing their assistant, entreated me to undertake that task, at least so long till they could get a person fitly qualified in my room. I accepted the province; and, upon their making me several offers and concessions which my predecessor had not enjoyed, I determined to continue with them some years. But hardly were six months elapsed, before I found myself in a decaying condition, occasioned by the smoak and steam of a neighbouring Soap-boiler, which did constantly annoy that part of the house where my chief confinement was. Wherefore, upon the kind invitation of a Russian gentleman, I went to lodge at the same house with him at Chelsea, where the great care which was taken for the recovery of my health introduced an intimacy which proved the unhappy foundation of a chain of adversities during almost the space of 15 years. My daily frequenting Salter's Coffee-House made me known to Sir John Cope, senior; who, finding that I was no stranger to the living languages, that I had seen the most considerable parts of Europe, and that I understood the best and most convenient method of travelling, thought me a proper person to conduct his grandson, a young gentleman near twenty years of age, in his travels; and, accordingly, offered me very honourable

nourable terms, which I accepted. We passed the winter season in the study of Puffendorf, Grotius, and History; and we were to begin our tour abroad in the spring following. However, notwithstanding it would have been greatly for my interest to have gone abroad according to the first agreement, on account of a greater salary I was to have during our stay abroad, I thought it my indispensable duty to hint to my young gentleman's father, that a progress into the most considerable parts of England would on many accounts be advisable, before he went abroad; and that, being first tolerably well acquainted with his own country, he would not only make a better figure in foreign parts, but it would also enable him to make a better use of his time, in only regarding such things as are worth most notice, being either not at all to be met with at home, or at least being managed to a better advantage abroad; with many other reasons, which to relate is foreign to my present purpose. This was so well relished, that, instead of setting out for France, we made the summer following a tour through Hampshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, and Warwickshire. Upon our return to London in the winter season, I soon discovered that this my candid way of acting had given time and opportunity to some persons who had my Lady's ear, and who, for some peculiar ends, were against the young gentleman's going abroad, to overset Sir John's measures, to my farther disadvantage; and, though not daring directly to oppose the thing, gained however so far upon her Ladyship, as to prevail with Sir John to send my young gentleman for a year to Cambridge. Sir John, not mistrusting anything, gave his assent, and afterwards told me of it, and withall that I should go with him. But when I told him that, not being of that University, I could not be with him in College as a tutor, he was surprized, and found he had artfully been led into a mistake against his intention;

and

and was pleased to say that, if I intended to accept of another pupil, he would procure me one which should be of more advantage to me than his son, till which time I should remain with him *in statu quo.* To enumerate the favours of this my generous Patron and his good Lady, for which I always shall retain the highest sense of gratitude, this is not a proper place. I proceed, therefore, to inform you, that a prospect of settling advantageously as a Physician at Chelsea, where at that time there was none, through the interest of that person who was afterwards my wife, made me entirely lay aside all thoughts of travelling in capacity of a governor of a young gentleman, resolve upon matrimony without regard to age, beauty, or fortune, and made me determine to go directly to France on account of Midwifery, and in my return to take my Doctor's degree at Leyden. Here the most valuable part of this scheme was irrecoverably destroyed by a private enemy; I mean, a gentlewoman who had for many years lived with the person I courted, who, finding her resolutely bent to alter her condition, made use of a very foul method to break off the match, in going to all the most valuable families in that town, and giving me the blackest character she could invent, to induce them to dissuade my wife from marrying. But so far was this step from proving effectual, that she, convinced that what was reported was false, it made her, unfortunately for us both, ten times more resolute than before. I now clearly foresaw that, unless I could by degrees drop the correspondence, having lost the only advantage I had reason to hope for in marrying that person, I must infallibly run myself into inextricable difficulties; to avoid which, I took lodgings near St. Paul's, that the distance of place might the better excuse less frequent visits, and that by letters I might endeavour to make her sensible of the great disadvantage too hasty an entrance into a matrimonial state would be

be attended with after the ill offices her friend had done me. But all was in vain; the very person who had worked all the mischief to prevent, was now gained over to plead in favour of matrimony, with promises to unsay all she had said to my detriment. This not being sufficient to get my assent, a Clergyman or two were employed of our joint acquaintance to persuade me. To be short, it was my ill fate to be teased into compliance. I was married in the beginning of November 1718; set out for Calais three days after, whence, in complaisance to one of my fellow travellers, who was going to take his Doctor's degree at Rheims, but could not pronounce the Latin very readily the foreign way, I went through Flanders to that University, where we both had our promotion in December; thence we went to Paris, where I applied myself to the art of midwifery; and, besides attending all the public courses of anatomy, I went through a private one at the Hôtel-Dieu, where I likewise went through a course of operations under Mr. Tibault, of whom I learned Lithotomy *ex professo*. I also frequented the hospital called the Quinzevingt, where I had Dr. Woolhouse's Instructions in the Distempers of the Eyes. Besides this, I had a room in the hospital called la Salpetriere, where having the opportunity of making my anatomical observation upon female bodies, I dissected there in private for several months during the summer of 1719. I went the botanical walks about Paris, and attended Dr. Jeussieu's lectures in the King's garden. I went through a course of chirurgical instruments, and with Mr. Se[illegible]au through a course of Bandages; and in August I returned to England by the way of Dieppe. Soon after a violent fever seized me at Chelsea, which brought me very low. After my recovery, not expecting any immediate encouragement there, I went to London. Some friends advised me to go to Bedford, where Dr. Brown, though a young gentleman, was said to have a design of leaving off business. I went, but found

found that the Doctor waited for the news of his nephew's death, who was in a deep consumption, but might probably linger on a good while yet. Not willing to interfere with Dr. Brown, I resolved to return to London; and my friends at Bedford promised to procure me Dr. Brown's interest, and give me timely notice of the Doctor's removal. In the mean time I took lodgings in Spitalfields, where I finished a small tract which I had begun to write for a friend; and though I did not directly seek business, having my eyes on Bedford, yet it so happened, towards the latter part of the year 1720, that several cases offered, which made me known, and procured me some encouragement; in so much, that when my Bedford friends sent me word of the vacancy, I was over-persuaded to stay where I was. About that part of London, viz. Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Stepney parish, I have always practised as a regular Physician, which many of the inhabitants can testify; and it is well known that I have been above thirteen years the slave of the poor of those parishes in midwifery*. I need say no more; for, from the year 1729, you yourself have known me by reputation, and afterwards personally. I leave out the rehearsal of the hard struggles I have had from time to time, through the indiscretion of my yoke-fellow. Mr. Guille and Mr. Du Pre have been sometimes eye-witnesses; but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Before I conclude, I cannot help discovering my surprize to hear that Dr. Plumptre is said to be the original author of this disadvantageous report. He never knew me abroad nor at home till the time when I had the opportunity of his conversation at the Exeter Exchange Coffee-house, at the time when I had the care of Sir John Cope's son. Many years are elapsed since, without having seen the Doc-

* During this period he became a Member of the Botanical Society established by Dr. Dillenius and Mr. Martyn, which subsisted from 1721 to 1726.

tor,

tor, or he me, though we have lived both in London; and it is to be questioned, were the Doctor to see me now, whether he would know me: wherefore I cannot but promise myself, from the Doctor's honour, that, when he is informed of his mistake, he will readily be inclined to rectify it.

And now, my good friend, I must ask your pardon for this long story, of which you may make what use you think proper. I am your most sincere humble servant, C. DEERING.

Thus far is literally in Dr. Deering's own words. What follows is stated also from good authority.

In 1736, Dr. Deering removed to Nottingham, under the recommendation of sir Hans Sloane; and was at first well received, and very successful in his treatment of the small pox, which disease was highly epidemical at that place soon after his arrival; but he incurred the censure of the faculty by his pretensions to a nostrum. In 1737 he published "An Account of an improved Method of treating the Small-pox, in a Letter to Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart."*

Dr. Deering shewed his attachment to botanical pursuits, by his assiduity in collecting such ample materials for his "Catalogue," in less than two years after settling at Nottingham. It was published under the title of "A Catalogue of Plants naturally growing and commonly cultivated in divers parts of England, more especially about Nottingham, &c. printed by George Ayscough, 1738 †," 8vo. The

* By this tract, it appears, that his medicine was of the antiphlogistic kind, and that he was one of the first who introduced the cool regimen.

† Mr. Dowland possesses the Author's interleaved copy of the work, with several corrections and a few additions by Dr. Deering, and some additions also by Mr. John Bird, apothecary at Mansfield. This Copy (besides the Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, Francis Lord Middleton, Mundy Thomas Masters, Esq. and the Mayor of Nottingham) has a printed "Occasional Dedication to William Griffiths, Esq. one of the Elder Lieutenants of his Majesty's Royal Navy."

arrangement

arrangement of this useful work is alphabetical, and the number of plants about 850. It might have been greatly enlarged and improved by the author, had he been endowed with some degree of prudence, or a happier temper; but, owing to the want of these, he very early lost the little interest which his character and success had at first gained. He was a man of great learning, and master of nine languages, ancient and modern. He would observe "that every little schoolmaster could maintain himself, which was more than he, with all his knowledge, could do." He had also a knowledge of designing, and was an ingenious mechanic. After his failure in the practice of medicine, his friends attempted several schemes to alleviate his necessities; but such was the pride of his spirit, that receiving half a guinea from Mrs. Turner, a Lincolnshire lady, who then boarded in Nottingham, by the hands of his landlord, the only answer he then made was, "If you had stabbed me to the heart I should have thanked you, but this I cannot bear." He lived but a short time after. Before his last illness his friends bought him an electrical machine, whereby he got a little money; and he was made an Ensign, Oct. 29, 1745, in a company of foot raised during the Rebellion, but this was only an expence to him. He used to say "all his helps hurt him, as being attended with more cost than profit."

He was afterwards employed in a way more agreeable to his genius and talents; being furnished with materials, and enabled, with the assistance of John Plumptre, esq. and others, to write "The History of Nottingham;" which, however, he did not live to publish. He had been troubled with the gout so early as in his 19th year; and in the latter stage of his life he suffered long confinements in this disease, and became asthmatical. Being at length reduced to a degree of poverty and dependence, which his spirit could not sustain, oppressed with calamity and

and complicated disease, he died April 12, 1749. He was then so poor that there was not a sufficiency to bury him, and the Corporation were about to take his few effects for that purpose, when Mr. George Ayscough, printer, and Mr. Thomas Willington, druggist, at Nottingham, administered as his principal creditors, and buried him genteelly in St. Peter's church-yard, opposite to the house where he had lived.

His "Nottinghamia Vetus et Nova," or History of Nottingham, was published by his administrators *, in 1751, 4to, embellished with 24 plates †.

He wrote a book on Heraldry, so far as is necessary for a Gentleman; a treatise, in Latin, "De Re obstetricariâ;" and several detached pieces in German, Latin, and English; but none of these have been printed. He left also a *Hortus Siccus* of the Plants in his "Catalogue;" and a volume of Paintings of the *Fungi*, by his own hand ‡.

* In the Proposals for this Work, dated July 17, 1750, the Editors say, "This Book, which will be not only very useful to the Inhabitants of this Town in general, but also very entertaining to the curious Stranger, is to be printed in Quarto, in London, on a good Demy Paper, as these Proposals are, in *Casland's* [*Caslon's*] Types, of the size of Dr. Stukeley's Antiquities." Mr. Dowland has a copy in Dr. Deering's hand-writing of an unpublished account of Nottingham, by an anonymous Author, frequently mentioned by the Doctor in his History of Nottingham. Mr. Dowland has also the original Drawing of *The Shepherd's Race*; an engraving of which was to have accompanied Dr. Deering's volume; and a small copy of which has been given in Throsby's Nottinghamshire. This relick of Antiquity was destroyed in consequence of the lordship of Sweinton having been inclosed by an Act of Parliament, about the year 1745.

† One of the most remarkable articles in this volume is, a complete description of that curious machine, the stocking-frame, invented upwards of two centuries ago by William Lee, M. A. of St. John's college, Cambridge, a native of Woodborough, near Nottingham. All the parts are separately and minutely described in the technical terms, and illustrated by two views of the whole, and by a large table, delineating with great accuracy every constituent part of the machine.

‡ Some part, if not the whole, of this collection, was purchased by the Hon. Rothwell Willoughby, who had been one of his benefactors when living, and inherited a portion of that taste which distinguished his family in the time of Mr. Ray.

LORD

CHIEF BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER IN SCOTLAND,
AND ONE OF THE BARONS OF THE EXCHEQUER IN ENGLAND
FOUNDER OF THE HOSPITAL AT FROLESWORTH



Engrav'd by James Basire

WILLIAM COLLINS Esq.r of GREENWICH in KENT,

LORD CHIEF BARON SMITH.

John Smith, Esq. of Gray's Inn, fourth son of Roger Smith, Esq. of Frolesworth in Leicestershire, was called to the degree of Serjeant at law, Oct. 1, 1700; made a Baron of the Exchequer June 18, 1702; appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Scotland, on the first institution of that Court, May 1, 1708; and Lord Chief Baron, April 7, 1709; which high station he filled with great credit till June 20, 1726, when he died, at Frolesworth *, of a dropsy, at the age of 70.

"He supported the character of a Judge with gravity, and great prudence, uprightness, and integrity; and had every thing that could be wished for, or desired, to render him great, beloved, and esteemed; and, having sat here ever since the commencement of the Union, admired by all for his great abilities and Judge-like qualities, he is now universally lamented in this country. He was in all respects an excellent person, and of a most unblemished reputation; and seemed to tread exactly in the footsteps of the late famous

* The houses of the two brothers still remain nearly in their original state, and are occupied by farmers. That in which Roger Smith, the eldest son, lived, bears marks of great antiquity. He was succeeded by a son of the same name, rector of Husbands Bosworth, where he resided; and he by his son Edward Smith, Esq. LL. D., who, on the death of his cousin Sir Edward Smith, of Edmundthorpe, Bart. in 1720, without issue had succeeded to the family property at Edmundthorpe; and died in 1762, aged 57, after having thirty years represented the County of Leicester in Parliament. His property at Frolesworth he settled, after marriage, on his wife Margaret, daughter of Edward Horsman, Esq. of Stretton, co. Rutland. This lady (who was also one of the coheirs of Gilbert Horsman, Esq. an eminent conveyancer) died in 1780, aged 72; and her property at Frolesworth is now enjoyed by William Collins, Esq. and Captain Goodwin Colquitt, of the Royal Navy, in right of his wife Catharine, sister of Mr. Collins; Mrs. Margaret Smith having devised the estate to them after the death of her sister Mrs. Horsman, which happened in January 1795.

Sir

Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England. He has endowed the Chapel, which he erected in this City at his own expence, for the use of those of the Communion of the Church of England who are well affected to his present Majesty and the Royal Family *; and left many other monuments besides, which will perpetuate his memory in this Nation †."

This gentleman was much attached to his native village: but the house he lived in has nothing remarkable about it, except its plain and humble appearance, which would bespeak it to have been always the residence of a farmer. Amongst many other acts, however, of charity and beneficence, he has raised in Frolesworth a monument to his fame, more durable than brass, and which will transmit his name to the remotest posterity, with the god-like character of having "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—By his last will, dated May 29, 1723, he directed his body to be buried in the most private manner wherever he might die; and gave his real estates, in trust, to his much esteemed friends, William Boothby, Esq. of Marston; and Edward Wigley, Esq. of Ullesthorpe, for the use of his grand-nephew Edward Smith, Esq. for life; and to his heirs male; in default, to other relations. He gave also annuities to several of his servants; and his personal estate in trust, to secure 1200*l.* to his nephew George Duke and Mary his wife, and their children; the residue among the children of his nephews Dowdswell and Colquitt, the daughters of his nephew Roger Smith, and others.

* Inscription in the Episcopal Chapel, at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh:—"This Chapel was erected in the year of our Lord 1722, at the sole expence of the Right Hon. John Smith, Lord Chief Baron of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer, for the performance of divine service according to the usage of the Church of England; who also endowed the same with the clear sum of Forty-pounds per annum for ever."—And in Maitland's History of Edinburgh, p. 168, is a copy of the deed of foundation of that Chapel, July 25, 1722.

† Extracted from a Letter written at Edinburgh in 1728.

By

By a codicil, dated July 3, 1725, the Chief Baron confirms the will; and appoints his kinsman Thomas Boothby, of Marston, Esq. to be executor in the room of his father, then deceased. He secures also the 1200*l.* to George and Mary Duke, and their children, out of his personal estate; "but so as to be in full discharge of what they or any of them may any ways claim, by way of trust or otherwise, out of any part of my estate; I having, in kindness to them, made good the losses which they must have sustained by the subscription of their Long Annuities into the South Sea Stock; and giving them this to make the 1200*l.* which was to be secured to them and their issue by their said marriage settlement." He directs also that, out of his personal estate, a sufficient fund shall be provided, for paying for ever to the minister officiating in his Chapel at Edinburgh 40*l.* yearly, clear of all taxes and reprizes, which, with that he had already provided for them, would be always sufficient maintenance for them.—"And my will and meaning also further is, that provision shall be made, out of my said personal estate, for the maintenance of four poor widows *of the communion of the Church of England*, who are constantly to attend on divine service at the Parish Church of Frolesworth, and who are the most proper objects of such a charity, by a yearly payment of 5*l.* apiece for them; for whom I design forthwith to build some houses of brick, and to be tiled, with a brew-house in common for them, each house to have a ground-room and a chamber over it; and the said houses are to be built upon that homestead at the towns-end at Frolesworth next the street, and now in the possession of Patience Heath, which I give for ever to that charity use. If it please God to determine my life before this is done, my will is, that my trustees and executors should see it done. The said widows are to be appointed by those who shall succeed me in my real estate, according to my will." Then, after several

several bequests to individuals, he adds, "What overplus there is, shall be applied in augmentation of my said charities to the said four poor women, or increasing their number, according as the amount thereof shall happen to be and allow *."

In 1795, when the estate devolved to the present owners, finding that there was still a considerable accumulation of the moneys of the charity unappropriated, they instantly suggested a plan for its farther improvement and extension; which, meeting with the approbation of the Trustees, and being sanctioned by the Court of Chancery, four more houses have been added (there being now 18); the site of the place encompassed with a wall; and the allowance to each widow increased from 12*l.* to 20*l.* a year.

I cannot refrain from expressing the satisfaction I experienced, on a view of the Hospital † in 1807, in observing the very neat manner in which the apartments are fitted up, and the apparent happiness of the aged widows; and it affords me a very high gratification to record, that the will of the Chief Baron has been treated with proper regard, and that the funds intended for benevolent purposes have been admirably well applied.

* The passenger's eye is attracted by the following couplet, which is inserted upon the wall of one of the houses:

"Who built this Alms-house neat, but void of state,
"Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate?" POPE.

"The Right Hon. John Smith, Esq.
Chief Baron of the Exchequer of Scotland,
and one of the Barons of the Exchequer
of England, ordered it by his will; and endowed it
for the maintenance of fourteen poor widows of
the communion of the Church of England. Four
of the houses were begun and finished by Edward
Wigley, M. D. and Thomas Boothby, Esq.
relations and executors of the said lord chief baron
Smith. The other ten were added and completed
by Thomas Boothby, esq surviving executor,
in the year of our Lord 1761."

† A view of this comfortable receptacle is given in the History of Leicestershire, vol. IV. p. 186, Plate XXVII.

MEMOIRS



Js Basire sculp

RICHARD RICHARDSON, M.D. & F.R.S.

[illegible]

[illegible]

MEMOIRS OF
RICHARD RICHARDSON, M. D.
OF NORTH BIERLEY, NEAR BRADFORD, IN THE WEST RIDING OF THE COUNTY OF YORK *.

Richard Richardson, of North Bierley, Esq. the grandfather of Dr. Richardson, was born at North Bierley, and baptized at Bradford the 22d of July 1604. He married Jane, second daughter of George Hopkinson, of Lofthouse, near Wakefield, Gent. sister to that learned and industrious Antiquary, Mr. John Hopkinson, of Lofthouse; of whose MS Collections, relating to the Antiquities of the County of York, forty volumes † are now preserved in the library of Miss Frances-Mary Richardson-Currer, at North Bierley, who is great, great, great, grand-daughter to his sister. About the same number of MS volumes of Mr. John Hopkinson's are now in the possession of John Henry Smyth, Esq. of Heath, near Wakefield, M. P. for the University of Cambridge, who is descended from one of the daughters of Richard Richardson and Jane Hopkinson.

This Richard Richardson died, at North Bierley, the 23d of April 1656; his wife died on the 19th of October 1662, and were both buried at Bradford. They had six sons and four daughters. Their third son, John Richardson, lived at Birks, in the parish of Bradford; married Anne, daughter of Mr. Robert Kent, of Cold Henley, near Wakefield; and had a daughter Anne, who married Mr. William Naylor, of Wakefield, by whom she had Charles Naylor, LL. D. Dean of Winchester, and Chancellor of Salisbury; who died unmarried at Winchester, and

* Compiled in 1815, by Mrs. Dorothy Richardson, of Gargrave.

† A list of the Contents of these Volumes will be given in p. 251. Many of them are valuable, and they will at least afford a proof of Mr. Hopkinson's indefatigable industry; especially when it is considered, that Mr. Smyth (as noticed above) has an equal number of Volumes in his possession.

was buried there, in the North aile in the nave of the Cathedral, under a grave-stone, upon which is the following inscription:

H. S. E.
Carolus Naylor,
Decanus Winton. 1739.

John Richardson married, secondly, Hannah, daughter of Mr. Thomas Sharp, of Bradford, and sister to John, Lord Archbishop of York, by whom he had issue two sons and three daughters.

John, their eldest son, baptized at Bradford Oct. 20, 1675, was successively, M. A. of Christ's College, Cambridge; Rector of Beeford, Prebendary of Wistow, Precentor and Canon Residentiary of the Church of York, and Archdeacon of Cleveland. He married Alathea, daughter and heir of —— Wardman, of Catfoss, in Holderness, but had no issue. He died at York, Oct. 28, 1735; and was buried in the Cathedral, where a monument is erected to his memory, with the following inscription:

H. I.
Johannes Richardson, A. M.
Bradfordiâ in hoc comitatu oriundus,
Coll. Christi apud Cant. alumnus;
Johanni Sharp, Archiep. Ebor.
per complures annos à sacris domesticis;
auctus simul Rectoriâ de Beeford,
et Prebendâ de Wistow:
quam in hâc Ecclesiâ Dignitatem
amplioribus posteà permutavit,
ad potiora Stalla evectus
Præcentoris et Archidiaconi de Cleveland;
in numerum tandem Canonicorum Residentiariorum
ascitus:
Vir pacificus, verecundus, simplex:
Hisce nominibus cum paucis celebrandus,
cum plerisque probis et piis quoad cætera laudandus,
familiaribus suis et amicis
ob admodum suavem à naturâ indolem,
moresque plane ingenuos,
non minus charus vixit quam desideratus decessit,
28 Oct. 1735, æt. 60.

The

The sixth son of Richard Richardson and Jane Hopkinson, Joseph Richardson, A. M. was born the 17th of March 1648; married Elizabeth, eldest daughter and one of the coheirs of John Peebles, of Dewsbury in the county of York, Esq. by whom he had two sons and four daughters. He was Rector of Dunsfold and Hambleton in Surrey; died the 18th of June 1742, and was buried at Dunsfold, where a monument is erected to his memory, with the following inscription:

M. S.
of Joseph Richardson, M. A.
son of Richard Richardson, of Bierley near York, Esq.
and Rector of this Parish;
where a constant residence of 62 years
rendered his life an amiable example
of innocence, enlivened with hospitality;
hospitality, tempered with prudence;
both endeared by an even cheerfulness;
piety, without preciseness;
humility, without meanness;
quietness, without indolence.
He died, universally lamented, June 18th 1742,
in the 94th year of his age.
Near him is interred Elizabeth his wife,
daughter and coheir of John Peebles, of Dewsbury, Esq.
equal to so worthy a husband;
whom she left in assurance of the state
where alone she can be more happy,
on the 9th day of October 1727, aged 72.

Their eldest son, Joseph Richardson, of Gray's Inn, was Barrister at Law; and from him the Richardsons of Findon Place, in Sussex, are descended. Their second daughter, Elizabeth, married Thomas Warton, B. D. Vicar of Basingstoke, in Hants, and Chobham, in Surrey, sometime Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry in Oxford. He died in 1745, leaving two sons and one daughter. Their eldest son, Joseph Warton, D. D. was born in the house of his maternal grandfather, and baptized at Dunsfold on the 22d of April 1722.

 On

On the 2d of August 1736 he was admitted on the foundation of Winchester College, under Dr. Sandby, having been for a short time at New College School. In September 1740, being superannuated, he was removed from Winchester, and commenced his residence as Commoner at Oriel College, Oxford. On taking his Bachelor's degree, for which he determined in Lent 1744, he was ordained on his father's curacy, and officiated in that church until February 1746, when he removed to the duty of Chelsea; leaving that Curacy, he for a few months discharged the Ministerial duties of Chawton and Doxford; returned to Basingstoke; and in 1747 he was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the Rectory of Wynslade, when he immediately married Miss Daman, of that neighbourhood, to whom he had been long attached; by her he had three sons and two daughters; she died the 5th of October 1772. In 1751 he attended his Patron the Duke of Bolton to France. In 1752 he was instituted to the living of Tunworth, on the presentation of the Jervoise family. In 1755 he was, on the resignation of the Rev. Samuel Speed, elected Second Master of Winchester School. On the 2d of May 1766 he was elected Head Master of Winchester School, succeeding Dr. Burton, who had resigned. In December 1773 he married, secondly, Miss Nicholas, daughter of Robert Nicholas, Esq. a descendant of Dr. Nicholas, formerly Warden of the College; but by her he had no issue. In 1780 he was made Prebendary of St. Paul's by Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, and within the year added the living of Chorley, in Hertfordshire, which he afterwards exchanged for Wickham. In 1788 the Bishop of Winchester presented him with a Prebend in that Cathedral; he also was presented to the Rectory of Easton, but was permitted by the Bishop, within that year, to exchange it for Upham. Sixty years had passed over his head before he had any benefice, except the small livings of Wynslade and Tun-

Tunworth, and he was near 70 before he enjoyed the remainder. On the 23d of July 1793 he retired from the Mastership of Winchester School to his Rectory of Wickham, carrying with him the love, admiration, and esteem, of the whole Wykehamical Society. He was presented by his Scholars with a most beautiful piece of plate, on which was engraven the following inscription:

Opt. ac desiderat.
J. Warton,
Hoc munus, utcunque
leve ac parvum,
non levi tamen amore,
ac ejus mansuetudinis
observantiâ,
D. D.
Wiccamici sui.

Dr. Warton died at Wickham, on the 23d of February 1800; and by his will ordered himself to be buried by his first wife, in the North aile of Winchester Cathedral.

Upon his grave-stone is the following inscription:

Here lie the remains
of the Rev. Joseph Warton, D. D.
late Master of Winchester College,
and Prebendary of this Cathedral,
who died Feb. 23, 1800, aged 78.

His eldest daughter's grave-stone joins the Doctor's; Mary, the wife of Colonel Morgan. His younger daughter, Charlotte-Elizabeth, married Mr. Jacob Hollest.

In 1786 Dr. Warton was visited by a most heavy affliction, the death of his second son, the Rev. Thomas Warton, Fellow of New College, Oxford, a man of high talents and superior information: he died of a lingering disorder, while sitting in his chair after dinner, in which situation he was found by his father, on his return from College prayers.

The following character of Dr. Warton appeared, after his death, written by a friend who deeply felt the loss of such a companion:

"On

"On Sunday morning early died, in the 78th year of his age, at Wickham, in Hampshire, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton, Rector of that Parish, Prebendary of Winchester, &c. The erudition and critical talents of this eminently literary character, have been universally acknowledged during the last half century. But these qualities, however great in themselves, were as nothing when compared to the virtues of his mind. His incomparable temper, generous benevolence, and social accomplishments, must for ever endear him, both as a man and a Christian, to the memory of his very numerous and surviving friends."

Dr. Warton edited the Works of Dryden and Pope. His Biographical Memoirs were published by the Rev. John Wooll *, A. M. in 1806, in which are a number of the Doctor's Poems, &c.

In the Cathedral at Winchester is a most beautiful monument of statuary marble, executed by Flaxman, which was put up by subscription of the Doctor's Scholars, and upon which is the following inscription:

H. S. E.
Josephus Warton, S. T. P.
hujus Ecclesiæ
Prebendarius:
Scholæ Wintoniensis
per annos ferè triginta
Informator,
Poeta fervidus, facilis, expolitus;
Criticus eruditus, perspicax, elegans.
Obiit XXIII Feb. MDCCC.
ætat. LXXVIII.
Hoc qualecunque
Pietatis monumentum,
Præceptori optimo,
desideratissimo,
Wiccamici sui
P. C.

* Now D. D. and Head Master of Rugby School.

The

The Rev. Thomas Warton, younger brother to Dr. Warton, was Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, B. D. Professor of Poetry in that University, Poet-Laureat, and Author of the History of English Poetry. Several of his Poems are in print. He died unmarried in Trinity College; and his gravestone, in the anti-chapel, is thus inscribed:

Thomas Warton, S. T. B. et S. A. S.
hujus Collegii Socius,
Ecclesiæ de Cuddington,
in com. Oxon. Rector,
Poetices iterùm Prælector,
Historices Prælector Camden.
Poeta-Laureatus.
Obiit 21[mo] die Maii,
anno Dom. 1790, ætatis 63.

Mary, eldest daughter of Joseph Richardson and Elizabeth Peebles, married John Churchar, of Medhurst, in Sussex, Gent.; she lived to the age of above ninety-five, but died without issue. Anne, younger daughter of Joseph Richardson, married John Payne, of Milford, in Surrey, Gent.; she lived to the age of above ninety, but also died without issue. They were aunts to the two learned brothers, Dr. Joseph and Mr. Thomas Warton.

The father of Dr. Richard Richardson was William Richardson, Esq. of North Bierley, baptized at Bradford, the 15th of October 1629; married at Elland, in the Parish of Halifax, the 2d of August 1659, to Susannah, daughter of Gilbert Savile, of Greetland, in that parish, Gent.; they had two sons and one daughter. He died the 26th of June 1667, and was buried at Bradford.

Richard Richardson, of North Bierley, M. D. his son and heir, was born at North Bierley the 6th of September 1663, baptized at Bradford the 24th of that month. His father dying intestate, though he possessed very considerable landed estates, his personal assets not being quite equal to his debts, his youngest son and daughter were totally unprovided

vided for. Their mother, whose exemplary character is still recorded by her descendants, brought them up with great care; her eldest son, Richard, when quite a boy, requested her to educate his brother and sister at his expence, in a manner suitable to their situation in life, and as soon as he became of age settled upon them ample fortunes. His brother William Richardson settled at High-Fernley, in the parish of Birstal; and married Mary, daughter and heiress of John Kirshaw, of Hoyle House, in the parish of Birstal, merchant: by her he had two sons, John and Richard, who both died unmarried, and one daughter, Martha, married to Edward Iveson, Esq. of Black Bank, in the parish of Leeds, from whom the present family are descended. She possessed her mother's fortune; but High-Fernley being purchased by the fortune his elder brother presented him with, William Richardson, by his will, in case his sons died unmarried, bequeathed it to the eldest son of his brother, as a mark of his gratitude; and it is now in the possession of Miss Frances-Mary Richardson-Currer.

Jane, sister of Dr. Richardson, married Edward Ferrand, of Harden-Beck, in the parish of Bingley, Esq. from whom the present Edward Ferrand, Esq. of St. Ives, in the same parish, is descended.

Dr. Richard Richardson was educated at Bradford school, and from thence entered at University College, Oxford. After taking his Bachelor of Physic's degree, and in part of the interval before he took his Doctor's degree in that University *, he studied at Leyden, where he resided three years in the house of Paul Hermann, the eminent Botanical Professor, and was contemporary with the celebrated Boerhaave, where a friendship commenced, which lasted their lives.

* As Dr. Richardson's name does not appear among the Oxford Graduates, he possibly took only his Bachelor's degree there, and completed his Doctorate at Leyden. But I have been told by my Father and his oldest brother, that their Father, Dr. Richard Richardson, took his Doctor of Physic's degree at Oxford. D. R.

His

His botanical pursuits commenced about the year 1657. He was elected F. R. S. in 1712; and was in the Commission of the Peace for the West Riding of the County of York.

He married, first, Sarah, sole daughter and heir apparent of John Crossley, of Kirshaw House, in the parish of Halifax, Esq. who, with her infant son, died in 1702; and they were both buried at Bradford. His second wife was Dorothy, second daughter of Henry Currer, Esq. of Kildwick, in Craven, born there May 20, 1687, married there December 27, 1705, died there January 5, 1763; and was buried at Cleck-Heaton chapel, in the parish of Birstal. By her he had twelve children, seven of whom survived him, of whom below.

He died at Bierley, the 21st of April 1741; and was buried at Cleck-Heaton chapel, where an elegant monument erected to his memory by his second son, William Richardson, M. D. is thus inscribed:

M. S.
Richardi Richardson, M. D. R. S. S.
Rerum naturas investigando,
veterum monumenta perscrutando,
apprimè sciens,
ille artem medicam summâ cum facilitate,
summâ etiam liberalitate,
exercuit,
miro animi candore,
singulari morum suavitate,
illibatâ pectoris fide
spectatissimus.
Vixit annos LXXVII;
decessit A. C. MDCCXLI.

The three following Epitaphs have been put up in the Chapel at Cleck-Heaton, by Miss Frances-Mary Richardson-Currer; the two first of them are on the same monument:

Sacred to the memory of
Richard Richardson, of Bierley, Esq.
eldest son of Richard Richardson, Esq. M. D.

and

and of Dorothy, his second wife;
who was the second daughter of Henry Currer,
of Kildwick Hall, in Craven, Esq.
He was born Sept. 26, 1708; married Feb. 13, 1750,
to Dorothy, only daughter and heiress of
William Smallshaw, of Bolton in the Moors, Esq.
by Mary, daughter of John Starkie,
of Huntroyd, in the County of Lancaster, Esq.
He died January 30, 1781, S. P. aged 73.
He was respected for his attainments as a scholar,
and beloved for the peculiar sweetness of his temper.

Here also rests, in humble hope of a blessed Immortality,
through the merits of her Saviour,
Dorothy Richardson, his widow,
She was born in 1725; died Nov. 27, 1798, aged 73.
Pious, humble, and charitable;
her memory will be long venerated by those
who were assisted by her active kindness,
or benefited by her Christian example.

"*I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.*" Revelations, XIV. 37.

Near this place are deposited
the mortal remains of
William Richardson of Ripon, Esq. M. D.
He was born Feb. 22, 1709-10;
died unmarried at Ripon, 1783.
He was successful in his profession,
of strict integrity; kind to the poor,
and irreproachable in all the relations of life.
His benevolence and meekness of temper
made him beloved in life, and lamented in death.
Above all, he feared God; and, in him,
true faith was accompanied by
Christian obedience.

"*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.*" Psalm XXXVII, 37.

The

The following character appeared in the York Newspaper in April 1741:

"On Tuesday last week died, in an advanced age, at his seat at Bierley, near Bradford, in this county, Richard Richardson, Esq. M. D. and F. R. S. He was a gentleman well skilled, and eminently charitable, in the practice of physic; an admired botanist, having the best collection of native and foreign plants in the North of England: highly accomplished in polite literature; and, with the possession of a plentiful fortune, he enjoyed all the qualities necessary to distinguish the good Christian, the friendly neighbour, and the fine gentleman *."

* I cannot resist the temptation of introducing in this place a very just compliment paid to the memory of Dr. Richardson, nearly 50 years after his death, by Dr. Richard Pulteney, a Physician of congenial talents:

"Among those whom Dillenius has recorded in the Preface to the third edition of 'Ray's Synopsis,' and in his 'Historia Muscorum,' as having amplified English Botany, the names of the Sherards, and of Dr. Richardson, obtain a superior distinction. The merit of Dr. Richardson, both from his undoubted skill in the science, and his well-known patronage of those who cherished it, demand a more particular commemoration than I am able to give; since I am unacquainted with any further circumstances relating to him, than that he was educated a Physician, and lived at North Bierley in Yorkshire. There he resided upon his own estate, which was ample enough to render the practice of Physic totally unnecessary to his well-being, from any lucrative views. He had travelled into various parts of England, for the investigation of Plants; and had been successful in his tour into Wales, having more especially made discoveries in the *Cryptogamia* class. His Garden was well stored with Exotics, and with a curious collection of English Plants. He was happily situated to favour his possession of the latter, with which his store was replenished from time to time by the assistance of Samuel Brewer and Thomas Knowlton, both instances of strong attachment to Botanical pursuits, and both resident in the same County.—Dr. Richardson lived in intimacy and correspondence with Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Dillenius, and other celebrated Botanists of his time—I do not find that he published on his favourite amusement; but his name occurs frequently in the Philosophical Transactions." Botanical Sketches, 1790, vol. II. p. 185. J. N.

Cleck-

Cleck-Heaton, otherwise White-chapel, after lying in ruins for a great number of years, was re-edified by Dr. Richardson, who ordered himself to be buried there; the family burial-place having been for several generations in Bradford church. Among the ruins was found a stone, inscribed, "This is the Old White Chapel in the North," and which is now over the large South door. From this circumstance, and there being a very antient yew-tree in the chapel yard, Archbishop Sharp was so certain that it had been formerly consecrated, that he declined a second consecration: it has had the Queen's bounty, and the presentation is in the heir of the Bierley estate, to whom the chapel-yard belongs; and no one is buried there without leave being asked, but this is never refused.

Dr. Richardson, in private life, was an exemplary son, husband, and father; his mother always resided with him; she died at Bierley, the 6th of October 1708, and was buried at Bradford.

Although a very scientific Botanist, Dr. Richardson never published any thing upon that subject, or left MSS. of any consequence *; his discoveries he

* The two following specimens of Dr. Richardson's skilful attention to botanical pursuits remain in Miss Currer's possession:

"Deliciæ Hortenses; sive, Horti Ricardsoniani Index alphabeticus; quô Plantæ omnes quotquot hactenùs horti sui fuere alumnæ, tam Insulæ hujus spontaneæ, quam aliundè delatæ, fideliter in ordinem reducuntur; curâ et studio R. R. M. D. 1696."

"Index Horti Bierleiensis; Plantas tam Britannicas notabiliores quam Exoticas complectens, juxta Raii methodum dispositas. A. C. 1737."

To the "Deliciæ Hortenses," which are carefully prepared for the press, is prefixed the following Address to the Reader:

"Septennium est, et quod excurrit (Lector benevole) ex quo Plantarum culturæ borealibus hisce plagis sedulò animum collocavi; quo autem eventu, sequens Catalogus te abundè satisfaciet, horis tantùm subsecivis exaratus, quo brumalium noctium tedium honestius et jucundius fallerem. Pauca enim te monitum voluit author (L. C.) quid hâc in re præstitit Nomina Plantarum Caspari Bauhini et fratris Johannis, omnibus ferè botanophyllis recepta,

communicated to his botanical friends, and his name frequently appears in their works.

The following Papers in the Philosophical Transactions were written by him:

On Subterraneous Trees, or Fossil Wood, at Youlé, near York; No. 128, p. 526, Abridgement, vol. IV. p. 162.

Several Observations in Natural History, made at North Bierley, in Yorkshire, on the Trouts of the Welch Lakes, the Ermine, &c.; No. 337, art. 18, p. 167, Abridgement, vol. VI. p. 45.

An Account of a wonderful Fall of Water from a Spout on the Moors, in Lancashire; No. 363, p. 1097, Abridgement, vol. VI. p. 440.

cepta, plerúmque assecutus fuit, etiamsi rei Botanicæ principiis minùs consentanea. Qui autem nomina Synonyma cupit, Caspari Bauhini Pinacem, Roberti Morisonii et Johannis Raii Historiam Universalem consulat. Methodum alphabeticum secutus fuit, ut Plantarum nomina faciliori negotio, et primo quasi intuitu, reperiet in rebus Botanicis minùs versatus. Plantas autem rariores omnibus authoribus adhuc intactas, tam seminibus enatas, quàm amicorum benevolentiâ acceptas, idoneis nominibus secundum naturæ ductum insignivit, quarum non paucis hoc suum opus concinnavit. Plantas ubique occurrentes in totum omisit, nisi varietate aliqua singulari insignitas; hujus autem Insulæ rarioribus præponitur asteriscus, et aversâ paginâ loca natalia indicantur. Quærat forsan curiosus cur tot plantarum nomina ex catalogo Horti Lugd. Batav. in nostrum transtulerim. Sciat autem me per triennium in ædibus clarissimi Hermanni non sine magno meo commodo et voluptate commorâsse, quo tempore hortos Batavorum instructissimos sæpiùs perlustravi, semina et etiam plantas rariores, tam pretio quam favore, ab hortulanis redemi: mihi tandem in Angliam redeunti, non tantùm ex horto Academico, sed etiam ex privato quæcunque desideravi quàm humanissimè concessit clarissimus Professor; quo magno stirpium rariorum thesauro hortulum nostrum ditavi. Hisce autem non contentus, magnam Angliæ partem, plantarum investigandi gratia, repetitis itineribus peragravi, rariores locis suis spontaneis eradicavi, ut horto nostro essent ornamento. Per Cambriæ montosa doctissimo Lhwidio iter feci, ut plantas à se observatas jucundo sanè spectaculo colligerem. Hisce principiis et aliorum amicorum auxiliis instructus, hortulus noster in tam immensam tandem crevit molem, ut solo et cœlo adeò parùm favente, locum instructiorem nunquam inspexisse, absque jactantiâ audacter asserere queam."

Concerning

Concerning the Voraciousness of the *Squilla Aquæ dulcis*, in destroying the young Fry of Carp and Tench in Ponds; No. 433, p. 331, Abridgement, vol. VII. p. 660.

A Case, from Mr. William Wright, Surgeon of Bradford, concerning a large Piece of the Thigh-bone ($5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long) taken out, and its place supplied by a Callus.

Dr. Richardson was the intimate Friend of Sir Hans Sloane, and of Boerhaave; and corresponded with many other highly-distinguished characters.

Although many years older, a similarity of pursuits connected him with the late John Blackburn, Esq. of Orford, in the county of Lancaster, grandfather to the present John Blackburn, Esq. Member of Parliament for that county. Mr. Blackburn built the first hot-house in the North of England, and it is recorded by his descendants that he first brought the pine plant into the kingdom. Immediately upon his hot-house being finished, his workmen built one for Dr. Richardson at Bierley. There is now standing, in good health, at Bierley (although within the last fifty years some of the very large lower branches have been torn off by heavy snows), perhaps one of the finest and oldest cedars of Libanus in the kingdom; the trunk, at some distance from the ground, measured, in 1812, twelve feet eight inches in circumference*. This (but the year is not known) was sent, when very young, by Sir Hans Sloane, to Dr. Richardson, who had it planted in a garden-pot, where it remained some years; but, finding whatever strength it gained in summer, it lost by being put into the green-house in winter, Dr. Richardson, tired with nursing it, ordered a large hole to be made in the corner of his flower-

* In January 1816, this Cedar was measured by the order of Miss F. M. Richardson Currer. At the bottom, near the ground, the circumference was 12 feet, 4 inches; at the top of the solid trunk, 12 feet, 9 inches; in height to where the tree begins to branch out, 14 feet. D. R.

garden,

garden, at a little distance from the front of his house, and to be filled with very good earth, in which the cedar was planted, and still remains.

Among his principal Correspondents on the subjects of Botany and Natural History (to take them in the order of time in which they flourished) were, Willoughby[1], Ray[2], Bobart[3], ‡ Uvedale, Petiver[4], ‡ Sloane, ‡ Lhwyd, ‡ Leigh, ‡ Morton, ‡ Knowlton, ‡ Consul Sherard, ‡ Dr. James Sherard, ‡ Dillenius, ‡ Brewer, ‡ Short, ‡ Rand, ‡ Miller, ‡ Blackstone, and Blackburn[5]. — To these may be added, the ‡ Earl of Derby, ‡ Lord Petre, ‡ Buddle, Chambers[6], Galbreath, ‡ Rev. T. Petre, Pashley[7], Sutherland[8], Vernon[9], and Wood[10].

Among his Antiquarian and Classical Correspondents were, ‡ Mr. Robert Baynes, ‡ Dr. Arthur Charlett, ‡ Dr. Francis Drake, ‡ Mr. Marmaduke Fothergill, honest ‡ Tom Hearne, ‡ Dr. Richard Frewin, Rev. Richard Rauthmell[11], and ‡ Rev. Ralph Thoresby.

With all these eminent persons Dr. Richardson was in the regular habit of corresponding; and many Letters from most of them are still in the possession of Miss Currer[12].

[1] Francis Willoughby, the celebrated Ornithologist.

[2] Of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 144; and Pulteney's "Botanical Sketches," vol. I. pp. 236—270.

[3] Pulteney, pp. 295—311.

‡ Of all the names thus marked, some farther notice will be taken hereafter.

[4] Pulteney, vol. II. p. 31.

[5] See before, p. 238.

[6] Dr. Chambers, a Physician resident at Hull.

[7] Mr. William Pashley, a noted Florist.

[8] Mr. James Sutherland, Professor of Botany at Edinburgh.

[9] Of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

[10] Of Edinburgh; a good Botanist.

[11] Of Browsholme in Bolland.

[12] By the liberality of that worthy lady, a good Portrait of Dr. Richardson accompanies this Memoir; and extracts from the Letters of many of his Correspondents will be given in the subsequent pages. Those from the *more antient Botanists*, conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, I have not ventured to abridge.

Dr.

Dr. Richardson's medical practice was very extensive, and employed most of his time, except what he spared in writing to his numerous Correspondents, taking botanic excursions, and more especially in the culture of his flower-garden, hot-house, and green-house.

He had an excellent wife, who managed all his domestic concerns. Their children were,

1. William; born 1706, died 1707.

2. Richard Richardson, Esq. of Bierley, born there the 26th of September 1708. He was educated at Bradford school; afterwards of Brazenose College, Oxford, in which University he took his Bachelor's Degree in Physic. He studied under Boerhaave * at Leyden †; but never practised Physic (though he was eminently skilful) except among his tenants and poor neighbours, for whose use he kept all necessary drugs. He was Deputy Lieutenant, and in the Commission of the Peace for the West Riding of the county of York. On the 13th of February 1750, at Bolton in the Moors, in the county of Lancaster, he married Dorothy, daughter and heiress of William Smallshaw, of that place, Gent. by whom he had no issue. She died, at Lancelot Iveson's, Esq. at Black Bank, the 27th of November 1798; and was buried at Cleck-Heaton Chapel.

He died at Bierley the 30th of January 1781; and was buried at Cleck-Heaton Chapel. He was a man of most amiable manners and scientific taste, purchased a very valuable Collection of Pictures by

* See several Letters to him from his Father, p. 257.

† He quitted Leyden with the following handsome testimonial: "Richardus Richardsonus, Britannus, eximii patris egregius filius, decursu trium annorum in Academiâ nostra, insignia dedit virtutis, diligentiæ, & eruditionis præclaræ, documenta. Ita quidem, ut discedens sui desiderium reliquerit, omnibusque spem fecerit maximam bonorum, quæ ab felici ingenio, sapientissime exculto, in Artem Medicam redundare queant. Faxit Deus diù incolumem qui tanto tempore singulari curâ observatus, probatus fuit. H. Boerhaave; *Leydæ, Sept.* 25, 1733."

the

the first Masters*; also of Coins; and made large additions to his father's Library, which was rich in Botany and Natural History, and to which he added Classics and Prints, all which are now in the possession of his great niece, Miss Currer.

With several of his Father's old Friends Mr. Richardson continued to correspond; and I have now before me Letters addressed to him principally

* List of the finest Pictures in the Collection formed by the late Richard Richardson, Esq. at Bierley Hall.

A Holy Family. Raeffaele d' Urbino. Was an Altar-piece belonging to a Convent abroad, and is in the original carved frame.

St. John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness. Guido.

Landscape with Figures. "Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou the master any further?" Mark v. 35. Francisco Meilly. Has been engraved. In the engraving it is said to be from St. John, iv. 4–6; but the countenance of the father is certainly expressive of grief, rather than of joy.

Landscape. Lambert. Has been engraved.

Landscape. Nicholas Poussin.

Cymon and Iphigenia. Rubens. Probably one of the finest Cabinet Pictures of this master in existence.

Landscape. Ruins; and an Angel appearing to St. Jerome. Gobbo Carrachi. The Figures by Annibal Carrachi.

A Christian Vessel boarded by the Turks. Pietro da Cortona.

The Martyrdom of St. Justina. Paul Veronese. This is said to be the original sketch of the celebrated Picture at St. Mark's, Venice.

Holy Family, with a Dance of Angels. Has been engraved. Vandyke.

Dutch Boors drinking. Jan Stein.

Midas, Bacchus, and Silenus. Domenichino.

Landscape with lightning. Gaspar Poussin.

Landscape. Nicholas Poussin.

Cattle in Landscape. Vambloom.

Horses standing at a Blacksmith's door. Huysman.

Inside of a Church at Antwerp. Steenwick.

Old Man's Head; reading by candlelight. Schalken.

Landscape. Both.

Shipwreck. Vandervelde.

The Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. Lucca Giordano.

A Fresh Gale. Peeters.

A Sea Piece, Moonlight; a Ship on Fire. Backhuysen.

The Duchess of Portsmouth, half length. Sir Peter Lely. Is now engraving for Mr. Lodge's "Portraits of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain."

on subjects of taste, from Dr. John Bedford of Durham, Dr. John Burton of York, Mr. Angel Carmey, Dr. Hird, Physician at Leeds, Dr. Cyril Jackson of Halifax, Mr. Gerard Vandergucht, the Rev. John Watson, and Mr. Thomas Wilson*.

The following character appeared in the Provincial Newspapers:

"Tuesday last, died, at Bierley, in the 73d year of his age, Richard Richardson, Esq. a gentleman highly esteemed for his sweetness of temper, and his refined taste in the polite arts."

3. William Richardson, M. D. was born at Bierley the 22d of February 1709; and educated at Bradford School, from whence he removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor and Doctor of Physic's degrees†; and along with his elder brother, studied under Boerhaave at Leyden. He settled at Ripon in the county of York, where he was in extensive practice, until bad health obliged him to decline his profession in the prime of life. He was universally beloved and respected by a very numerous acquaintance, and inherited his father's taste for botany and natural history. He wrote two Papers in the Philosophical Transactions: An Essay on the Force of Percussion, vol. LVIII. p. 17, Abridgment, vol. XII. p. 498. Observations on the Aphides of Linnæus, vol. LXI. p. 182, Abridgment, vol. XIII. p. 120.

At the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the family estates; but his brother's widow choosing to remain at Bierley, he continued to live at Ripon, and died there unmarried, the 23rd of July 1783, and was buried at Cleck-Heaton chapel.

4. The Rev. Henry Richardson, M. A. born at Bierley the 24th of March 1710, was educated at Bradford school, from thence removed to University

* Some of these shall be noticed hereafter.

† M. B. there, 1736; M. D. 1741.

College,

College, Oxford, where he took his degree of A.M. in 1736. He was Rector of Thornton in Craven, upon the presentation of Sir John Lister Kaye, his brother-in-law. On the 2d of December 1747, he married, at Oldham in the county of Lancaster, Mary, daughter and heiress of Benjamin Dawson, merchant, of that place; by whom he had two sons, and two daughters, of whom below. She died at Gargrave in Craven, the 3rd of April 1800, aged 82, and was buried at Thornton, near her husband, who died there March 27, 1778.

A very handsome monument is erected to their memories, on which is this inscription:

Here, waiting for a joyful Resurrection,
are deposited the remains
of the Rev. Henry Richardson, A. M.
the exemplary Rector of this Church
for above forty-two years.
He was third surviving son
of Richard Richardson, of Bierley, M. D.
and Dorothy, daughter of Henry Currer, of Kildwick, Esq.;
was born the 24th of March 1710;
married on the 2d of December, 1747,
to Mary daughter and heir of Benjamin Dawson,
of Oldham, in the county of Lancaster, merchant;
by whom he had issue
Richard, who died at Lisbon, unmarried,
on the 24th of May 1782, and is buried there.
Henry, his successor in the Rectory of Thornton;
Dorothy, now living unmarried,
and Mary, the wife of the Rev. William Roundell, A. M.
of Gledstone House, by whom she has issue.
He died on the 27th of March 1778,
sincerely regretted.
Near this place also rests the body
of his widow, Mary Richardson;
who was born the 8th of October 1717,
and closed a long, useful, and pious life,
at Gargrave, on the 3d of April 1800.
Their grand-daughter Frances-Mary Richardson-Currer
dedicates this memorial to their memories.

 Mr.

Mr. Henry Richardson was a very excellent Parish Priest, a kind husband and father; and inherited his father's taste, as a Florist, and for Natural History.

5. John, died an infant.

6. John Richardson, Esq. born at Bierley the 12th of November, 1721. He was brought up a Solicitor; and lived in Furnival's, and afterwards in Lincoln's Inn, London. His taste was for Topography and Heraldry; and his Collection of MS Pedigrees is voluminous *. He assumed the surname of Currer,

* John Richardson, who took the name of Currer *only*, died unmarried. Upon his death, the Rev. Henry Richardson, Rector of Thornton, his nephew, succeeded, under the intail made by Sarah Currer, to all the estates belonging to her, upon which he took the name of Currer *only*. John Currer left his acquired estates, and his personal property, to his nephew, the Rev. Henry Richardson, upon certain conditions; which he, dying soon after his uncle, did not comply with; in default of which, he bequeathed his acquired estates and personals to his great-nephew, William-Hartley Roundell, the second son of the Rev. William Roundell, of Gledstone House; and Mary, his wife, younger daughter of the Rev. Henry Richardson senior, Rector of Thornton. William-Hartley Roundell was then in his infancy; but, by a decree of Chancery, he had the acquired and personal estates of his great uncle John Currer awarded to him, and thereupon took the name of Currer *only*. He was a Ward of Chancery; and his father, the Rev. William Roundell, appointed his guardian; who lent Dr. Whitaker the immense Collections of the late John Currer, before the Doctor compiled his "History of Craven." Mr. Roundell also gave to the Doctor the Plate of his Seat at Gledstone House in the first Edition, and the two Plates of it in the Second Edition —William-Hartley Currer dying soon after he became of age unmarried, the property of John Currer devolved according to the intail made by John Currer to his next brother (now the Rev.) Danson-Richardson Roundell, who also took the name of Currer *only*. He gave Dr. Whitaker the Engraving of the two Charters of high antiquity, belonging to Embsay and Bolton Priories, of which the originals are now in his possession. "Had John Currer not been prevented by death," says Dr. Whitaker, "he projected to digest and complete a History of Craven. This communication, however valuable on other accounts, was chiefly so because the Pedigrees of almost all the families in the district were completed down to the year 1773; by which means the dullest and most irksome part of a Topographer's labour was spared to the Publisher. In the same Collection were transcripts of Dodsworth's invaluable fragments, relating to Craven; and some excellent papers by the late J. C. Brooke, Esq.

Somerset

after the death of his mother's niece, Sarah Currer, who was heiress of that family. She died Feb. 27, 1759, aged 38; and, by will, left her estates at Kildwick and elsewhere to him for life, and to his male issue, on taking her surname; in default of issue, to the sons of his brother Henry in succession.

He died unmarried, at Paddington, in Middlesex, the 22d of June, 1784; and was buried in the North Chapel of Kildwick Church, with the following Epitaph, contributed by the very learned Historian of Craven to the memory of his benefactor and forerunner in that excellent publication:

H. S. E.
Johannes Richardson Currer, armiger,
hujusce Dominus Manerii,
in Societatem Antiquariorum Londinensium meritò cooptatus,
Patriarum ipse Antiquitatum peritissimus:
harum lautam satis et lectam coegerat supellectilem,
Historiam Cravenienseni, ni mors præpropera vetuisset,
in lucem editurus.

Somerset Herald, whose untimely end will long be deplored by every lover of English Antiquities. But he must not take leave of this accomplished family without the grateful remembrance of a lady and friend, whom abundant leisure, and extensive knowledge, have enabled to procure more information, than any other person on the subject of this Work, and whose good wishes for its success have allowed her to withhold no efforts which could promote it. This benefactress is Mrs. Dorothy Richardson." Thus far Dr. Whitaker in his First Edition. In the Second he adds, "Miss Currer, consistently with the general liberality of her conduct in the application of a large fortune, has contributed Plates of Eshton and Kildwick Halls. The Rev. William Roundell has kindly added an aquatinta engraving of Gledstone House; the Rev. William Carr, a beautiful view of the West front of the Abbey Church at Bolton: and Stephen Tempest, Esq. among other favours, a view of the new Front of Broughton Hall.—Mrs. Richardson has exerted her wonted activity and intelligence in collecting and communicating many particulars relating to the Caves in Craven, and to St. Helen's Crosses: while Mr. Carr, above mentioned, the unshaken friend of the author and his family, by diligent researches among the Evidences of the Cliffords at Londesborough, has brought to light by far the most numerous and valuable additions to this Volume.'

At

At neque tantæ spes in irritum cecidere,
et palma diù victa tandem reflorescit;
ineunte enim sæculo XIX,
melioribus auspiciis,
soluta historici denuò coalescunt membra
è cineribus rediviva.
Natus est apud Bierley Nov. XII. A. D. MDCCXXI,
denatus propè Londinum Jun. XXIV.
et in hoc Sacrario
II° Jul. A. D. MDCCLXXXIV.
sepultus*.

In the Choir.

Underneath lieth the body of Henry Currer, Esq.
who died January 19, 1723, aged 72.
He was a great proficient in the study of the Law;
but, allured by the charms of a private life,
retired to the place of his birth,
where he chose rather to employ the skill

* Thus the Epitaph stands on the monument; and thus it appears in the First Edition of Dr. Whitaker's "History of Craven." But, in the Second Edition of that History, it is introduced in a short but more classical form, with the following apology from Dr. Whitaker:

"Since the First Edition of this Work, a Monument has been erected by the present owner, inscribed with the epitaph contained in that Edition. It was, however, owing to the confusion and delay occasioned by the lamentable fire in Mr. Nichols's Printing-office, that the following, actually printed off and consumed on that occasion, was not adopted:

H · S · E ·
IOHANNES · RICHARDSON · CVRRER · ARM ·
HVIVSCE · DOMINVS · MANERII ·
RICARDI · RICHARDSON DE BIERLEY · VIRI · DOCTISSIMI · F ·
INDOLEM · FAVSTIS . SVB · PENETRALIBVS · NVTRITAM
STVDIO · VETVSTATIS ·
SODALITII · ANTIQVARIORVM · LONDINENSIVM ·
SOCIVS · PERCOLVIT ·
CRAVENAE · SVAE · HISTORIAM · MEDITANTI
INVIDIT · FATVM · A · C · MDCCLXXXIV ·
NEQVE · TAMEN · VTCVNQVE · VICTVRO · NOMINI · OFFECIT
NAMQVE · PALMA · DIV · VIETA ·
* VIVIDAE · VEGETAEQVE · INTEXTA · REVIRESCIT
A · C · MDCCCV ·

* Alluding to the History of Craven, published in that year, and deeply indebted to Mr. Currer's Collections.

he

he had acquired therein to the benefit of his country
in the dispensation of Justice on the Bench,
than to the improvement of his own fortune
in attendance at the Bar.
He excelled in all the relations of life;
in discharging the several obligations
of a loving Husband,
and affectionate Father,
of a sincere Friend and obliging Neighbour,
tenderly, discreetly, faithfully, and conscientiously.

By him lieth interred Margaret his first wife,
daughter of Abraham Fothergill, of London, Esq.
who died June 23, 1697, aged 32,
by whom he had issue three sons and seven daughters.
Haworth Currer, their only surviving son,
caused this monument to be erected
to their ever dear and honoured memories.

Near this place are also deposited the remains
of Haworth Currer, Esq. who, by Sarah,
the daughter of Tobiah Harvey, of Womersley, Esq.
left one son and one daughter.
After having supported the reputation of his family
in hospitality and the distribution of justice,
he exchanged this life, in hopes of a better,
the 13th day of April, 1744, in the 54th year of his age.

In the North Chapel of the Church,

Near this place, amongst the remains of his Ancestors,
Lords of this manor for many generations,
rests the body of Henry Currer, Esq.
whose liberality and benevolence,
during the few years that he spent at his family's seat,
were justly repaid by the general esteem
and affectionate regard of his neighbours.
He married Mary, one of the daughters and coheirs
of Richardson Farrand, of Harden, Esq.
and died, deservedly lamented,
on the 10th of March, 1756, aged 28.
To whose memory,
and that of Sarah Currer, his only sister and heiress,
who died on the 27th of February, 1759, aged 30,
John

John Currer, Esq. her Cousin and Devisee,
hath caused this monument to be erected,
as a memorial of her virtues, and an incitement
to her successors to imitate her most amiable example.

7. Thomas Richardson, born at Bierley the 3d of April 1724; died unmarried, at Hackney, in Middlesex, January 11, 1763; and was buried there.

Dorothy, Dr. Richardson's eldest daughter, born at Bierley June 16, 1712, was married at Wibsey Chapel, July 29, 1730, to Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart. being his second wife. She died at Gainforth, in the County of Durham, Sept. 15, 1772; and was buried by her husband at Flocton Chapel. By her he had several children. Her eldest, and only surviving son, Richard Kaye, LL. D. was born at Grange, near Wakefield, the 11th of August 1736. He was educated at Chesterfield School, and afterwards of Brazenose College, Oxford; and, during his residence there, he was elected a Vinerian scholar, after which he travelled into France and Italy. He was F. R. S. and F. S. A. and one of the Trustees of the British Museum. His first preferment was, on the presentation of the late Duke of Portland (his patron), to the living of Kirkby in Ashfield in Nottinghamshire. He was Sub-almoner; Prebendary of Southwell and Durham; in 1777 Archdeacon of Nottingham; in 1780 had the living of Marybone on the presentation of the Duke of Portland; and in 1783, upon resigning his Prebend of Durham, was appointed Dean of Lincoln. In 1789, on the death of his half-brother Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart. he succeeded to the title; but his brother left all his estates to his natural son John Lister Kaye, Esq. now Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart.

Sir Richard Kaye, late in life, married Helen daughter of Mr. Fenton, of the Glass house, near Leeds, and widow of ——— Mainwaring, Esq. of Lincoln. He died at Lincoln, without issue, December 25, 1809; and was buried in that Cathedral.

Dr.

Dr. Richardson's other daughters were,

2. Susannah, died an infant.

3. Margaret, born at Bierley the 22d of September 1714, died unmarried at Kildwick, the 13th of October 1764; and was buried there.

4. Another Susannah, } died infants.
5. Jane, }

1. Richard Richardson, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Henry Richardson, Rector of Thornton, was born there the 19th of January 1755; educated at Harrow, and from thence removed to University College, Oxford. He was Captain in Sir Thomas Egerton Baronet's Regiment of Royal Lancashire Volunteers; died at Lisbon, where he went for the recovery of his health, the 24th of May 1782; and was buried there in the Protestant burial-ground.

A cenotaph is erected to his memory in Cleck-Heaton chapel, with the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory
of Richard Richardson, Esq.
eldest son of the Rev. Henry Richardson, A. M.
Rector of Thornton in Craven,
who was the third surviving son of Richard Richardson,
of Bierley, M. D.
He was born the 19th of January 1755;
was Captain in Sir Thomas Egerton Bart's
Royal Lancashire Volunteers;
died unmarried, of a decline, at Lisbon,
sincerely and deservedly lamented,
on the 24th of May 1782;
and was interred there, in the Protestant burial ground.
This Cenotaph is erected
by Frances-Mary Richardson Currer,
the daughter and heiress of his younger brother,
the late Rev. Henry Richardson Currer,
Rector of Thornton in Craven.

2. Henry Richardson, M. A. born at Thornton the 2d of December 1758, was educated at Harrow, and from thence removed to University College, Oxford, in which University he took his degree. He was

was Rector of Thornton in Craven; and on the 3d of February 1783, married, at Gargrave, Margaret-Clive Wilson, only daughter and heiress of Matthew Wilson *, Esq. of Eshton Hall, by Frances, daughter of Richard Clive, Esq. of Styche, in the county of Salop, and sister to Robert Lord Clive. He died at Thornton, on the 10th of November 1784; and was buried

* To the memory of this gentleman and his family a monument at the East end of Gargrave Church is thus inscribed:
"*The Righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.*"
PSALM cxii. ver. 5.
Sacred to the memories
of Matthew Wilson, of Eshton Hall, Esq.
and Frances his wife, who was fourth daughter
of Richard Clive, Esq. of Styche in the county of Salop,
and M. P for Montgomery;
and sister to Robert, the first Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey.
She was born 12th of Feb. 1734; married the 7th of July, 1759;
and exchanged this mortal life for a blessed immortality,
on the 3d of October, 1798.
Her life was happy, for it was useful and pious;
and her death, although painful, was serene,
from a well-grounded hope of eternal glory, through the merits
of her Redeemer.
Matthew Wilson, Esq. was the eldest son of Matthew Wilson,
of Eshton Hall, Esq.
and Margaret his wife, who was the daughter of
Henry Wigglesworth, Esq. of Town Head.
He was born the 12th day of February, 1729;
and was called to the Bar in 1747.
After a life of integrity, and spent in the exercise of domestic
virtues,
he resigned this world in humble hope of obtaining an everlasting
inheritance, on the 16th of April, 1802.
Sacred also the memories of Matthew and Rebecca
their children,
who closed their innocent lives in early infancy.
Margaret Clive, the surviving daughter and heiress of Matthew Wilson, Esq. and Frances his wife, married, first, the Rev. Henry Richardson Currer, Rector of Thornton in Craven, by whom she has one daughter, Frances-Mary Richardson Currer; and, secondly, her first cousin Matthew Wilson, Esq. of London, second son of the Rev. Henry Wilson, Rector of Slaidburn, and Vicar of Otley; by whom she has issue.
This Marble is erected by Matthew Wilson, Esq.
and Margaret his wife,
as a memorial of their affection and respect."

buried there, where a very handsome monument is erected to his memory, by his only daughter and heiress, Miss Frances-Mary Richardson-Currer, the inscription on which is below.

A little time before his death, he took the name of Currer, added to his own surname, upon succeeding to the estate of Sarah Currer, after the death of his uncle, John Currer, Esq.

Sacred to the memory
of the Rev. Henry Richardson Currer,
Rector of Thornton in Craven, whose mortal remains
rest between those of his father and mother.
He was second son of the Rev. Henry Richardson, A. M.
by Mary, daughter and heiress of Benjamin Dawson,
of Oldham, in the county of Lancashire, merchant.
He was born December the 2d, 1758;
and married, February the 3d, 1783,
to Margaret Clive,
only surviving daughter and heiress of
Matthew Wilson Esq. of Eshton Hall,
by Frances fourth daughter of Richard Clive, Esq.
of Styche, in the County of Salop,
and M. P. for Montgomery.
At the age of twenty-four
he was inducted to the rectory of Thornton;
and was a short time in possession
of the family estates of the Richardsons and Currers.
Upon succeeding to the latter,
he took the name of Currer, in addition to his own,
pursuant to the will of his cousin, Sarah Currer.
In the relations of son, brother, and husband,
he was exemplary; and,
while universally and deservedly beloved and respected,
never lost sight of the deep humility of a Christian.
Doubly endeared to his Parishioners,
by his own, and the remembrance of his parent's virtues,
he was long and sincerely mourned by them,
and the many whose necessities his charity had relieved.
To the heartfelt grief of his widow, his family, and friends,
he closed his short, irreproachable life, Nov. 10, 1784,
setting a bright example of early piety,
and devout submission to will of God;

who

who called him,
from the fleeting and unsatisfactory enjoyments of time,
to the sure and glorious inheritance of immortal life,
purchased for him by the merits of his Redeemer.
Frances-Mary Richardson Currer, his posthumous daughter
and heiress, dedicates this marble to her father,
with filial reverence.

Margaret-Clive, widow of the Rev. Henry Richardson Currer, married, secondly, at Gargrave, on the 24th of November 1800, her own cousin Matthew Wilson, Esq. of Eshton Hall (in right of his wife), in the Commission of the Peace for the West Riding of the county of York, and for the County Palatine of Lancaster, and a Deputy Lieutenant; by whom she has two sons and three daughters.

Dorothy, the first daughter of the Rev. Henry Richardson and Mary Dawson, born the 3d of October 1748, is now living at Gargrave, unmarried.

Mary, the second daughter, born at Thornton the 3d of December, 1752, married there, on the 9th of January 1773, to the Rev. William Roundell, M. A. of Gledstone House, in Craven; by whom she has five surviving sons, and three daughters.

Frances-Mary Richardson-Currer, only daughter and heiress of the Rev. Henry Richardson-Currer, was born at Eshton Hall, the 3d of March 1785. She is in possession of both the *Richardson* and *Currer* estates; and inherits all the taste of the former family; having collected a very large and valuable Library, and also possessing a fine collection of Prints, Shells, and Fossils, in addition to what were collected by her great grandfather and great uncle.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON;
Gargrave, Dec. 23, 1815.

CATA

CATALOGUE of Mr. JOHN HOPKINSON's MSS. with the Contents of each Volume.

Vol. I. Account of Lands held by Noblemen in the West Riding, 1642. Account of Castles, Towers, Peels, and Honors. Brieves, Bulls, and Grants, to the Monastery of Fountains. Privileges of the Cistercian Order. Customs of the Forest of Knaresbro'. Grants of lands from the Crown. Inquisitiones post Mortem, and other memorials of Lands in the West Riding of Yorkshire, temp. Hen. VIII. Ed. VI. Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, and James. Composition of Recusants, 1672.

Vol. II. A Collection of Old Evidences and other Antiquities, as Records, Decrees, Inquisitions, &c. with some Observations, 1660.

Vol. III. Glover's Collection of the Arms of several Empires and Kingdoms. Kings and Queens of England Of the Nine Ancient Worthies. Of the Twelve Peers of France. Of the Knights of the Round Table. Archbishops and Bishops of England. Religious Houses and Churches. Nobility of England; ditto of Scotland; ditto of Ireland. Governor Deputies of Ireland. Wardens of the Cinque Ports. Gentry of Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. An old Collection of the Yorkshire Gentry, with the northern names ending in *Son*. Knights of the Garter. Judges. Sheriffs of Yorkshire. Baronets. Knights of the Bath.

Vol. IV. An Alphabetical Collection of Coat Armour belonging to several Families in England, 1654.

Vol. V. Leges Anglicanæ.

Vol. VI. Patents of Knighthood, Licences, and Deputations relating to Arms, &c. Precedency. Knights of the Bath. Funeral obsequies of a Knight. Names, Arms, and Descents, &c. of all the English dukes since the Conquest. Ditto of Marquises. Ditto of Lords. Pedigrees of Gentry, chiefly Yorkshire. Pedigree of the Lord Protector. Abbots and Priors who sat in Parliament, 4 Edw. III. List of the Forests of England. List of the Chancellors of England from 924 to 16th Charles I. Treasurers of England from 946 to 1635. High Admirals of ditto from 8th Hen. III. to 16th James I. Justiciarii Itinerantes, 1176. Capitales Justiciarii Anglie. Capitales Just. Banci Regis. Capital. Just. Banci Communis seu inferioris. Cap. Barones Scaccarii. Names of the Knights dwelling in the Bishoprick of Durham, temp. Hen. I. that were at the Battle of Lewes. Names of those who subscribed the Letter to the Pope 1301, temp. Edw. I. concerning his Supremacy. Lords Spiritual and Temporal who attended Edw. I. at Carlisle 1307, where he kept his Christmas and Parliament. Noblemen, &c. put to death 1322, temp. Edw. II. The twenty Knights by Edw. III. 1336. Knighted at the coronation of Richard II. 1377. Noblemen and Gentlemen slain at the Battle of St. Alban's 33 Hen. VI. 1453. At Blore Heath, 1457. On the part of Henry at Towton, 29th March, 1461. Attainted at the Par-

Parliament at Coventry, 37th Hen. VI. Bannercetts made by Edw. IV. 24th May, 1471. Knights made by him. Beheaded by him. Titles of Honor conferred by the Duke of Gloucester in Hutton Field, Scotland, 1482. Commanders, &c. at the relief of Norham Castle, temp. Hen. VII. Knights made by the Earl of Surrey at Leith, 1543, 35th Hen. VIII. Ditto by the Duke of Somerset in his expedition into Scotland, temp. Edw. VI. Knights made at the Expedition to Cadiz 1596, temp. Eliz. Ditto made by James at Westminster, 23d July 1603. The Loyal Princes and Nobility 1639 and 1640, temp. Charles. List of the Gentry of Yorkshire who attended Charles at York, 1642, and the Sums they subscribed.

Vol. VII. Shires and Counties in England and Wales. Bishopricks, their Dioceses. Justices Itinerant, their Circuits. Principality of Wales. Dukedom of Cornwall. Earldom of Chester. Dutchy of Lancaster. Benefices in Ditto. Forests, Chaces, and Parks in Ditto. Fees to Officers, &c. in England, and at Court, temp. James. Towns of War, Castles, and Bulwarks. Keepers of Castles, Houses, Forests, Chaces, &c. Ancient Fees to officers in the County of York. Weights and Measures. Coins and Roman Medals. A Gild, or Fraternity.

Vol. VIII. Arms of Kings and Princes who have governed England. The Division of Britain during the Heptarchy. The five Conquests of England with the names of the Conquerors. Kings and Queens of England since the Conquest. A Collection of the Nobility since the Conquest, and by whom created. Exceptions to the Claim made by Peregrine Bartie, Esq. for the Barony of Willoughby of Eresbye. Names of Persons who in right of their Wives have been called to Parliament as Barons since the Conquest; and that have enjoyed Princely Titles, &c. The Quartering of Arms of the Nobility of England. Observations on Antiquities.

Vol. IX. Castles in Cumberland. Copies of Deeds relating to Cumberland. Pedigrees of Nobility and Gentry in Westmorland and Cumberland.

Vol. X. Pedigree of the Talbots. Founders of Religious Houses. The Names of those who came over with the Conqueror and were created Peers. An Alphabet of Sirnames out of Camden's Britannia. Peers made from the Conquest to temp. Charles. Barons attending the Coronation of Ric. I. Officers of Charles's Army, who subscribed a Letter to the Earl of Essex, General to the Parliament, for Peace, 8th Aug. 1644. Scotch and Irish Nobility. Pedigree of Vere Earl of Oxford. Pedigrees of Families in Yorkshire and Lancashire. The Story of Hugh Earl of Chester and Nigell Constable of Halton, with their privileges. The Feodaries of the Honor of Halton in Cheshire and Lancashire.

Vol. XI. Descents of Northern Families who have been active against the Scotts, with Memorials relating to them. Account

count of several modern Battles between the English and Scotts, and Inroads made by England into Scotland. Expeditions into France since 1415, 3 Hen. V.

Vol. XII. Pedigrees of Northern Gentry.

Vol. XIII. The Discipline of War in 1643. Military Observations Manner of modern Training. A Military Garden. The Soldier. Martial and Military Laws. Officers, &c. Arms assessed in England.

Vol. XIV. Of the Division of Britain. Degrees of States in England. Law Courts in Ditto. Division of England into Counties, Cities, Boroughs, Bishopricks, and Dioceses. Ports, and Creeks. Masters of the Horse. Towns of War, Castles, Bulwarks, and Fortresses; Keepers, Officers, and Ministers of Castles, Houses, Parks, Forests, and Chaces. Fees belonging to the Keepers of Castles, &c, and other Offices. General Muster of England. Provision for the King's Household. Account of Scotland, with the Nobility. Account of France, with the Provinces, Towns, and Peers. Observations on France, by Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt. Of the United Provinces, by Ditto. On the Archduke's Country, by ditto. Of Ireland, with the Counties, Towns and Nobility. Of Belgia, or the Netherlands. Of Spain and Portugal, with the Provinces, Clergy, and Nobility, 1586. Of Cities of Note, ancient and modern.

Vol. XV. Of Duels and Combats, with the Proceedings therein in the Earl Marshall's Court in England, 1664.

Vol. XVI. Lord Willoughby of Eresby's Title to that Honor. Lord Latimer of Danbye. Lord Latimer and Brooke. Lord Powis's Barony claimed by Henry Vernon, Esq. Baronies, Knights Fees, and Parishes in England. Baronies by Tenure; by Writ; by Patent. Descent of a Title of Honor. Revenues of the Nobility. Precedence. Nobilitie and Lords in reputation. Noble and Honourable Women. Honors conferred by Foreign Princes. Precedence among Lawyers. Vindication of degree of Gentry. Division of Lands among Sons. Services of Great Searjeantry done at the Coronation of Richard II.

Vol. XVII. A Collection of Passages in the latter end of the reign of Eliz. and James, from Lord Savile's Memorials and Papers, &c. 1674. A Defence of Tythes, 1646.

Vol. XVIII. Speeches in Parliament, and other Speeches. Letters to and from Illustrious Persons of great Antiquity. Speeches and Letters relating to the late distracted times. An Apology for the Church of England, 1660.

Vol. XIX. Copies of Letters, chiefly written by Illustrious Persons.

Vol. XX. Copies of Letters relating to the ancient Family of Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, of Sheffield Castle, temp. Hen. VIII. Ed. VIth, and Mary; found in Sheffield Castle 1678, and transcribed from the Originals.

Vol.

Vol. XXI. Copies of Letters from and to Persons of great Quality, found in Sheffield Castle 1677, transcribed from the Originals.

Vol. XXII. Pedigrees and Arms of the Nobility and Gentry of the East Riding, co. York, 1672.

Vol. XXIII. Pedigrees and Arms of Ditto in the North Riding, 1672.

Vol. XXIV. Pedigrees of Gentry in the Counties of York, Durham, and Lincoln, 1652.

Vol. XXV. Pedigrees of Nobility and Gentry in the Counties of York, Lancaster, and Lincoln, 1657.

Vol. XXVI. Abstract of Ancient Coins, Gold, and Monies, Sums, Measures; Years, Weeks, and Days of the Hebrews, Grecians, and Romans; of Coins, Moneys, Measuring, Measures, and Weights, of more Modern date, 1671.

Vol. XXVII. A Comedy acted at Oxford, 24 Feb. 1646. Poems, Songs, &c.

Vol. XXVIII. Letters and Papers chiefly on Law Subjects. Description of Scotland, 1650.

Vol. XXIX. A Collection of the Antiquitie and other proceedings in the Parliament of England, with a Project for Fishing and Navigation, 1662.

Vol. XXX. GeneralCouncells and Synods in Christendom. Religious Houses in England, with their Value and Founders, as in the original Book temp. Hen.VIII. Spiritual Promotions. Archbishops of York. Jewels, Plate, &c. in the Cathedral at York, Order of Preaching at York Minster. Spiritual Promotions in Dutchy. Rental of the Archbishops of York. Tenths and the Subsidies of the Clergy in York Diocese. Bailiffs, Mayors, and Sheriffs of York City. Foundation of the Abbey of Stanlawe, and translation to Whalley, with the donation of the Churches of Rochdale, Blackburn, and Whalley. The State of the Benefices in Lancashire belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Founders of Religious Houses. Chantries in Yorkshire, and their Founders.

Vol. XXXI. Memorials of Country Business for the Northern Counties, both Military and Civil, towards the latter end of the Reign of Elizabeth, and temp. James.—1674.

Vol. XXXII. Green Sleeves, or Leicester's Common Wealth, with a Letter against Robert Lord Dudley late Earl of Leicester. Poems. Military Letters and Papers. General Muster Roll of England. Recusants. King James's Speech to both Houses of Parliament 19th Feb. 1623.—1674.

Vol. XXXIII. Letters to the Noble Family of Talbot Earls of Shrewsbury, on Arms, Matters of State, Proceedings at Law, and Country Business, temp. Elizabeth and James. Found at Sheffield Castle, and transcribed from the Originals, 1677.

Vol.

Vol. XXXIV. Judgment against Sir Raphe Grey, Knt.; against the Duke of Buckingham. Lord Essex's Confession upon the Scaffold. Sir James Danvers's Speech upon the Scaffold. Walter Calverley of Calverley, Esq. Examination for the Murder of his Children. Poems. The Marquis of Spinola's Oration to his Army, when he broke the Bridge of Boats, having pass'd the Rhine to the Confines of the Palatinate. A Challenge sent by Sir Henry Umpton to the Duke of Guise, 1592. Sir John Mallories Petition to the House of Commons. A Covenant between England and Scotland 1644. Preamble to Lord Savile's Will. The Petition of the County of Kent to the House of Commons. Passages that happen'd between his Majesty and both Houses, 1641. Presentment of the Grand Jury at York 1642, and his Majesty's Answer. His Majesty's Message to the Parliament from Oxford. Articles preferr'd by his Majesty, 1642. An Association of the Gentlemen in Richmondshire. A Declaration made by the Yorkshire Gentry of the King's Party after the Fight at Pontefract 1644, and a List of Prisoners taken at that Battle. The Petition of the City of York, 1645. The Archbishop of Canterbury's Speech upon the Scaffold.

Vol. XXXV. A Catalogue of the Sheriffs of Yorkshire from 1155, with their Coats of Armour. Catalogue of the Justices of the Courts of King's Bench, and Barons of the Exchequer, with their Arms. A Particular of the Customary Tythe Rent paid out of Lands in North Bierley to Sir John Manard, 1663. Okenshaw Town fields, being some belonging to William Richardson of North Bierley, Gent. were survey'd in April 1660. A Particular of North Bierley, of the Tythe Hay and Corn, yearly, as it is according to ancient Custom; taken 3d April, 1618. Free Rents belonging to Mr. Rookes out of North Bierley, as it was charg'd at the Sale. temp. Hen. VIII.

Vol. XXXVI. A Collection of Proceedings in the Sessions temp. Elizabeth, James, and Charles, with others of the same kind within the Honor of Pontefract; very ancient.

Vol. XXXVII. Assesses and Rates of the whole County of York, with the Hundreds and Wapentakes. The Names of Castles, and the Nobility of the North and East Ridings; collected 1672.

Vol. XXXVIII. Transactions and Passages of Country Business for the West Riding, temp. Eliz. James, and Charles. 1658.

Vol. XXXIX. Dutchy Business in the County of York; viz. A Collection of Fines, &c. paid at Pontefract. Proceedings in the Honor Court at Ditto. Knights Fees in Ditto. Rerewod's and Feodaries Accounts in Ditto. Knights Fees in Ditto, temp. Ed. II. and in the Honor of Tickill. Survey of the whole Dutchy in Yorkshire. Homage for the Honor of Pontefract, &c. 1659.

Vol. XL. Kirbye's Inquest taken temp. Edw. I. by John de Kirkbye, &c. Commissioners assign'd for enquiring of the Fees holden in Chief in the County of York of the said King, 24th of his Reign, and the Rents of Assize then due; transcrib'd from a MS. belonging to the Earl of Northumberland, 1656; very valuable.

Vol. XLI. The Ancient Rates of the West Riding, agreed upon by the Justices 44 Eliz.

Vol. XLII. Copies of Letters to and from Illustrious Persons.

Vol. XLIII. Copies of Letters from Henry VIII. and Illustrious Persons; and many original Letters, particularly the following: John Earl of Northumberland to Lord Dacres, June 5th, Lord Dacres's Answer, June 14th 15 Hen. VIII. Queen Margaret's Letter, 10th June. The Abbot of Fountaine's Letter July 18th. Cardinal Wolsey's Letter about a Murder, June 12th. Lord Surrey's Letter, Oct. 11th. Cardinal Wolsey's Letter, Jan 22d. Ditto Letter, April 24th. Thomas Abbot of Kelso's Letter. Cardinal Wolsey's Letters, June 11th and July 6th. Mary Queen of Scots' Letters, May 19th and May 1.

A Parchment Roll containing a Rental of Fee Farm Rents chiefly in Lancashire, 1501. This is wrapped in paper, and put with the last mentioned Book, which is unbound.

None of the following MSS. are written by Mr. Hopkinson, but a few of them are supposed to have belonged to his Collection.

A Vellum MS.

Pedigrees of Yorkshire Families, written by Dr. Richardson.

The St. Alban's Chronicle, upon Vellum.

Domesday Book for the County of York, copied by Mr. Thomas Wilson of Leeds.

The following are put loose in the above Book:

Curious Extracts from MSS.

An Exemplification from Domesday Book of the Manor of Seacroft in Yorkshire.

An Account of all the Charters, Patents, and Escheat Rolls, in the Archives of the Tower of London, collected by John Burton, M.D. 1746; with compleat Indexes of Persons and Places, transcribed by T. Wilson, 1747.

Dr. RICHARDSON * to his SON † at Leyden.

"For Mr. RICHARDSON, at Mr. Van Roger's, a Merchant, in Leyden.

"DEAR DICK, *North Bierley, Oct.* 25, 1730.

"I received yours from Rotterdam, and am glad to hear that you got wel thither after so tediouse and tempestiouse a voyage. After you left that place, I received a very obliging letter from Mr. Hudigh, who makes an excuse that he could not attend you to Leyden, but recomended you to a friend to provide lodgings for you, where I am glad to hear that you are so much placed to your likeing. I am well pleased that the Plants were acceptable to Dr. Boerhaave. I hope I may meet with an oppertunity at the spring for sending some more of our English Plants, and alsoe to supply the los of some of those which you caryed, which is to be feared the winter wil take of; being sent so late. The Doctor is very obliging in allowing you the liberty of his garden; you may, perhaps, have an oppertunity of showing him that imperfect list of my garden, which was don for your instruction, and not so correct as to appear before so great a man. He may, perhaps, desire some of our British Plants mentioned in it, which I shall very readily oblige him with, or any thing I have; be pleased to give him my service, and thankes for his obliging letter. In Mr. Hudigh's, he tells me that he paid you to the value of 50*l.* and sent a bill upon me to Cosin Sam Whaley for the said sum, which Cosin Whaley brought hither a few days before I received yours. I was a litle stund at the largenes of the sum, which I answered to him with some difficulty, being not apprised of so great a charge; but I hope you wil make good use of it, and alsoe of your time while you stay in Holland, where you wil meet with greater oppertunitys for your improvement in Physick then in any other place; and when you have occasion to receive more money of Mr. Hudigh and Mr. Farrand, I desire you would give me a litle more notice; for you must be sensible that large summs are not easily answered here, there being at present a great many demands upon me from other quarters; but, if you husband your money and time to the best advantage, you shall want no incouragement that I can give you. I did not give you any list of bookes that I wanted from Holland; only of those I now have, that you might not procure the same again: and for the bookes that I have not in Physick, you wil be informed there which are the most useful that you wil have occasion for. On the reverse you wil find a list of bookes, chiefly in Natural History, which you may purchase

* In these Letters of Dr. Richardson to his Son the orthography is preserved, to shew the indifference with which even the most learned Scholars regarded their vernacular language. Bentley and Warburton were in this respect nearly as careless.

† Richard Richardson, Esq.; of whom see before, p. 210.

at your leasure, when you can pick them up cheape, for I have no present occasion for any of them. My Lady Kaye, and litle master, and sister Peggy, came hither yesterday, to stay a few days with us. Sir John is in Craven, and wil be at Bradford on our general day. All friends are well; you have the service of this family, and your Mother's blessing, and alsoe of your affectionate Father, RIC. RICHARDSON.

"Our joynt service to Mr. Denton, who you do not name."

"DEAR BROTHER, *Sunday night.*

"It was a great pleasure to me to hear of your safe arrival in Holland after so troublesome a passage. Am glad you are settled so much to your satisfaction, as I am, which I think was pretty much oweing to your good assistance. I believe Sir John wo'd be exceeding glad to have a letter from you; and hope it will not be long before you'l give him that pleasure. I beg you will present my service to Mr. Denton, and accept the same from your very affectionate Sister, and humble servant, D. KAYE*."

"DEAR BROTHER, *Sunday night.*

"I could not forbear telling you what great concern I was in till I had the satisfaction of hearing you got safe to Rotterdam, and from thence to Leyden, where I wish you all the pleasure and advantage you can desire. I shall think the time very long till I see you again; so that, if I happen to have an ofer (espesaly a good one), I hope you will excuse me if I don't stay to be your Houskeeper†; for don't doubt but you may have a much better for life, when ever it is your inclinations.

"I am your very affectionate Sister, MARGARET RICHARDSON."

"P. S. I have only roome to tell you how much I am, and ever shall be, your most sincere well-wisher, H. M. C.‡"

"DEAR DICK, *Kildwick, May* 18, 1731.

"I received both your letters, the first a few days after I wrote to you. We were all heare glad to hear of your good health, and that you received the bookes safe. I received a letter not long agoe from Sir Hans Sloane, who very kindly inquired after you. He made me a present of five or six scarce bookes (which I received last weeke); among the rest is 'Fab. Columna's Phytobasanos,' which he tels me he has endeaverd to procure for me some years bypast, but could not meet with it til the last weeke. Dr. Chambers had sent me one not long before; as it is a valuable as well as scarce booke, I am glad that I have a duplicate of it. I have now all that that great man has writ.

"Sir Hans is so very obliging as to desire me to send him another list of the scarce bookes I want in Natural History (having already been a very great benefactor to my library), which I designe to do in a litle time. I find in 'Car. Clusius's Translation

* Mother of the Rev. Sir Richard Kaye, Bart. See p. 248.
† This Lady died, unmarried, in 1764. See p 249.
‡ Henrietta-Maria Currer, born in 1694 5; died at York, unmarried, and was buried at Kildwick.

of

of Bellonius's Observations in Greece, &c. out of French into Latin,' and printed at the end of his booke of Exoticks, a list of all Bellonius's workes he ever printed; amongst the rest several that I never heard of before; viz. 'De Insectis, De Serpentibus, De Agricultura, et Comentaria in Diascoridem.' His booke 'De Aquatilibus' I would have you to buy; and if a perfect coppy is not to be met with, afterwards we may get the printed part transcribed, and the figures designed. I have not yet got from Dr. Chambers the remaining part of the French Transactions, but expect them dayly. In your Library at Leyden (formerly belonging to the famouse Vossius) you wil find Rawulfius's Collection of Plants he made in his Travels through Turkey, upon Mount Libanus, &c. His Itenerary was writ in High Dutch, and not long agoe translated into English, to which Mr. Ray added two or three Cataloges of Plants.

"My garden now seems on a sudaine very beautyfull, every thing being very much grown since the warme weather came in. Dr. Chambers has ingaged me to dry for him a considerable number of Plants in the garden, which I observe to do as they appear. If I get time, and keepe wel as I now am, I wil have a revewe of the garden, and add to the Catalogue what I have not as yet taken notice of, and number them, especially the Perennals.

"Mr. Brewer has taken part of my Cosin Pollard's house and the garden, and has removed already the greatest part of his Plants, &c. thither.

"Mr. Wilkinson has broaken his arme from a fall from his horse a few days agoe: I sent to inquire after him, and I hear he is like to do wel.

"Sir John Kaye is stil at London, but is expected here very shortly. Your sister Haret and poor Tom * are stil at the Grange; they came to dine at Bierley on Thursday last with Mr. Yarbrough and his lady, who were so kind as to stay a weeke with us; and I came hither yesterday to attend them.

"I yesterday put up a box of Plants for Professor Van Royen, and sent them to Hull, with my request to Dr. Chambers to forward them to Holland by the first oppertunity. Be pleased to give my service to the Professor, and in my next to you wil write to him. The Plants in the box are numbered according to the list on the reverse. If I find that these come to you safe, I hope I shall be able to send the Professor the greatest part of the rest he desires at another oppertunity.

"You have mine and mother's blessing; Jack † and Peg's service, along with the service of Mr. and Mrs. Yarbrough, and of this family. I shall be glad to oblige Mr. Gronovius with any thing from hence. Our service to Mr. Denton.

"Your affectionate Father, RIC. RICHARDSON."

* The Doctor's youngest son. See p. 248.

† The Doctor's sixth son, see p. 244.

"DEAR

"DEAR DICK, *North Bierley, Sept.* 20, 1731.

"You wil perhaps now thinke the time long since you heard from your friends in Yorkshire. I deferred writing to you longer than I designed, in hopes to have heard some good account of the box you sent; but, as long as the wind continues Westerly, I can scarce expect to see it here. Upon the receipt of your last letter, I wrote to Dr. Chambers, to give him notice of the box, and desired him to forward it hither; but I have since heard nothing from him, though I sent him above 60 specimens of Plants which he desired from hence; and I knowe that he has some bookes for me that I have subscribed for, as Burman's edition of 'Rei Venaticæ Scriptores,' and a volume or two of the French Philosophical Transactions, and some others, which I know he wil send with your box. If it be kept dry, wherever it is, the damage wil not be great; if the roots come hither any time this month, they wil not be too late for planting, and I hope the bookes wil not suffer much if kept in a dry place.

"I am glad to hear that the box of Plants I sent the Professor came to you in so good order. Dr. Chambers gave me an account that the box stayd but two days at Hull before it was shiped of, which was very fortunate, for such speedy passages do not often happen; what has miscaryed in the passage, or since, I wil endeavoure to make good to the Professor at the Spring upon notice, to whome I desire my best service.—I have this season received several presents of beautyfull flowers, a box of roots of *Iris Susiana I. Calcedonica* from Mr. Ward, with whom it flowers and increases abundantly; it is a beautyfull flower, and very scarce in this country. With them he also sent me severall sorts of Ranunculus. From Campsall I had a box of Tulips, which are said to be the best in Yorkeshire; and from Mr. Blackburn of Orford in Lancashire a large stock of Anemonies.—All friends at the Grange are wel. Our Kildwick friends are now with theire relations about Doncaster, &c. You have mine and your mother's blessing, and service of friends. Yours affectionately, R. RICHARDSON."

"DEAR DICK, *North Bierley, Oct.* 23, 1731.

"I have not the entire workes of Olaus Wormius, though I have seen severall of them in Auction Catalogues. His Museum I have, and alsoe a later edition of it, with conciderable additions by Oliger. Jacobæus; also his 'Monumenta Danica:' this and all the rest of his workes relate either to the recovery of the Runick character (in which he has been very succesfull), which before his time was entirely neglected; or else to the Antiquities of Denmark and other Northern nations. Fewe of his bookes wil ever be reprinted; you may perhaps meet with some of them before you leave Holland, which is the only place to pick up scarce bookes.

"I have had presents from several friends, in order to tempt me again to be a Florist; *viz.* Anemonies, Ranunculus, Tulips, and a great stock of *Iris Calcedonica*, a beautyfull and scarce Plant in this country. You wil see great varieties of *Iris bulbosa major* and *minor* in Holland the next summer; of the first sort I have still a pretty

pretty good collection, but of the latter I have very few left, though I have formerly had above twenty varieties. These by Tournefort are called *Xiphyon*, though I thinke he had as good have retained the old name of *Iris*, which is known to all, then have trumpt up a new Greek name, which to me seems les proper. In the spring I doubt not but you wil some time looke into the Flower-market, where you wil be diverted with all the varieties of the season, and amongst the rest meet with plenty of the Snowdrop I have described to you.

"I lately received a letter from your Brother; they both complain of losses amongst theire Greens by the severity of the frost. I hope I have hitherto escaped pretty wel, and may be in a condition to supply Professor Van Rowen with most of the Plants he had from hence, if he desire them. The Oriental Hyacinths you sent me, with the rest of the roots from Holland, seem to be in a flourishing state; but very few of the great number of Frittilaries appear. The single Snowdrop, the double one, and the summer one, are above ground, but the *Leucoium bulbosum majus tribus petalis majoribus et albis*, I fear, is gon, which is the only one I want. *Hyacinthus flore carneo*, I fear, is lost. I am in hopes to recover the six sorts of *Cyclamen vernum flore odorato*, though they are very poor. The *Cyclamen Anemones radice flore purpureo minore odorato* is quite lost.

"My Brother Currer's children are here, very healthfull and good. I have at last purchased Dean house for you, but with some difficulty, and too dear. My wife had lately an account that her aunt Ward was dead, and had left her a small legacy.

"All our friends here and at the Grange are wel, and at Kildwicke. Mr. Rookes of Dewsbury is here. You have mine and your mother's blessing. Sister Harret Currer and Peggy are much at your service. Your affectionate Father, RIC. RICHARDSON."

"DEAR DICK, *North Bierley, April* 1, 1732.

"Your letter of March the 18th came to me some time agoe, and a fewe days since I received a letter from Stockton, which gave me an account that you had received 50*l*. of Mr. Whaley, &c. for which Cosin Ferrand desired a London bill, which I procured, and sent to her immediately after. I have heard nothing from Mr. Thorpe since my last to you: but the young gentleman being of age only the 25th of this month, I expect to hear from him shortly. There is nothing done in relation to the sale of the farms in Barkisland. J. Fielding has made me an offer of purchasing that which he has given me so much trouble about; but I do not expect he wil come up to my price, and I do not designe that he shall have it one farthing cheaper than a stranger.

"Dr. Chambers sent me the Seeds from Hull about a weeke agoe, for which I am obliged to Professor Van Royen, and had quarters ready for them, so that I lost no time, but sew them immediately. He sent with them a very obliging letter, and a list of such Plants and Seeds that he wanted for the Physick-garden, and alsoe desired specimens of several of our English Plants. I

wil

wil save for him as many of the Seeds he desires as I can procure, and allsoe will take care that specimens be dryed for him, according to his request; and if I can hear of any oppertunity of sending him Plants for the Garden, I wil not neglect it. I desire my best service may be acceptable to him, and my thanks for the Seeds, which I shall take perticular care of. The Frittilaries you sent last Autumn, which I almost despaired of, do now appear much better then I expected; few of them are quite lost, and one halfe of them are now in flower: there are some odd varietys amongst them which are raised from seed. The six Oriental Hyacinths you sent are all now in theire glory, and are very beautyfull. You may now perhaps observe some bulbs in flower, which you may thinke worth sending in theire propper season. Of Tulips I have lost my whole stock; of Narcissus's I have very few sorts; there are a great variety of Hyacinths of several species, which I have observed in Holland; and I have very few of any kind of Crocuses. I have formerly seen great varieties in Holland, particularly of the yellow kind, of which I have not above three, and no double ones of any kind. If there be any other bulbs that you meet with that are beautyfull, you may send them with the rest; but I would have none that are tender, or require much care, nor that are dear. You wil not forget the large Snowdrop; it flowers later than the rest, except the summer one, it may be *Leucoium bulbosum majus tribus petalis albis majoribus*; it is larger than the rest of the vernal *Leucoiums*.

"Dr. Chambers called here on Wednesday last in his returne from Manchester; but was in great hast to get to Hull, where he tells me he is fully imployed. He only stayed diner. I asked him if he had any account from the last Hague auction, what was procured for us; he said he had not. I asked him about Salvianus; he told me that he had procured two several coppies for me, but was forced to returne them, being both imperfect, but that he had now got a good one for me, which would cost about 28 guilders, which is not dear. He has got for me Cooper's Anatomy; the figures are the finest and most exact of any thing in that kind now extant, and it is grown very scarce. He says that he can procure for me 'Bellonius de Aquatilibus.' There are some other bookes he has now by him, which he wil send me at his return.—Peggy came last night from Cosin Ferrand's; our friends there and at Kildwicke are all wel. She sets out for the Grange to-morrowe morning, from whence we lately heard that they are in good health. You have mine and your Mother's blessing, with Peggy's best service. Ric. Richardson."

"Dear Dick, *North Bierley, Jan. 2, 1732.*

"It is not many days, since we had the happynes of receiving yours, by which we are glad to hear of yours and your Brother's * health. I stil continue under confinement, though I have this day

* Afterwards William Richardson, M. D. See p. 242.

with

with my wife's assistance walked out of my lodging-roome into the study, which gives me hopes that as the warme weather grows upon us I shall be fit to get abroad.

"I have at last received Cooper's Anatomy, and have paid for it 5*l.* 10*s.* It is a gloriouse performance, nothing can be performed with more neatnes and accuracy than this worke.

"About three weeks agoe I got a letter from Dr. Sherard, wherein he tels me that the 'Hortus Elthamensis' was published, and that there was one at my service at Dr Dillenius's lodgings; and desires me to write to the Doctor, which I accordingly did, and ordered it to be hansomly bound. A few days agoe I received it, with Micheli's 'Nova Plantarum Genera,' which had layn at Dr. Dillenius's for some time. The 'Hortus Elthamensis' is a noble booke, in two vols. folio, larger than the 'Hortus Amstoladamensis,' and much after the same methode, concisting only of figures and discriptions of Plants Dr. Dillenius designed in Eltham garden, alphabetically digested. Dr. Dillenius prints it at his own expence: the figures seem to be good, and their discriptions very acurate; and those Plants which have been imperfectly described and dubiouse he has amended; and has taken much pains in rightly adjusting theire Synonyma. Micheli's 'Nova Plantarum Genera' has required much pains; but I thinke his curiosity has caryed him too far, and that he has made more new genera then there is occasion for, and I am afraid has been too nice in distinguishing species; 'tis a booke of great curiosity, and his Synonyma seem to be very just; he designs to print a second volume, chiefly of Submarine Plants. I received your cargoe at last from Hull; *viz.* 2 dozen of Tulip roots, 6 Hyacinths, and the same number of *Gladiolus*, all in good order, with the Professor's letter, and his verses 'De Sexu et Connubio Plantarum.' If there be any particular way of managing the double-flower'd Tuberose more then is usual in the single one, I desire you would learne it, and send them away along with the Seeds by the first oppertunity, that they may be committed to the ground in time—I have heard nothing of Salvianus of late. I know he has it, but he wil make the best penny of it. I must have it after some time, with some other bookes he has a mind to dispose of. 'Bellonius de Aquatilibus' he has not, nor I thinke many more I want in my way. I am afraid you wil find it a difficult matter to get any quantity of bookes into England at once; you must box them up in parcells, and get the *Rector Magnificus's* licence, which wil exempt them from paying any duty in Holland.—We have lost our neighboure Sir J. Armitage. He died that day five weekes after his nephewe, but not so much lamented Sir George is coming to Kirkeley almost quite lame and blind: what wil become of that family it wil be difficult to tel. The family at the Grange are wel. Cosin Thornton's family with Mr. Foxley have been there some time. Sir John [Kaye] has often declared how desirouse he is to hear from you. Our friends at Kildwicke are wel. Your Sister Peggy is now at Yorke. Coz. Rookes

Rookes is at Yorke this winter with her family; they were all very desirouse to have your Sister with them for some time, since they had such convenience for her.

"You and your Brother have mine and Wife's blessing. Jack is at present our only companion; he is grown a fine thoughtfull boy, and learns wel: he is very much at his Brother's service.

"You wil find by this scrible how willing I am, though scarce able to write, which I know you wil be so good as excuse in

"Your affectionate Father, RIC. RICHARDSON."

"DEAR DICK, *Bierley*, ... 1733.

"'Tis now about a forthnight since I received the box of bookes, which came hither in good order. I find a great many not mentioned in the list you formerly sent me, and alsoe a considerable number you mention which are not sent. The Officers at Hull allowed them to pas at 300 weight bound bookes, and 200 weight unbound, though the box was almost double: the Custome came to about 2*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* and the fraught from Holland 10*s.* 6*d.* as Mr. Whaley agreed with the Captaine of the vessel. Not many days agoe I received yours of May the 5th, in which I find that you have made some farther addition to my bookes in Botany, &c. I am glad you have not bought the bookes you mention at so dear a rate; they may perhaps be pickt up at a more favourable price before Will leaves Holland. I bought 'Historia Plantarum, Lugduni, Rouvel,' 2 vols. folio, in an auction in good condition for ten gilders, which you wil find in my Catalogue of bookes. 'Salvianus de Aquatilibus' is not often met with, and the rest you mentioned are scarce bookes. If you please, you may procure Dr. Bentley's Terence; it is looked upon to be the best edition we have.

"I am now in a pretty good state of health, since the warme weather came in; the greatest failing I now find to myselfe is in my leggs, which are stil so weake that walking is troublesome to me, and I fear it wil be hard to shake of, though I can walke to the Fish-ponds, which are now in theire glory, where we have an appearance of plenty of fruite. Your brother Henry* has been here about three wekes; he is very wel, and is this day gon to Kildwicke with his Sister. Poor Dr. Stanhope has been very much out of health, and is yet in a poor state.

"Underneath you wil have orders to Mr. Whaley and Mr. Hudigh for credit for a hundred pounds, of which you may take what you have occasion for, and Will the rest when he wants it. Our friends at the Grange and Kildwicke are wel.

"You and your Brother have mine and your Mother's blessing; and service from your Brother and Sister, and Mr. Smith, who sets out for London on Monday sevennight along with cosin Ned Rookes, who is to be put Clerke to a Solicitor there for four years.

"I am your affectionate Father, RIC. RICHARDSON."

* The Doctor's fourth son. See p. 242.

to

"DEAR DICKY, *Bierley, May 6*, 1733.

"I thanke you for your last; it is allways a great satisfaction to us to here of yours and Willy's good healthes. I hope your good Father gains some recovery every day, since warm weather came in: he was yeasterday (upon an earnest request from Cosin Grace Ramsden) at Hawksworth, to wait upon her; and he has been twice at Dr. Stanhope's, who has been indisposed all the Spring: your Father hopes he will recover. He has given out that he has made his will, and left him the furniture of his Garden, which is kind; but I heartily wish him his health long to enjoy it, for ours is pritty well stockt. He allways inquires very kindly of you and your Brother; and, upon account of his former civilities to you, I have often wisht, when you have any thing to send hither, that you could add any thing that could be acceptable to him.

"You will find your Father's letter was designed for the last post; but, as I was desireous to go to Grange to see and consult your Sister Kaye about the Delf and Linen, I beg'd he wud defer it. I found her and Sir John very well, and presented your service. They return theirs, and drank both your good healths. I believe a few lines from you would obleidge Sir John: he proposes going into Craven next week, and will take my Brother Currer and Harry along with him to Thornton, to view the Parsonage, and to consult about repairs or alterations there, that some preparation (at least) may be made towards the doing what is requesit next sommer, against Harry be qualified for the liveing. The Doctor should accompany them, if he was able; but that I much fear. He intends to try a journey to Grange in a few days."

"DEAR DICK, *North Bierley, Oct.* 29, 1733.

"We had the pleasure of yours some time agoe, and are glad to hear of your good health. I received a letter from your Brother in Holland not long since. He gave me notice that he had sent the Delfe ware to Hull, which we received here a fewe days agoe with no considerable damage. Along with it came a Flower-piece, which neither you nor your Brother mentions, which Dr. Chambers got put up in a case, lest it should be damaged, and directed it hither along with the rest.—You may perhaps meet with the 'Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences' at a reasonable rate before you leave Paris. 'Montfaucon's Antiquities,' Paris edition, I am informed is sold much dearer than when it was printed.

"Sir John Kaye was here not long agoe, to whom I deliver'd Pitiscus's Lexicon, &c. 2 vols. He intends to write to you.

"Dr. Short, a Physitian at Shefield, has lately published a Treatise of Mineral Waters of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and Derbyshire. He has visited all the remarkable waters mentioned by Dr. Lister and Dr. Leigh, and several other waters not taken notice of by any one. He has taken much pains in making experiments, not only by different mixtures with the waters, but alsoe by evaporation; and seems to have been very exact and perticulare in his inquiries, and has made several very conciderable discoveries

discoveries not taken notice of before.—Poor Cosin Rookes is stil alive, but in so weake a condition that she cannot continue many days. Ned Rookes is now at London, and Clerke to a Solicitor in Gray's Inn: his mother seems very desirouse he should continue there; but I fear, after his mother's death, he wil not be prevailed upon to stay at London; and I wish he may not renewe his acquaintance with his old companions, which he was but too fond of before he left Yorkshire, which is not many months agoe. I cannot forbeare acquainting you with one piece of newse, which I am sure you wil be sory to hear; *viz.* the unfortunate death of Sir John Stapylton: he had been at diner at Sir Edward Gascoyne's, and was going to Bramham, to Mr. Foxes (who married Lord Bingley's daughter). His horse was frightened with something in the hedge, and leaped from under him: his servant asked him if he was not hurt; he said, he hoped not, but ordered that servant to catch his horse, who left another man with him; but when the servant returned Sir John was dead. Sir John was prevailed upon to offer himselfe a Candidate for our County in conjunction with Mr. Turner, as is reported; Sir G. Savile declines standing; and Sir Rowland Wynne is now become a candidate. I wish Sir J. Kaye may not be drawn in to offer his service; who has been so kind as to send over his Brewer, who has been with us for some time, in order to fill our sellers with good malt liquoure, though we have now by us a concidcrable quantity that is two years old and very good. Sir J. Stapylton and Mr. Lister of Westby were godfathers to Master Kaye, about a month agoe; the child was called Lister, who thrives very wel. I thought our County could not afford two more agreable gentlemen then the godfathers.

"I am sory that you cannot give a better account of the Physick-garden at Paris, of which there has been more Catalogues writ than of any one garden in Europe, Tournefort's 'Schola Botanica Horti Regii Parisiensis,' I thinke, is the last; out of which you wil find, on the back of this, a list chiefly which the Author observed on the Alps and Pyrenees. Seeds of any of them wil be welcome here. Amongst the rest I have sent you an account of the Cistuses I want; but have not named any Helianthemums.

"Last Monday Harry set out for Oxford. Our friends at the Grange and Kildwicke are wel. Mr. Smith is here, who sends you his service. Your Sister's attend you with mine and your Mother's blessing. We all thinke the Delfe very pretty. Your Mother returns you thankes for them, as your Sister does for your letter, and intends to answer it very shortly, if you continue at Paris. Sir John appears to be very wel pleased with the bookes. Your Brother Tom is gon to Kildwicke, to spend the winter with his two little cosins, and to go to schoole with them. I am your affectionate father, RIC. RICHARDSON."

Dr.

Dr. Hans Sloane* to Dr. Richardson.

" Sir, *London, May 16, 1702.*

" I give you very many thanks for your kind visit and conversation when you were here. I hope to be so happy as to have more of it some time or other, and in the mean time take liberty, on your leave, to write to you. I thank you for the designs you left for me with Mr. Buddle †; I shewed them to the Royal Society, who were extremely pleased with them, and very much admired the varieties in them. I told them whence I had them, and that I was in hopes I should some time or other shew them some of the originals. They hold themselves obliged to you for the pains you have taken in promoting Natural Learning, and I am sure would do any thing they can to serve you. Mr. Kirke

* This eminent Physician and Naturalist (afterwards *Sir Hans Sloane*) was admitted F. R. S. in 1655, at the early age of 25; and was enrolled of the College of Physicians in 1657; incorporated M. D. at Oxford 1701. In 1708, he was elected a Foreign Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; a distinction of the highest estimation in Science; and the greater at that time, as the French Nation was at war with England, and the Queen's consent was necessary to the acceptance of it. He was frequently consulted by Queen Anne, who, in her last illness, was bled by him. On the Accession of George I. he was created a Baronet; being the first English Physician on whom an hereditary title of honour had been conferred. He was appointed Physician-General to the Army; which office he enjoyed till 1727, when he was made Physician to King George II. He gained the confidence of Queen Caroline, and prescribed for the Royal Family till his death. In 1719, Sir Hans was elected President of the College of Physicians, which station he held sixteen years, and during that time he gave signal proofs of his zeal for the interests of that body. On purchasing the manor of Chelsea, he gave the fee simple of the Botanical Garden to the Company of Apothecaries, on conditions. On the death of Sir Isaac Newton, in 1727, Sir Hans Sloane was advanced to the Presidency of the Royal Society of London, the interest of which no man had ever more uniformly promoted. He made the Society a present of 100 guineas, and a bust of the Founder, King Charles II. Thus, in the zenith of prosperity, he presided, at the same time, over the two most illustrious scientific bodies in this kingdom: and, while he discharged the respective duties of each station with credit and honour, he also enjoyed the most extensive and dignified employment as a Physician. He occupied these important stations from the year 1719 to 1733, when he resigned the Presidency of the College of Physicians; and, in 1740, at the age of fourscore, that of the Royal Society; having formed the resolution of withdrawing from the bustle of life into retirement at Chelsea. In 1741 he removed his Library and Museum; and, on the 12th of May, fixed at his new mansion, where, occasionally visited by his friends, and by all men of distinction from abroad, he passed in serenity, and in the constant exercise of benevolence, the last twelve years of his life, which terminated Jan. 11, 1752, O. S.—See an excellent epitome of the Life and Writings of Sir Hans Sloane, in Dr. Pulteney's " Botanical Sketches," vol. II. pp 65—96.

† Rev. Adam Buddle, of Catherine Hall, Cambridge; B. A. 1681; M. A. 1685; Reader at Gray's Inn. He was an eminent Botanist; and had then recently had a living given him by Lord Keeper Wrighte.

was

was present when I shewed your papers, and by his favour I know how to direct this. I shall be very glad to communicate any thing from hence to you may be acceptable, or, in short, to do any thing may be for your service. If at any time you please to write to me, direct to me near Bloomsbury Square. I am, without compliment, your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *London, June* 20, 1702.

"I received your very kind letter of the 16th yesterday, for which I return you my most hearty thanks. I have been out of town some days of late, with sick people, which has hinder'd my looking very nicely over the great and fine collection of Stone Plants you were pleased to send me. Mr. Buddle and I looked them in haste over together. I will desire very speedily the favour of you to give me some kind of description of the place and depth they are found in. I am extremely glad you tell me you intend to collect Natural Curiosities. I will endeavour to supply you with many things the distance you are at from the great places of commerce hinders you from being able to purchase. I shall not forget your great civilities, either that way or any other. Pray have you Dr. Tournefort's small pieces lately printed? or do you want any of the late Natural Historians? If you do, I may perhaps be able to serve you. Your case of the stones voided is very extraordinary. I shall be very glad to see the stones themselves. Some people breed sand and stones in their kidneys faster than they are generated any where else. I am very much your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"GOOD DOCTOR, *London, Dec.* 24, 1702.

"I hope you will pardon my long silence, and not returning you my thanks for your last present of Plants, with which I received a formed Stone of a singular shape. I beg your pardon for this neglect, which was not out of any disrespect, but a continual hurry of one thing or other. Mr. Petiver shewed me a good while since a letter of yours to him, wherein you gave him leave to grave your Rock Plants with his other natural things in his Decads, upon which I gave him your draughts, desiring him to take great care of them, and to see what of them yet have been taken notice of. I was very willing he should have them, because of his great industry and collections of the like nature, though I did design to have published them in the Transactions; but they may be again published or referred to from thence, for they are very fine and very curious. Dr. Tournefort is returned from his great voyage into Asia, and is now publishing his Voyage, wherein will be 200 plates of Plants. There is nothing new coming out in England or beyond the sea, that I know of, unless it be Strabo and Suetonius that are printing in Holland. I shall very soon set aside some duplicates of books and natural things for you; in the mean time believe me your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"WORTHY

"WORTHY SIR, *North Bierley, May* 1, 1703.

"I had long ago made answer to your last kind letter, if any thing had offered itself here worth your notice; but my searches into Natural History of late have been very inconsiderable; however, out of that small collection of Fossils I now have, I have sent you a little box: amongst the rest you will meet with a Stone not very unlikely representing the dried boughs of some tree in *bas relief*, which I take to be rare. This cannot be referred to Mr. Lhwyd's *Asterapodia*, not being articulated: another stone you will meet with, which I believe may be of that kind but much larger. These are attended with some other Fossils, *viz.* Coale-plants, &c. With this comes also my request to you for your assistance and directions in the case of a worthy gentlewoman who has committed herself to my care, and whose health I heartily wish for. RIC. RICHARDSON."

"GOOD DOCTOR, *London, May* 4, 1703.

"I received yours, and should be very glad to contribute any thing to your assistance in the case of the lady you seem to have a great desire to help. When you have tried any of the medicines, and send me word of the successe, I will tell you my further opinion. You needed not to have troubled yourself to have sent me a fee for such a small matter, which I should have been glad to have done out of friendship to any body you had a value for. I shall be glad to see your natural things you have sent me; and remain Sir, your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"WORTHY SIR, *North Bierley, May* 9, 1703.

"I was from home when yours came hither, where I was obliged to stay two or three days, so missed the opportunity of giving answer to yours by the first post. The day I went from home, I put up for you a box of Coale-plants, with some other Fossils. You will find, amongst the impressions upon Coale slate, some specimens I never had duplicates of, exactly answering the designs I left for you with Mr. Buddle, as the hairy *Eruca*, the head of a *Carduus*, or *Jucca*, the flower resembling some of Breynius' *Crysanthimum Aizoides*, but a little broken, and several others. The small collection I have of natural curiosities is at present in very great confusion, occasioned by removing them from the place where they were formerly placed; but, if those already sent come to you unprejudiced, I shall at another time run over the rest, and send such as I think will be pleasing to you. I was with Mr. Thoresby yesterday: he gives you his service, and shewed me a letter from Dr. Woodward, wherein he highly resents the prejudice I have done him by giving you the designs of some Fossils I have met with here, which you was after pleased to show to your Society; at the Doctor's request I left them with him for several hours, which was long enough to make his observations upon them. I am sorry I should give any just occasion of displeasure either to him, or any other ingenious person; but I think it is no injury to him, to dispose of my own as I think convenient.

He

He very civilly shewed me his collection (which is very fine); but at the same time could not forbear reflecting upon several of my friends, which I have a great esteem for. He told me openly, I was mistaken in the remarks I communicated to Mr. Lhwyd; and that Shells he had plenty, found upon Inglebrough. I desired Mr. Thoresby long ago to acquaint him, that in one part of the hill, where there is Lime-stone, I had since my former observations found Shells and *Entrochi*; but the greatest part of the top of the hill consisting of a course ragy stone, and the lower of a fine sand stone, of which slates for covering houses are made. There is not the least mention of any marine body. We have very few found here; this part of the country affording neither Lime nor Chalk, though the Doctor told me we had no stones in England but would burn to a calx; which if he can make out, I will be under an obligation to give him a very noble reward. But I am afraid I have already wearied your patience. I had some years ago made some remarks upon the Coale Fossils of this country, with reference to the designs you now have; but these are jumbled together with the rest, and not easily to be found; but if you have any queries relating to them, when you please to favour me with a second letter, upon notice shall give you all the satisfaction I can; or if either dried specimens, or *vivæ radices* of our Northern Plants, may be acceptable to you, or any of your Society, I shall be very ready to serve them. I desire you will pardon this impertinent scribble, and believe that I am your assured friend and servant, RIC. RICHARDSON."

"SIR, *London, May* 11, 1703.

"I was much surprised to find by yours, by yesterday's post, that you had not received my letter in answer to your's concerning a lady ill in your neighbourhood. I never, unless very extraordinary business carries me out of town, neglect any matter that is relating to sick persons, whatever I may do as to curiosities; and much less would I any body concerning whom you write to me; and therefore pray lett me know if you have not received it, for then it must have miscarried, for I thought yours had been an answer to it. I told you my opinion at length; pray lett me know if you received it not, and how the lady does. I received your very kind present and fee, which last you needed not have troubled yourself to have sent to one who is so much obliged to you, as is your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"GOOD DOCTOR, *London, May* 13, 1703.

"I received your's of the 9th yesterday in the afternoon, and am sorry for the death of the lady. I conclude, since the medicines you had administered did not succeed, no others would. I have seen many such obstinate cases, and I know no distemper so hazardous in elderly persons as an asthma. I have received your Fossils, which are very curious, and for which, as well as many other things, I am in your debt. I have some books for you, but am so hurried that I have not time to look them out. I have

been

been very near Bath since I wrote you my last save one. I went in 24 hours, and came very near back as speedily, on occasion of the sickness of her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort, who I hope is recovering. I never saw West India Plants in such perfection out of their own climate as there. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *London, May* 28, 1706.

"I had yours and Dr. Johnston's of the 22d yesterday, and this morning answered it, which I hope will come to your hands. I think Sir John Kaye's case a very dangerous one; and believe, unless there be found a speedy remedy to his swellings, he cannot hold long out, and therefore have advised scarifications in the ancles. I have seen them discharge great quantities of serum, and empty all the parts above them to a wonder. I doubt not your taking care of every thing, and acting so cautiously as he may be relieved without hazard of any mortifications. I need not caution you or Dr. Johnston, nor say any thing more to what I have wrote.

The subject of this is, to let you know that, I am sure for this six months, I have a few books of Natural History which have lain ready to be sent you; and have never been able to know where your carrier lies, and which are his days of setting out from London. I am extremely in your debt, on account of many Curiosities, Plants, &c. and should be glad to know how to send you something now and then, as it falls in my way; though not to be in proportion to what I had of you, yet to show my gratitude, and that I am not forgetful of your favours. My most humble service to Mrs. Kaye; and please to do me the favour to tell her that I should be glad to be any way serviceable to Sir John, or any of her friends. If you please to tell me a word how your medicines or methods work with him, you will oblige your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *London, July* 11, 1706.

"I thank you for your kind letter, which I received yesterday. I am glad there was any thing in the bundle sent worth your acceptance; pray command me in any thing to my power here.

"I am sorry Sir John Kaye continues so bad; 'tis very strange so much evacuation should not relieve him. What if you lessened his drink, and made him take a sudorific or diuretic diet-drink, instead of ordinary drink for that which you allow him, or at least infuse in this ordinary drink the roots of *Raphanus rusticanus?* I believe you cannot give him better medicines than he takes, but I have seen great effects of Broom-ashes.

"You shall be sure to receive my account of Jamaica with the first. I mention in it somewhere or other the Fossils you sent me. Pray, as you saunter, if you meet with any thing that or any other way curious, let me have a line, which will much oblige your most obedient servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *London, April* 22, 1707.

"I have sent a book of my own I have just finished to the Bradford carrier, who I hope will convey it safe to you. It is the

 first

first volume of my 'Natural History of Jamaica*.' I wish it were better for you. Pray tell me the faults you find in it, in doing which you will oblige your most obedient servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *London, May* 24, 1707.

"I give you many thanks for your letter, and present of two volumes of dried Plants. You will find by my Catalogue, that I have taken notice of most of the Synonyme names you mention; however I will look. I will send you the Catalogue if you have it not, otherwise the History will be imperfect. If you have it not, I have a duplicate to spare for you, and will send it you by the first conveyance. The dried Plants (yours and mine compared) will ascertain many of the names, and I intend to do it as carefully as I can. I am very much obliged to you for your intended favours. I have had so many, I cannot tell how to receive them; only they are not to be had but by such a curious person, and of such there are but very few. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *London, Jan.* 27, 1708.

"I give you a great many thanks for the favour of your letter and fine present, which I long since received, and which was very grateful to me, for there were many Birds I had not before seen. The small long-bill'd Water-fowl you sent me up seems to be either the Sea-lark, or one very near akin to it, which come frequently into fresh-water rivers. There are many of this sort of several sizes, of which I believe this to be one. I am extremely obliged to you for this favour, and shall not be wanting upon any occasion to shew you that I am, with great sincerity, your most obedient and faithful servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Nov.* 22, 1712.

"It is some time since I proposed you to be a Member of the Royal Society, as a person extremely well qualified, by your knowledge in Natural History and other Learning, for promoting the very good ends of their institution. I was seconded by several persons, who knew, or had heard of your abilities and worth. Lately, there being a great meeting, you was elected a Member, of which I wish both you and the Society joy and success. I hope you will be pleased now and then to communicate to the Society such things as are proper and fall in your way. I remember you said you had several letters from Mr. Lhwyd. I am, with great sincerity, your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *June* 27, 1713.

"I am commanded by the Society to give you their most hearty thanks for your letter, which I received some time since, and communicated to them. It contains abundance of particulars very well worth notice and publication; and as such things fall in your way, they will be very welcome to the Society, and particularly to your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"Mr. Derham's Lectures for Mr. Boyle are worth your perusal. They are lately printed."

* The first Volume of this valuable Work was published in 1707, and dedicated to Queen Anne; the second, in 1725, was dedicated to King George I.

"SIR,

"SIR, *April* 11, 1713.

"I am ashamed I have not sooner acknowledged the receipt of yours and Mr. Lloyd's letters. I have communicated most of them to the Society. What I thought might be by some ill taken, I withheld. The Society ordered me to return you thanks, and to desire that as any thing curious offers, you would please to note and communicate it. Having a new kind of Establishment, they intend to promote the end of their institution, and call on all their Members for help. None is better qualified than yourself; so I hope I shall hear frequently from you, which will be esteemed a great happiness, by HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *May* 27, 1714.

"The Volume of Transactions for 1713 being finished, and therein many letters of yours, I beg you would let me know how to send it you. I am your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Sept.* 27, 1720.

"I received your very obliging letter, and have so many obligations by your former communications that I shall never get out of your debt. I am very sorry that your stay in London both times I have seen you here has been so short, that I have not had that opportunity of conversation with you that I could have wished for, and particularly your thoughts of many Fossils, Birds-eggs, Plants, and other Natural Rarities and Antiquities, which I have gathered together. I do not know that I could have so great a pleasure, as to be able to shew you in about a fortnight or month's time, at leisure, what I have of those kinds. However, I live in hopes that some time or other I may be so happy. In the mean time, to supply that, letters are the best remedies, and I should be extremely glad now and then to hear from you, and will promise to return you any accounts I think may be for your entertainment. Dr. John Scheuchzer hath wrote and published a book of Grasses; if you have it not, I will endeavour to get you one; he hath sent me the specimens of those he mentions.

"I am your most obedient servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *March* 9, 1720.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your letter and present, which I received last night, and which gave me a great deal of pleasure in turning over, and which will give me more when I have time to compare them with Mr. Buddle's, Petiver's, and others, which I hope will be very soon. One of them, the *Lanuginosus*, &c. I had formerly from Mr. Lhwyd from Wales, but before from the mountains on the South of the Streights of Magellan, called Terra del Fuego, brought me from thence, with many other Plants, by an acquaintance of mine, who passed through to the South Seas in 1689, or thereabouts. I am extremely obliged to you likewise for your offer of Eggs, of which I have several, but many broken and decayed; so that, if it falls in your way, I should be glad to have many of them fresher. If to them you would add some of the smaller Nests, they would

 be

be welcome. Count Marsigli hath wrote a Book 'De Architectonicâ Avium,' wherein he describes the Nests he saw on the confines of Turkey, and the Danube, one of which he says floats. I will furnish you with the books out of print which you want, having some of them already twice over; for they are good, and not very common. Please to let me know the names of the rest you want, that I may send you most of them together; for I have reserved in a garret some such duplicates, and without compliment I shall be glad to have an opportunity to serve you; and will add some other books that I think you have not, which I have twice over.

"It is many years past that Mr. Petiver took notice to me, that Dr. Sherard, who was so well qualified and situated to please the curiosity of his English friends, had quite left off any kind of communications with any but those of other Countries; which I attributed to his value for them, and contempt of others. After his arrival, Mr. Petiver again, and even on his death-bed, took notice of it with some warmth. Upon the Doctor's arrival, I was not wanting in assuring him of all the services I could do him, and that I intended, as soon as I could, to look out my duplicates of dried Plants from all parts of the world; that I had promised, and intended, to divide them amongst my curious friends (wherein I always reckon you one, and a great benefactor); and that, because he hath a curious and large collection already, I designed, and do design, he shall have the first, and consequently largest share. In the first place, after I had bought Mr. Petiver's Collections, Books, &c. for a considerable sum, he wanted Mr. Buddle's MSS. and Collections, which I had lent Mr. Petiver, and which he had before I had brought them to my own house. This, he told me, was to answer some queries he had promised to Mr. Vaillant and others. Then he told me he wanted Dr. Plukenet's Collections as well as Mr. Petiver's. I told him that I was then printing my second volume of the 'Natural History of Jamaica,' which is now near finished, the plates of which had been graved this 20 years; and that I intended, after that was published, to take my Collections of dried Plants to put in order; that they were 200 volumes, some of which were very large; that Mr. Petiver's Collections he had seen in great confusion; but that, if their labels and references, which lay loose, were not kept with them, neither he, nor any body else, could ever put them to rights; and therefore prayed him to go on with some other parts, and that in half a year mine would be ready. About six months ago, I told him that at his desire I had laid aside my other affairs; that one, the first volume of Dr. Plukenet's, was ready for him to carry home; that, before he wanted a second, it should be ready, and so on till he should have all. And now he tells me, on my minding him two days since, that he is not ready till he hath done some trifles for Mr. Vaillant's book, and that he hath sent for a young and eminent

nent Physician to help him. Now you may judge by this account what I can do more, for I shall be always ready to assist him. I am your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *July* 1, 1721.

"I am extremely obliged to you for the last letter I had from you of the first of April. I did, the first proper opportunity, communicate it to the Royal Society, after I had received the particular mentioned in your letter, which lay at the carrier's a long time through a mistake, but came safe at length.—The instrument you mention and sent, I know not what to make of; but saw in Mr. Gale's hands one of them in the mould as it was made, taken up with many others in Yorkshire. As for the underground timber, I am of your opinion; as you will see by a letter I wrote on that occasion to Lord Cromarty, which is printed in one of the Transactions, which I have sent you, together with as many of them as were printed at my charges, which I desire you would accept. I have likewise sent to the carrier's, in a box directed to you, most of the books you wanted. I could not find amongst our Booksellers one of your number, but had some of them duplicates; so cut them out of the volumes. Finding them out, and binding of them again, hath taken up too much time ere they were sent, which I hope you will excuse. I will send you the others as I can find them, for they are very scarce. I shall venture to send some others, when I come to make an end of settling my Library; and as they are not of any moment to me, if you would be so kind as to let me know what you want farther, perhaps I may furnish you. I forgot to tell you that the Royal Society ordered you their thanks for your letter. I am your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *July* 28, 1721.

"I received your very agreeable present yesterday, for which I return you my most hearty thanks. I will take care of the remaining books in your Catalogue, so soon as I can find them. I shall be very glad in that or any thing else to shew how much I am, sincerely, your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *August* 22, 1721.

"I thank you for yours of the 17th, and for your present, which is altogether rare here, where we have sometimes the Black-game. The business of the Inoculation of the Small-pox hath been tried, and so far succeeds, as that they are all well who have tried it, after going through sickness at stomach, fevers, and eruptions of one kind or other; and I think all of them, except one that had had the small pox, the true small pox with matter in the pustules, and at the wounds where the matter was applied. He that had the distemper before, had his wounds healed presently. We intend to try if carrying in people just up of the small-pox will infect these inoculated people or not. I have thought it an experiment of great consequence to mankind, and therefore have forwarded it all I could. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR,

"SIR, *September* 14, 1721.

"I thank you for yours of the 10th, and hope ere this the distemper you mention in your parts is at an end. It seems by the symptoms to be highly malignant and contagious. I think, if you came at the beginning, bleeding seems to be a proper remedy, for the symptoms are apoplectic and lethargic, which both are often relieved by venæsection. Blisters and alexipharmacs seem also very proper, and none better than those you have ordered. I remember since the first use of vesicatories all over the head shaved in this town, by an old very good Physician, Dr. Barwick in maniacal cases: but since, I have, with the concurrent opinion of other Physicians, applied them to cases where the brain and *genus nervosum* are highly affected, with great success. They lie on three days and nights, and are not dressed as other blisters, for the *cuticula* doth not rise; but after three days the head is dressed with a melilot plaister as usual. Sometimes bleeding with leeches at the temples is of great service in delirious cases. Those who have been inoculated by the small-pox are discharged from Newgate; only one of them is about a month hence to be put to bed to one ill of that distemper, to see whether, after inoculation, she will take it the ordinary way. The persons inoculated had only a common purging potion given them, a week before the operation, and the like after their recovery, and no other medicines the whole time.

"I saw the Consul* at his lodgings once, when Dillenius and he were settling Mosses, but have not seen him since. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *November* 28, 1721.

"I deferred giving you thanks for your extraordinary fine present of potted Woodcocks, which came very safe, and were extraordinary good; thinking at the same time to have sent you some of your wanted books, with other novelties in our way, but the Booksellers and Binders having disappointed me, I am perfectly ashamed of my neglect. I therefore now give you most hearty thanks, and have nothing in our way worth your notice, save that the inoculating the small-pox goes yet on without any rub. A child of a year and half old hath been infected, and communicated the small-pox to three of the same family. Seventy have been inoculated at Boston in New England, whereof two have died, the rest recovered, and concerning this there will be (I am told) an account published very soon, and the objections against this practice will be answered. Dr. Sherard goes on, and is now with Dillenius on Mosses; he hath had Mr. Buddle's collection of them from me this six weeks, and shall have what else he wants in due time, when he is ready for them. There are two or three people, well qualified, going abroad, to Guinea, Maryland, and the Canaries or East Indies, from whose travels there may reasonably be expected observations of considerable consequence to Natural Historians; and though by Mr. Vernon and Mr. Jones in such undertakings

* William Sherard, Esq.; of whom hereafter.

my

my friends and self have been very much disappointed and losers, yet I intend to encourage all of these undertakings, notwithstanding they cannot promise better than they did. I am, very much, your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *March* 22, 1721-2.

"I have not been able to find but one more of the books in your Catalogue; that is, 'Encelius de re Metallicâ.' I have sent it you by your carrier: it was left at the inn yesterday, directed to you, and with it two new books of Scheuchzer on Natural History. I pray your acceptance of them, and will send the rest when they fall in my way. The Inoculation of the Small-pox goes on without any rub hitherto. I have seen 15 inoculated, where have appeared a plain distinct kind of the small-pox, and all have gone through it without any hazard. Six more are now trying, one of them scrophulous, and another two months old. I should be glad of any commands from you, and remain your most obedient servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *August* 28, 1722.

"I received your very kind and acceptable present, every thing in very good order; and heartily wish it were in my power to retaliate, but the remainder of your Catalogue of books I have not yet found, but hope by degrees to perfect what is defective, and that something new may offer, wherein I may serve you, which, I assure you, will be a very great pleasure to me.

"The Inoculation of the Small-pox hath gone on here in town with success, till the hot weather put a stop to it. Many Physicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, and Divines, seem to oppose it with greater warmth, than in my opinion is consistent with sound reason, or the good of mankind. What turn it will take time must discover. The *Cortex Peruviana* met the same usage at first entrance into Europe; but it hath been in England received with a general applause of late years, though it hath still more enemies than it deserves; and perhaps the same reasons at bottom may hinder the use of the one and the other. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Oct.* 9, 1722.

"It is a good while since I sent to your carrier's a book tied up in brown paper, *viz.* Scheuchzer's second edition of a folio book of a subject which I am very sure you will be pleased with; I had two of them, and thought I could not employ one better than to put it into your hands. I hope you have received it, and remain your most obedient servant, HANS SLOANE."

"HONOURED SIR, *North Bierley, Oct.* 14, 1722.

"On Friday last, I received Scheuchzer's 'Herbarium diluvianum,' and the day after your letter Where the book has lain thus long I cannot learn, though I received it very safe. I am much obliged to you for this and all other your former favours: it is a very specious book; I have only had time to dip into it. I find my old friend Lhwyd is often accused in it, especially in relation to *Lythophytes*, and I think in some places undeservedly: he finds fault with him for affirming that most of the mineral leaves are

less

less than they represent. I must own I found it so in our coal-pits; but an exact likeness of any one Plant, upon due comparison, I never yet met with; though our Coal-pits, as long as they were continued, which was for three or four years, afforded plenty, especially of the capillary kind. It seems a little odd that capillaries should be brought out of the Indies, to leave their impresses with us, when as Scheuchzer owns that the forms of Fishes found in stone in his country are of such as their rivers and lakes afford. The representation of Fishes in Largius seems to be much less than the life, and that of a Flounder in Lhwyd's Lithophytæ: of which he gives us the figure of one of the largest, and some he observed no larger than the seed of a low parsnip; which indeed are very small compared with any real Fishes I know of. RIC. RICHARDSON."

"SIR, Dec. 8, 1722.

"I had the favour of yours, and received upon Thursday night the pot, with the present of Woodcocks, and the two pieces of *Tubularia purpurea imperat.* I have had of the same from Mendip hill mines, and a larger sort in a marble of which hafts for knives are made. There is something singular in many of these bodies, that they should, when lodged in strata, be filled with chrystalline matter; and very odd it is, that I have a chalk echinites, which is half turned into chrystal, and remains the other half chalk, as if a paper were half anointed with any oleaginous matter; the one half not touched remains opake, the other is made draphanous. The grass you mention to have found at the bottom of the bog with the trees, was lost or not sent: I looked for it carefully, having observed the like at Deptford, where many feet deep lay a bed of grass with leaves like those of the *Gramen fluviatile* Ger. covered with adventitious matter of many sorts I thank you heartily for these communications, and wish for an opportunity to retaliate some of them. I sent you three little books of Natural History, which, having twice, perhaps you may not be furnished with, and which lay by till some others better should fall in my way, which I pray your acceptance of. The Inoculation seems to revive a little here, and a new operation of cutting for the Stone above the Os Pubis. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *January* 17, 1722-3.

"I have found one of the books you wanted, *viz.* Camerar. Epit. Math. which I have sent, together with Liebknacht on Petrified Timber, which I believe you have not seen, and is singular. I beg your acceptance of them; and as any thing offers, or I can find the rest, I will forward them to you. These I sent yesterday to the carrier's. There was a grandchild of mine inoculated about six weeks since; the child was two days before eruption feverish, and out of order a good deal; but, after the eruption of a favourable kind, all was well. I have one of the petrified Melons from Palestine; and have been, and am, of Breynius's and your opinion about them. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR,

"SIR, *Aug.* 22, 1723.

"I thank you for your presents of all kinds, which you may be sure were very grateful. I sent by the same carrier a parcel of little books, with a charge to take care of them. There are Gesner's Catalogue, 4to; several small tracts wrote on different Simples not in common use by one Marlow, an Apothecary, most of which I deciphered to Mr. Ray (and which I think enabled him to mention at least some of them in the third volume of his 'Historia Plantarum'); and the first part of a Natural History in German by Wolfart. As the others come out I will send them to you, which is the reason it is not bound. In the mean time I would beg of you to look whether by mistake a small 4to of Bellonius, marked q. 69, did not go to you instead of his book 'De Arboribus coniferis;' it is a book of his 'De admirab. opor. antiq. præstantiâ,' that was not in the note of those you wanted; and Lord Pembroke desired me to lend it him, and I cannot find it. If it was not put up by mistake, it must be in some hole amongst my other books, got out of its place. I shall take care of you as to the remaining books of your Catalogue, and as any come out which I think you will like. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Feb.* 22, 1723.

"I most humbly thank you for your present, which came very safe to me. By the same carrier I have sent you Gesner's Epistles, which is one of those books I promised you. I have nothing else to tell you, but that we are endeavouring to purge the town of bad medicines simple and compound, by which I hope we shall help you in the country to good remedies as well as ourselves in town, by destroying the bad wherever they are to be found. I remain, with great sincerity, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Sept.* 12, 1724.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance upon all occasions, and in particular for that of the potted Moorfowl, and piece of wood with the grass. The *Juncus montanus palustris* R. Syn. was some way or other lost, and I will pray you to supply it any opportunity. I am fully of your opinion about the underground wood, and have seen the same with the broken fragments of heath in Ireland in their turf bogs, where large pieces of roots are so soft as to be cut through with their turf spades, and are no harder than cheese, if so hard. I have received some things from Siberia; and amongst the rest, the large tooth which the inhabitants conceive to be of an animal living under-ground on mud, which sometimes coming to sand is suffocated with it, where they find the bones, not only teeth such as I have, but mandibles, with other teeth, and sometimes some of the blood and flesh. This, I find, is a very plain and perfect elephant's tooth, such as the ivory-workers use. I have got Kempfer's rarities of all sorts from Germany: and his account of Japan is now translating from a High Dutch MS. into English. It will be a most curious account of a country we know little of. I am your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR,

"SIR, *Feb.* 18, 1724-5.

"I received yours of the 6th, and in due time the pot of Woodcocks, which were very good, and came very safe, and for which I give you my most hearty thanks. I have not met with any books that I think will be acceptable to you since my last; and am looking out to see for some of your old list. I had sent me from Sussex two years ago the same Bird you mention. It was taken a good way from the sea upon the Downs by a greyhound, and sent me as an unknown Bird. It could not be kept alive, though it was taken without being much hurt. The shortness and smallness of the wings were the cause of its being taken by the dog. I should be extremely pleased with any opportunity whereby I might shew you how much I am, your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *June* 15, 1725.

"I have sent a small box to the inn near Cripplegate, directed for you, to be sent by the first conveyance, in which is the second volume of my 'Natural History of Jamaica,' and Lobelsrious, one of the books which I find in the Catalogue of Botanic books you wanted, and which till now I could not find. I have yet by me the list of some few others, which I will endeavour to get for you, nothing being more grateful to me than to be any ways enabled to retaliate your many civilities of several kinds. You will find I have mentioned your name in several places, where I have been enabled, by your dried Plants, to determine some doubts I had about them when I printed my Catalogue. I wish Dr. Sherard had been so kind: the book would have been much better; but, instead of being so friendly, when he told me he had Breynius's Collection of dried Plants from Dantzick, which I more than once earnestly desired to see before it was returned, in order to satisfy some doubts you may see in this and my other book, he sent it back without giving me that satisfaction. And as a farther proof of his kindness in forwarding my endeavours of this kind, when he told me he had Father Plumier's designs all copied at Paris, I entreated the sight of them; he pretended that they were not in a condition to be made use of, till he knew the index to the second volume was printed, and that they could be of no use to me. He hath had from me, towards carrying on his works, not only the sight of Dr. Merrel's collections, Dr. Plukenet's, and Mr. Buddle's, but had them home to his own lodgings as long as he pleased to desire them. You will judge by this whether he hath used me as I have him. I hope you will give me your real opinion of what you find in this book at your leisure; and let me know if I can any ways serve you, none being more than myself, with great esteem, your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"MADAM, *Aug.* 7, 1725.

"I am extremely obliged to you for the favour you have done in sending me such a fine pot of Moor-game, which came very safe on Thursday last by the carrier. I am extremely in debt for many favours to the Doctor, to whom I wish a good journey, and success

success in all his undertakings; and that it may be in my power to be any ways useful to him, or any of his friends; being very sincerely his and your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Nov.* 20, 1725.

"I give you many thanks for your present of Woodcocks, and for your letter, which I received two or three days before. I am very much obliged to you for your account of Scotland, and wish you had seen the Basse as you desired, though I believe you would have met with nothing very remarkable. I have been on many small uninhabited Islands on the coast of Ireland, where the ordinary Sea-mews, &c. have laid their eggs often on the ground, without any or with at least very small nests, so thick, that it was difficult to pass along without treading on them; while the Birds made a terrible noise over our heads; but they were only ordinary Gulls, &c. I believe the same to be on the Basse. I do not hear of any thing new in Natural History. I shall take care of the rest of the books you want, and wish it were in my power to shew you that I am, very sincerely, your very affectionate and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *July* 23, 1726.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance upon all occasions, and more particularly for your last present of Moor-fowl, which came safe, and in good order. I am wonderfully pleased with the thoughts of your coming hither, and think you cannot do better than bring your Son with you. He will learn as much here in your company, as he will do at Oxford, for the time you remain in town. I am in hopes you will divert yourself at my house not a little, and nothing shall be wanting on my part to make you heartily welcome. Pray tell me whether I furnished you with Gesner's Epistles, which is a scarce and valuable book, and which I think I got lately. I am sorry for your gouty disorders, and remain, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *April* 15, 1727.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your letter, and the Birds, which came safe, and which I shewed the Royal Society at their last meeting, who ordered me to give you their thanks. The Fish you sent up with them was the *Faber*, or John Doree. It is an extraordinary good fish, not common here, but very plentifully to be found in the Mediterranean, whence it comes to the markets at Montpelier, where I first observed it. You will find it in Mr. Ray, but not amongst the Flat-fish, which it very much resembles in its make. I have sent your parcel to Mr. Miller *, who I am glad hath been as good as his word in sending you seeds you wanted: I am confident he will always do so. I hope to hear from you when any occasion offers, and I shall do what I can upon all occasions to shew you that I am, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Aug.* 1, 1727.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your present, which came safe, and leaves me at a loss, as well as other favours, how to de-

* The celebrated Gardener, of whom hereafter.

serve

serve such great civilities. It hath not fallen in my way to procure any of your books, but I will secure them for you as I can. Mr. Miller, and indeed every body, is obliged to you, for your communications to the Garden and Publick every way. I am, with very great respect, your most obedient, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Dec.* 21, 1727.

"I received by the carrier in due time, and in very good order, your present of potted Woodcocks, for which I most heartily thank you. I wish it was in my power to retaliate. I am glad Mr Miller hath in his way any manner of opportunity of doing you any service. I am sure no friend of mine, or who loves Natural History, but must have the greatest regard for one of your qualifications. I much doubt whether Quails are not a Bird of passage; Woodcocks certainly are, and yet often breed, and some few are to be seen in England most years, which may likely come from their having received hurts, hindering their flights into remote countries, where they may more easily feed or propagate their kinds. I am, though unworthy of that honour, chosen President of the Royal Society, and therefore must cry out to such as you for help. I remain, with great respect, your most obedient servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Sept.* 11, 1728.

"I have been out of town most part of the time since your letter and present came to my hands, which both were received in due time and in good order, and for which, as well as for many former favours, I am extremely obliged to you, and return you most hearty thanks. Dr. Ruysch lately sent me a small treatise, wherein he touches upon the Anatomy of Plants, and finds, as he hath done in human bodies, that not only leaves, &c. but even the *pericarpium* of Fruit, is chiefly made up of vessels. I have given one of them to Mr. Miller, together with a small treatise 'De Belemnitis,' for you, which are all that I have worth sending to you. Mr. Miller tells me, he hath now sent you a box with several curious Plants you want, and that you may command any thing he hath. I am, with very great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *November* 11, 1729.

"I received some time since your letter and the box, which came safe to me by the carrier; and shewed most of the particulars to the Royal Society at their last meeting, who were well pleased, and very thankful for the sight of such curiosities. The bituminous earth I remember sent from Lancashire to the Society above 40 years ago, and is very strange, and comes near the Asphaltum, especially the compacter kind. The Dounham Diamonds in the rock are very curious; the loose kinds I had before, and are found as the real Diamonds of Golconda, which are in the earth, sand, or gravel, about nine feet deep, loose, and not adhering to any matrix, as I have been told by one who lived there at the mines nine years, and brought me thence a petrified Crab. I had lately sent me from Germany a slate,

slate, in which lay a pretty long portion of one of the rays of a Star-fish; and from another place of the same country, some very odd substances of the same nature. I am by degrees getting my Collections into order, and hope some time or other you will give yourself leisure to look over deliberately what I have, where you will find a great number communicated by yourself both to me and Mr. Petiver. Pray, if I can serve you in any thing, let me know it; for I am so much in your debt, that I would be glad to find expressions, or rather actions, to shew you how much I am, with sincerity, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *July* 17, 1730.

"Mrs. Watson will return to you very soon, I think very well. Upon the recommendation she brought from you, I did all I could for her. In the first place it was necessary to have some Surgeon in the neighbourhood, who should dress and take care of her leg; and in the next to have one of the most experienced and skilful, to have his opinion in the conduct of this affair: the one was Mr. Ranby, and the other Mr. Palmer. By their management and opinions, she hath taken various remedies by my prescription and concurrence. She is perfectly cured, and has so continued for many weeks. What her mother now frights herself about is, an apprehension she hath, lest she should lose her senses or memory. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Ranby, and myself, think such fears not well founded, and hope that she will hold very well. She hath had issues made in her shoulders, to prevent any disorders upon her head and nerves; and I think it very reasonable that she should take some chalybeats and nervous medicines for some weeks, to clear her of a sort of vertigo she hath in her head, and that, upon any increase of it, she should be bled and blistered. Waters drank in any great quantity do rather hurt than relieve the head, and so do opiates; but she hath used cowslip syrups, which are innocent, and yet proved effectual to help her to sleep. I am very well pleased to be able to give you so good an account.

"I met the other day 'Bumaldi Bibliotheca Botanica,' Simon Patel's 'Viridaria Varia,' and Johnson's first and second parts of his 'Itinera,' which I would have sent you, did I know you wanted them.—The Garden at Chelsea flourishes extremely; and I am sure Mr. Miller will furnish you any thing you want that he hath. I am making an index to all my *Horti sicci* in Mr. Ray's 'History' in 3 volumes large paper, adding such as he hath not entered therein. I need not tell you that I should be very glad to be any way useful to you, being, with great sincerity, your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *April* 24, 1731.

"I ask you ten thousand pardons in not answering sooner your last letter; and the rather, because I communicated to the Royal Society your account of the effects of the *Cicuta aquatica*, for which I was ordered to return you thanks. The reason of my silence was, that I thought the two books that I was to send you

you was too small a parcel, and therefore I let them alone till I could get Fabius Columna's 'Phytobasanos,' and some other things which I thought worth sending you, which I now do. Fabius Columna I could not get till a week ago; it is not a fair copy, but the book is one of the scarcest in Botany. Stubbs of Chocolate, and Scarella of the *Aloe Americana*, are not to be found, nor Levdegarius a Quercu; and, if you have them, you may give them to somebody else. I wish I had any thing else fit for you. They are gone to the carrier's this day, but must (it seems) stay till the next week to set forward. I have a letter from Micheli, who hath sent me his first volume; and says, in two years' time he will print the second, in order to which he wants some Mosses and Grasses in the third edition of the 'Synopsis' of Ray. I fancy Mr. Brewer, who told me you could find him out, can furnish not only what he wants, but such as Dr. Dillenius and he found, some of which I want myself: he seems to have leisure, and I will make him an acknowledgement for his pains. This I the rather mention to you because he offered me so to do. I wish you would give me a new commission for books you want; for I think Fabius Columna was the last you wanted in your last catalogue; and there is nothing I desire more than to shew you, with how much sincerity, I am, &c HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *May* 23, 1732.

"I have not met with any thing worth troubling you since I last wrote; but have now sent you by your York stage-coach a small parcel, wherein are two late books of Kleyn, and one of Dr. Breynius. I have joined to them Liebknacht. I would have sent you the others you desire, but have met with none of them. It will be a great pleasure to me at any time to be able to send you any thing worth your acceptance. I trouble you with the inclosed Catalogue of Plants sent me by Micheli, which he earnestly desires me to procure for him, and I know nobody so likely as Mr. Brewer, your neighbour. He wrote me a letter some months since; and I would gladly make him satisfaction for these Plants, or any Birds, Eggs, Insects, or Natural things, he hath, which he may judge have not fallen in my way. My servant, whom I sent to the carrier, was advised to commit the parcel to the York stage-coach, which goes out to-morrow morning; and the coachman promised to leave it at a place near your house in his road to York, where you may inquire after it. I have been this winter a good deal out of order, or else you should have heard from me sooner, who always remain, with great sincerity, your most obedient and most humble servant. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Aug.* 22, 1732.

"I received your present of Fossils, with Mr. Brewer's Plants, a few days since; and am greatly obliged to you upon this as well as many other accounts, for which I return you my thanks. I have given Mr. Bartlet's Correspondent five guineas for Mr. Brewer; if you think I have not given enough, on notice I will mend it. I fancy he might pick up some things for us, and

and get something besides his own diversion. I wish it was in my power any way to retaliate your great civilities, or shew how much I sincerely am, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Aug.* 7, 1733.

"I have not had any thing worth communicating to you till the other day I had a book sent me by Mr. Lincke the author, 'De Stellis Marinis,' which you will find very curious. I have likewise added a late *Hortus Patavinus*, and a tract of Breynius, all which are put into a parcel, and directed for you, and will be sent by the next return of John Firth, carrier, of Bradford. Some plants of Mr. Brewer's, who desired their names, are returned.

"I am very sorry that I have not something better to send you; I am ranging my curiosities, where every day I find my obligations to you, and wish I could retaliate them. I am pressing very hard Mr. Shaw*, who hath been Chaplain to our Factories in Egypt, Barbary, &c. where he hath made great discoveries, to publish them; as also to get out an account of London and Westminster, by Mr. Maitland†. They are works of great value, and I would gladly see them published. I am afraid Mr. Brewer thinks I did not sufficiently reward him for his Plants sent me: if he is of that opinion, I would content him. Dr. Aman, who lived some time with me, being recommended to me by Dr. Boerhaave, Breynius, and others, is gone to Petersburg, Professor of Botany; where he is arrived, and writes to me that he will endeavour to give the Natural History of Russia; and that there are going three Professors of that University, with Designers, &c. to the North-east, and are not without hopes, in seven or eight years travels, to get that way to America; in a former voyage of three years having gone as far as to be to the North-east of Japan.

"I have had a good deal of disorder in my health, for three quarters of a year, which hath hindered me from shewing you how much I am, with very great sincerity, HANS SLOANE."

"M. M. Rich. Richardson, au Caffe de Conte
proche le PontNeuf à Paris.

"SIR, *Dec.* 13, 1733. O.S.

"I have received your very obliging letter some time since, for which I most heartily thank you, and wish it was in my power to serve you here. I had not long since a letter from your Father, who was then very well. I shall be glad to see you safe returned; and to learn by you what new things are stirring where you are, in your Father's and my way. I wish you your health and all happiness; being, very sincerely, your most obedient and most humble servant, HANS SLOANE."

* Rev. Thomas Shaw, D. D. F. R. S. Regius Professor of Greek, and Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. His "Travels and Observations relating to several Parts of Barbary and the Levant," first appeared in 1738. He died in 1751; and a second Edition of his "Travels" was published in 1757. See a brief memoir of Dr. Shaw in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. p. 288.

† This useful Work was published in 1739. See some account of the industrious Author in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 382.

"SIR,

"Sir, *Aug.* 13, 1734.

"I have sent you by the carrier three books, of which I have duplicates; 'Sellius of the Timberworms,' 'A Treatise of the Generation of Stones;' and another; which are in our way, and I believe new to you. I desire you to give my service to Mr. Brewer, and tell him that, upon inquiry, I found the people who set up skins of Birds make use of glass beads for the eyes. I would be glad if he sent me up specimens of the Plants, Insects, and Fossils, or other Natural productions of his neighbourhood. He hath leisure, is well skilled in drying, pasting, &c. and will receive from me some consideration for his trouble*. I am sorry to hear by Mr. Miller your gout is so troublesome; but you know, what I write just now to a patient in the same case 'that patience and flannel are the best remedies.' Hans Sloane."

"Sir, *April* 9, 1737.

"I give you many thanks for the favour of your answer to my letter. It agrees perfectly with what we have heard; and will

* Dr. Pulteney, vol. II. p. 183, says, "Having mentioned the name of Brewer, his connexion with Dillenius will not allow me to refuse a proper tribute to his memory. His passion for English Botany, and his skill and assiduity, enabled him to afford singular assistance to the Professor, particularly in the subjects for his History of Mosses; as in some instances he had done in the Synopsis, for the Plants of Mendip and Chedder Rocks.

"He was originally of Trowbridge in Wilts, in which county he had a small estate. He was engaged at one time in the woollen manufactory of that place; but, I believe, proved unsuccessful in business. He attended Dillenius into Wales, Anglesey, and the Isle of Man, in the summer of 1726; and afterwards remained the winter, and the greater part of the next year, in that country; making his residence at Bangor, and taking his excursions to Snowdon and elsewhere, often accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Green, and Mr. William Jones. While in Wales, it was intended that he should have gone over to Ireland, to make a botanical tour through that kingdom; but that expedition never took place. So long a residence gave him an opportunity not only of seeing the beauties of Summer Plants, but of collecting the *Cryptogamia* in Winter, when they flourish most. Here he received instructions from the Professor, collected specimens of every thing rare, or unknown to him before, and sent them to Dillenius, to determine the species, and fix the names. I have seen a catalogue of more than two hundred Plants, many of which were ill ascertained before, all sent at one time, with the references to the Synopsis affixed by Dillenius. This journey appears to have been designed to promote the Appendix to the Synopsis.

"In 1728, Mr. Brewer went into Yorkshire, and resided, I believe, the remainder of his days at Bradford, in that county, in the neighbourhood of Dr. Richardson, by whose beneficence he was assisted in various ways. After his retirement into Yorkshire, he meditated, and nearly finished, a work, which was to have borne the title of 'The Botanical Guide;' but it never appeaaed. I cannot determine the time of his decease, but am assured he was living in the year 1742."—Thus far Dr. Pulteney.—Mrs. Dorothy Richardson informs me, that, meeting with misfortunes, he was obliged to seek a maintenance in another way; and was Head Gardener to the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton. He ended his days at Mr. John Pollard's house at Bierley, and was buried in the yard close to the East Wall of Cleck-Heaton Chapel. The valuable Collection of Plants and Sea-Weeds at Bierley were collated and dried by himself; and were purchased of him, a little while before his death, by Richard Richardson, Esq. for 20*l*, though some years before he had refused 100*l*. for them from Sir Hans Sloane.

be

be considered so soon as Mr. Annesley, who is my niece's friend and Lawyer, comes to town. He is gone to the country for the interment of Lord Anglesea, who has left him a very great estate, but will be soon in town.—My Lady Kaye sent your letter to me last night; when I told her servant that her Ladyship and family should be very welcome, at any time convenient for them, to see my Curiosities. I guess by the servant that it must be after Sir John's return from the country, where he goes on Wednesday; he desiring to be of the party, and I being engaged on Monday with the Physicians and Surgeons to the Hospitals of London, and on Tuesday with relations going into Northamptonshire. I desire you would make no difficulty at any time to recommend such of your friends as love such things to me, that they may have the pleasure of diverting themselves with seeing, amongst others, a great many things that I have had from yourself; and therefore I make it my request that you would make no ceremonies with one who is very sincerely, &c. HANS SLOANE."

"SIR, *Sept.* 15, 1740.

"As I have been extremely obliged to you for many years for many useful notices, so your last very kind letter assured me of your esteem, which, so soon as able with my own hand, I acknowledge I put a great value upon. Since my condition hath rendered me unable to follow the practice of my profession, I have employed myself in putting into some sort of order my Collections of all sorts, which are very numerous, and in some particulars made so by yourself. I have taken as much care as reasonably can be expected of me; but I cannot answer for what may happen to them. I will conclude with assuring you, that I am, with great regard and sincerity, your most obedient and most humble friend and servant, HANS SLOANE."

DR. RICHARDSON to SIR HANS SLOANE.

"HONOURED SIR, [*undated, but probably in* 1720.]

"Your former civilities and favours have made so great an impression upon me, as not to be forgot during the term of my whole life. Your last kind entertainment, not only at your table but in your inestimable Museum (which requires an age to peruse it with due attention and exactness), claims my due return of thanks and acknowledgment; all your civilities shall ever be gratefully owned by me; still, to make any suitable return to that, is not in my power. If any thing in Natural History occurs that is worthy of your notice, I will not fail to communicate it to you, being the only Patron of that curious part of learning. The rest of the Society are so much taken up with their mathematical schemes, that often things as useful are thereby neglected. Be pleased to pardon this freedom; who shall always be desirous of your esteem, and to be numbered amongst the crowd of your obliged servants, RIC. RICHARDSON."

Mr. Benjamin Baynes* to Dr. Richardson.

"Worthy Sir, *Univ. Col. June* 25, 1714.

"I yesterday sent you, by the Northampton Carrier, my Lord Clarendon's 'History;' it is as fair a book as ever I saw; I hope you will receive it safe, and the binding will please you. I desired Mr. Sare to wait upon Mr. Tancred with Sir George's and your second volume of Mr. Collier's 'Ecclesiastical History;' but he refused to receive them, as having no orders from Sir George. I got Mr. Tempest to intimate his father's will to him; and I believe by this time he must have taken them in, and I hope has or will shortly send them down to you.

"It would be an omission here not to acknowledge how much we all think ourselves obliged to you for the kind encouragement you are pleased to lend our College in general; and it would be something worse than omission, it would be ingratitude in me, if I did not own to you how much I in particular am indebted for all the favours received by, Sir,

"Your much obliged humble servant, Benj. Baynes.

"The young gentlemen are very well. My service to all friends."

"Dear Sir, *Univ. Coll. July* 13, 1716.

"I return you a thousand thanks for the many favours and civilities received in Yorkshire; and would have sent you this acknowledgment of them sooner, could I have got an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Hearne sooner. I have got 'Titus Livius Foro-Juliensis' of him for eight shillings unbound; but 'Rosse's Antiquities,' he says, are not to be had. 'The Acts of the Apostles' he has one of, which he will not part with under a guinea; but I have met with a friend who will let me have one for fifteen shillings, which are three more than the prime cost. I have subscribed four shillings in your name for 'Alfred of Beverley's Annals;' and shall give him four more when they are out, which will be in less than a fortnight's time. If you will let me know your pleasure by letter whether or no you will have 'The Acts of the Apostles,' I will send it you or not as you shall order, with 'Titus Livius' and 'Alfred of Beverley,' as soon as I can get them both bound, which I hope will be about three weeks hence, and then you may expect them from one who is, with the greatest sincerity and regard, Sir, your most obliged humble servant, Benj. Baynes."

"All your friends here are very well, and much at your service: mine to your good lady and all about Bierley."

"Worthy Sir, *Univ. Coll. Aug*, 3, 1716.

"I have sent you this week by the carrier, and I hope you will receive them safe, 'The Acts of the Apostles,' 'Titus Livius,' &c. and 'Alfred of Beverley.' I have put down your name for 'Mr. Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More,' the 'Chronicon Godstovianum,' and the 'Description of Fairford Church Windows,' all which Mr. Hearne designs to give you in an eight shillings volume about two

* Of University College, Oxford; M. A. 1707. He died in 1722.

months

months hence, and will, when that labour is over, publish 'Camden's Elizabetha,' of which he tells me he has a copy with many large and useful additions under the Author's own hand. You see how great is the diligence of this man, how unwearied he is almost as the Sun, how he seeks to enlighten and scatter all the darkness which covers the ages before him. Our Sacred and Civil History suffered an irreparable loss at the dissolution of our Monasteries; for the monks first wrote the Chronicles of their times, and then preserved them, with other books of all kinds, in their Libraries: but these Libraries, sharing the fate of the Religious houses they belonged to, were destroyed, and we deprived of the light and views they would have given us into the times which preceded their destruction; the weight of this loss, which we have ever since felt, your friend of Edmund Hall seeks to lighten, while with incredible diligence and curiosity he strives to recover whatsoever escaped the sacrilege of those times. I drank your health some time ago with him and Mr. Bobart, who both send their humble service to you. To theirs give me leave in a very particular manner to join the best services and wishes of, &c. B. BAYNES."

Dr. ARTHUR CHARLETT* to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"WORTHY SIR, *University College, Oxon. June 2, 1712.*

"I am very glad I have so good an opportunity to return my thanks to you for your late kind visit, as to acquaint you at the same time, that your nephew Ferrand was chose last Saturday into our Freyston Foundation †, at which time four other young Students were chose Scholars, all of very promising and hopeful parts, as appeared from their performances at the examination in public, which is not cursory, but pretty strict in all the proper parts of Learning. These small Exhibitions, however little in the pecuniary value, are of more importance to their education, since we now oblige them to a more constant residence, and a careful behaviour, by making them appear, as well as be, members of our foundation, from their gowns and surplices, in daily duties in the Chapel and Hall.

"I am now going to Hambledon, near Henley, where, at the Catharine-wheel, I am sure to hear your name mentioned with great respect to your knowledge in all the Vegetable Kingdom; but must return from a very pleasant situation on Saturday,

* Arthur Charlett, of Trinity College, Oxford; M.A. 1682; Junior Proctor 1683; B.D. 1684; D.D. and Master of University College, 1692; one of the Delegates to act as Chancellor (for the Duke of Ormond) from 1693 to 1712; Chaplain in Ordinary to King William 1696. He died Nov. 18, 1722. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 70.

† "John Freyston, of Altofts in Yorkshire, Esq. gave an estate in Pontefract, for the maintenance of a Fellow and two Scholars, who were natives of the county. He gave money also for the purchase of a house on the West side of the College, now part of the great Quadrangle."

Chalmers's Oxford, vol. I. p. 31.

 having,

having, I think, never missed a Communion in our Chapel on Easter, Whit-sunday, and Christmas, since I had the honour to be called hither by the Society in 1692.

"With all kind services and respects to our friends of University College, I am, good Sir, &c. AR. CHARLETT."

"WORTHY SIR, *Bath*, 6 *June*, 1713.

"I was out of town when Mr. Swaine was entered in our College. As soon as I returned; he brought me your welcome letter, that contains so many affectionate expressions of a real kindness to University College, and which ought to oblige the Master and Fellows to shew all possible respect to, by taking the best and most proper methods to instruct and encourage, the youth you so kindly recommend to their care.

"It is no small affliction to me to be long absent from our beloved College; and indeed the seven cold months continual residence has made Dr. Radcliffe send me down hither, for the sake of the waters and riding.

"Here are only two gentlemen of Yorkshire, both formerly of University College, Sir J. Bland and Mr. Lowther; and we remember your County as often as we meet. On next Midsummer day, one of Bradford school will be chose Fellow without any opposition, I believe: he deserves so well, that, if he wanted it, I would go home on purpose, though I returned the next day.

"We hope Judge Powell will find such benefit from the waters, as may enable him to make use of his cushion again, which the Queen so kindly keeps vacant for him; an honour never more justly bestowed. Mr. Charles Fox lies dangerously ill, and receives no visits; but his father Sir Stephen receives and returns all; his sight returning to him in full perfection, after using glasses above 20 years, so as to read the smallest advertisements. The strangers of quality are said to be few; yet last Sunday Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Charles Barrington collected at the Church door, for the Charity-school, 108*l*.

"My very humble service to your brother, and the careful Master of Bradford. My most humble service to Sir G. Tempest; his son shall be most welcome. Mr. Yarburgh is very pregnant and hopeful. Mr. Swaine promises me to be very good. I am good Sir, your very much obliged, &c. AR. CHARLETT."

"SIR, *University College, Oxon. Dec.* 28, 1713.

"I beg your pardon for not answering your most obliging letter of the 5th instant; and am very glad any opportunity, much more so kind and good-natured one to your neighbours and to the University, should bring you to this College at Spring; which I heartily wish may be early, because soon after St. Cuthbert, when we elect our annual officers, I shall be forced to go to the Bath, where, by experience, I have found a long residence to be very necessary to all that expect benefit from the waters. It would be a great trouble to me to miss the opportunity of waiting on two such good friends to University College as yourself and Sir George Tempest, whom I found here a Gentle-

man Commoner, and therefore must look upon him as my senior. His son shall be as welcome as the father was, and may have all the conveniences in this small College that can be wished for in a greater. Mr. Thornton I remember to have often heard spoken of by all our Fellows, as a gentleman, in conjunction with yourself, that were the chief ornaments of this place, and to whom it owed most: but it was never my good fortune to see him. I must thank you for recommending so hopeful an youth as Mr. Yarburgh. He has brought a very good stock of Learning with him to begin with, which he seems resolved to cultivate by study and industry; not believing conversation to be the best and surest method to learning, as the custom of too many now-a-days is to trust and depend solely upon.

"I ought in the first place to have assured you, that myself and the Society will be, must be, ever ready to pay a very particular regard to your recommendations; and therefore, wherever a *cæteris paribus* is, the preference will be to your desires.

"With all the good wishes of the season to yourself, Sir George Tempest, and the worthy Master of Bradford, I am your obedient servant, AR. CHARLETT."

"WORTHY SIR, *University College, Oxon. Feb.* 1, 1713-4.

"I propose, by the advice of my Physician of the Bath, to stay complete ten weeks in that place; and, having missed the last year with great reluctance the opportunity of waiting on our friends that do us the honour to see us at the Act season (though the first time in above forty years), I am not willing to transgress again; and therefore wish myself here the beginning of July, by which computation I can stay here till the 19th of April: otherwise I shall begin my account the last day of March, and return before Midsummer-day from the Bath.

"You will pardon this freedom you have invited me to; and beg the same from you, so as to know your and Sir George's necessary days and time, that I may try, upon another calculation, to reduce my inclinations to your occasions; it being my great desire to wait upon yourself, Sir George, and Mr. Thornton, as in duty is owing to such eminent and obliging friends of University College, from, Sir,

"Their and your obliged, humble servant, AR. CHARLETT."

"SIR, *University College, Oxon. March* 19, 1713-4.

"I can with pleasure tell you, that your nephew Farrand has succeeded in the election this morning; as also Mr. Yarburgh in his scholarship, whose performances were so laudable, as to give a prospect of making a very considerable man, being a very hard student, and of excellent sense and parts. I continue my resolutions of going to the Bath, as soon as St. Cuthbert, the Passion week, and Easter-day are over, so as to be there yet in this month; and I will take care to meet you here at the time most proper for Sir George Tempest and yourself, though I go back again presently after to those waters; therefore take the time most convenient for yourselves, and it shall be made so to, good Sir, your very affectionate humble servant, AR. CHARLETT."

"WORTHY

"WORTHY SIR, *Univ. Coll. Oxon. Jan.* 17, 1714-5.

"I received your very kind present, and spent it in very good company, who commended very much the cookery of it, being a very noble Christmas dish. Mr. Jackson being in haste for Bradford, I have only time to give you my thanks; and to let you know, the custody of the Museum is committed by the Vice-chancellor and Curators into the hands of a very able, diligent, and faithful person, Mr. Whiteside*, a very eminent Mathematician, recommended by Mr. Halley these several years to teach Mathematics in this University; which he has performed to great satisfaction, and is also a very sober honest gentleman, that will think himself obliged to act with integrity and fidelity, to the honour and advantage of the University, and of his own character. I am sure nothing can be more to his advantage than to have the benefit of your advice and direction; which I hope you will not deny, for the common good of mankind, and useful literature. The bearer can best tell how all the young gentlemen of Yorkshire do: he need not be afraid to see any of their relations. Our College was never more happy in a sober, modest, studious youth, than at present, since I had the honour to be acquainted with it. We are beginning to purchase the houses of Catstreet, in order to lay the foundation of a new Library, chiefly intended for the purchase of foreign books, Dr. Radcliffe imagining *the Act of Parliament had already given us a title to all printed in England.* I am, Sir, your much obliged, &c. AR. CHARLETT."

"MOST WORTHY SIR, *Hambledon, Ladyday,* 1716.

"Having left all the houses next my lodgings, and in Logic lane, pulling down, I came hither for ten days' retreat, till the masons should be ready to lay the foundation of part of the new designed lodgings in the East side of a new Quadrangle in Logic lane; that and the North next the street being intended to be answerable in every respect of Tower, &c. to the North and East sides of the old already built; the fourth being only to be a fair stone garden-wall, with a gate in the middle on the South, for the use of the Master, pursuant to Dr. Radcliffe's intentions, and words of his will. At Henley I am glad to find the Catharine Wheel in the same good repute as when the father was alive; and you will be not unpleased to hear, for his sake, that the three sons live very discreetly and lovingly together, and maintain the Garden in perfect good order and credit; the eldest having put up a decent monument for his father in the church, the grandfather being still alive and busy, able to shave himself without spectacles, to crack small nuts, and will make his own bed. The father upon the monument is styled 70; and I have often heard him say, he had a sister two years older than himself.

"This letter brings my best wishes and services to our College's best friend Dr. Richardson, by the hands of a most ingenious and deserving favourite of mine and all the Society, young Mr. Yarburgh; who continues to make so great proficiencies

* John Whiteside, of Brazenose College, Oxford; M. A. 1704. He was elected F. R. S. in 1718; and died Oct. 22, 1729.

in

in all sorts of Learning and virtues, as may make him a very great comfort to his friends, and an ornament to the College. I must also in justice speak exceeding kindly of your nephew Sir Richardson, and Mr. Thornton, both being very studious, modest, diligent, and good scholars. Our industrious and faithful Keeper of our Museum, Mr. Whiteside*, is going to London, to visit the Virtuosos, being also a Fellow of the Royal Society; and to take advice and instructions, particularly from our good friend Dr. Sloane, being not more willing to ask counsel, than to follow it. He has had lately a *Collegium-Mathematicum* of a month's course, where he taught the youth of several Colleges, particularly the young most hopeful studious Duke of Queensbery, Marquis of Hartington, &c. He goes through all the parts of Natural Philosophic Experiments, and Mathematics, for which he is very well accomplished, with excellent instruments well made, at an expence of near 300*l*. His price is a guinea and a half. I wish every gentleman and student of the University were enabled by their friends, if they have any genius, to go through a whole course. Those two young Noblemen have been very diligent, attentive, and much pleased with the operations and lectures. The University is going to re-print the Catalogue of the Bodleian Library, folio, augmented very near a third part, since the Edition by Dr. Hyde. The care of it will belong to Dr. Hudson. My Curate Mr. Bateman, scholar of the Gunsley foundation †, thinks he has discovered in Sussex a Water-mouse never yet described in any books, rather lesser and blacker than those on the land, and desires me to mention it to you, with his service. I must acquaint the new Baronet, Sir Hans Sloane, with this discovery. Last night's St. James's Post mentions a bill found against three scholars for pulling down the Meeting-house — a lye, without any colour or foundation; no bill found, or offered.

"Other matters I shall leave to the bearer; and am, good Sir, your very affectionate humble servant, AR. CHARLETT."

"MOST WORTHY SIR, *Univ. Coll. Oxon. Aug.* 15, 1717.

"I have time only to acknowledge the receipt of a very kind letter, some time since, about Mr. Thornton, who brings you this, and has behaved himself so very well, as that I can trust him with the honour of the University, in being able to give a fair representation of the conduct and studies of this place. Your Nephew I have excused from his two Declamations, in case he returns: by the next, I shall give you an account how our Mu-

* See before, p. 292.

† "In 1618, the Rev. Robert Gunsley, Rector of Titsey in Surrey, bequeathed the Rectory and Parsonage of Flamsted in Hertfordshire to the College, for the maintenance of two Scholars for a certain period; and afterwards of two more, all of whom should be chosen by the Master and Fellows; two out of the Grammar-school of Rochester, and two out of that of Maidstone, all natives of Kent, except such as might be of his kindred. Their present allowance is £.15 per annum, and chambers in the College; and nearly one half of the Scholars who have enjoyed this benefaction appear to have been of the name or kindred of the Testator."
Chalmers's Oxford, vol. I. p. 32.

seum

seum increases, and of several other things relating to the Republick of Letters. In the mean while be pleased to excuse this brevity; and believe me, Sir, with the sincerest respect and esteem, your very affectionate and obedient, &c. AR. CHARLETT."

"MOST WORTHY SIR, *Univ. Coll. Oxon. Nov.* 18, 1718.

"With much pleasure I recollect the many very delightful Towns, Houses, and Curiosities, our College Progress afforded us a sight of on the other side of Trent, more especially in Yorkshire; and with no less satisfaction must we remember the universal humanity and civility we received every where, very particularly in the West Riding, and at the two most obliging families of Tongrie and Bierley, to whom this College are so much obliged. We met also with the like at Ackworth, Woolley, &c.; and it was our own fault that our haste did not permit us to enjoy the same from several others, both acquaintance and strangers. I must ever own the particular civility to myself, a very unworthy Southern Member of a Northern College.

"We returned through the Peak of Derby; at Chatsworth, much engaged to the condescending goodness of the Marquis of Hartington, who had spent three years in New College with great credit, and due deference to the discipline of the University.

"At Lichfield I had the pleasure, which I had long desired, of seeing and conversing with the learned and courteous Sir J. Floyer. We were afterwards very particularly entertained at Blythe Hall, by the Master thereof, not long since a Gentleman Commoner of this College, and the immediate descendant from the great Sir William Dugdale; whose MS corrections to his printed books, pictures, advices to his family, method of studies, &c. were a valuable part of the entertainment; the young gentleman, his great grandson, being very curious, sober, virtuous, much addicted to the studies of History, Antiquity, Heraldry, &c.

"Nor man nor horse had the least ill accident in all our long journey: my own brought home two Oxford shoes, nor did we ever desire or wish a coach. I hope your neighbouring renowned School of Bradford continues to flourish. I do not forget my debt to their Library. Your account from Dr. Sherard about our Coins was very afflicting to me; but I was much refreshed when I heard both Dr. Hudson and Mr. Bolds declare, that, when Dr. Sherard came to Oxford some time after, as it were *incognito*, to see Mr. Bobart and Mr. Dyer, the Doctor was very particular in viewing Consul Ray's Coins, of which not any were found missing, to his great surprize and satisfaction;—not that any care can always secure from a number of false strangers, without the same arts as preserve the Crown Jewels. I have here inclosed a new list of Coins given us, not here before, lately found about Exeter, so that some time or other we shall be ready to publish a Museum. I hope your family are all well. AR. CHARLETT."

"WORTHY SIR, *Univ. Coll. Oxon. Jan.* 15, 1718-9.

"'Tis very long since I contracted a debt to your famous School of Bradford, by the favour of the kind Master and others. This morning the Northampton carrier is charged with a box of a small

a small present, to testify my grateful respect to so renowned a seminary of both Universities, and very particularly to this Northern College. It is directed to yourself, to be left with the Reverend the Master of the Free school, Mr. Hill, whom I desire you to beg his admission of this into the Library, pursuant to my obligation, and his own promise. I beg also th t you would discharge all the expences, to the last penny, of carriers, porters, &c. from Northampton to the School; and let me know the sum: it shall be thankfully repaid to Mr. Yarburgh or Mr. Tempest, as you shall direct. I am in debt to that most worthy Gentleman Mr. Nic. Tempest for a very kind letter. This is the eighth week of my confinement by the first fit of the gout, which has chiefly affected my hands. I am, &c. AR. CHARLETT."

"MOST WORTHY SIR, *Bath, Aug.* 31, *Monday*, 1719.

"Having been here ever since Midsummer day, confined by a *scratcht* leg, now at last almost whole, I have leisure to reflect on the pleasure I had last year, in this month, of a free and open air in the North, particularly in your West Riding. Since I came hither, I received a letter from Mr. Yarburgh *, of his preferment, much to his advantage, in Brasenose College; and as much to our damage in University; so far that, whereas there were few things I wished more than a vacant Fellowship in our College, now it is the reverse. By his resignation we have a new Yorkshire Scholarship void, and some others before. I wish Bradford School could send us a supply of some youth, that might be fit to succeed Mr. Yarburgh; or, if inferior to him in parts, learning, and temper, we would be content. I hear Mr. Tempest is in earnest leaving the College; he has been so little there, that I seldom saw him; but when I could speak with him, which was rare, he gave me so good a countenance, such good words, and such desirable promises, that he disarmed both prejudices and anger; so that I never knew what to write to his most worthy and anxious father, nor to the most obliging uncle, to both whose civilities I owe so much; on which account I have been, though with a reluctance very ungrateful to myself, so long very scandalously silent. But I hope Mr. Baynes has supplied all defects of others, being most heartily concerned to serve both father and son.—I find our friend Dr. Musgrave continues his British studies of Antiquities, intending speedily to publish an Appendix to his three volumes, in which he will acknowledge the munificence of the Prince of Wales, who sent a ring diamond valued at 100*l.* by his Chancellor Mr. Justice Eyres, delivered to him by the Judge in his Western Circuit, as a testimony of his acceptance of his Epistle Dedicatory to Prince Frederick. I have not seen Mr. Lowther of Ackworth here, nor that most hospitable and most generous, discreet gentleman, Mr. Wentworth of Woolley, who was said to design drinking these waters. His Grace of Canterbury came hither on Tuesday, and on Wednesday had a most severe fit of the stone, upon which Sir J. Chadwell advised him

* Charles Yarburgh, of Brasenose, M.A. 1741.

to

to remove to the Bristol well, those waters being more cool and quiet, less active and penetrating; and accordingly the Archbishop departs hence this week, as he was pleased to tell me this morning, being so good as to visit a lame man, who is the more confined, the nearer he is to be healed, and by closing of the skin made whole. However, this City, which begins to grow jealous of Bristol, is exceeding full; nor are there any complaints, from the Duke of Kingston, Duchess of Ormond, Earl and Countesse of Coventry, Lord Carteret, Dr. Davis of Bromingham, &c. My humble service to all friends on the other side of Trent that will accept the same from, Sir, &c. AR. CHARLETT."

The Earl of DERBY* to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"SIR, *Knowsley, Oct.* 29, 173..

"I was glad to hear by your Son, that you were in good health; and I assure you I look upon his calling upon me as a favour. For the things you were so kind as to send me, I return you my hearty thanks; and, as Mr. Richardson has seen my collection, if there is any thing here, which you have not, you shall be very welcome to it. Dr. Langwith, rector of Petworth in Sussex, tells me he has got a curious Plant, which grows somewhere in Lancashire or Yorkshire, called *Rhodia Radix*. At this season the roots are under ground, so 'tis not visible; but I hope to be able to procure it at a proper time. My hearty service to your Son, whose company I was pleas'd with. I am, Sir, &c. DERBY."

* James Stanley, tenth Earl of Derby, succeeded to that title in 1702. His Lordship served in the Convention-Parliament, which assembled at Westminster on January 22, 1688-9, for the town of Preston; and from 1695 he sat for the County of Lancaster, till his accession to the Peerage. His Lordship served several Campaigns in Flanders under King William; and, in 1692, his Majesty, in his camp at Lambeque, on August 18, promoted him from being Lieutenant-colonel of the Guards, to the command of the Sixteenth regiment of Foot: he was also one of the Grooms of the bed-chamber to King William. On succeeding to the Earldom of Derby, &c. he resigned his military employments; and, on June 10, 1702, was constituted Lord Lieutenant of North Wales, and the county of Lancaster; and the next year had a patent to be Vice-admiral of the said county, during Queen Anne's reign. On June 10, 1706, his Lordship, at Windsor, was by her Majesty's command sworn one of the Privy-Council, and at the same time Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. At her Coronation, April 23, 1702, he carried one of the three swords of State; as he did also at the Coronation of King George I. October 20, 1714. His Lordship having, at the change of the ministry in 1710, been removed from his posts, as also that of Lord-lieutenant of the county of Lancaster, he was, August 5, 1714, again constituted Lord-Lieutenant of the said County. On September 33, 1715, he was appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; and on Oct. 23, 1727, made Lord-lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for the county of Lancaster. This Nobleman possessed a taste for scientific pursuits; and he had an excellent Garden at his seat at Knowsley; at which place he died Feb. 1, 1735-6, having survived his only son. His Countess died at Chichester, March 29, 1752.

"MY

"MY GOOD DOCTOR, *Knowsley, May* 9, 1735.

"I send you inclosed some of the Red Sorrel seed, which they make use of in the West Indies to make tarts of when the fruit is green; but it must be kept in an hot bed constantly till the fruit is set. It will grow three feet high. I should be glad to know at what time the Tuberose flowers, and when any of yours blow. If I had any thing else to send you worth acceptance, you should have it, from, Sir, your hearty friend, DERBY."

Dr. FRANCIS DRAKE* to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"SIR, *York, Aug.* 22, 1729.

"I some time since wrote to Dr. Stanhope, about the loan of some books; or, if he had them not, to desire you would be so good as to spare them me. He sent me word that you was out of the country, or that he had not those books in possession. The books I want are 'Leland's Itinerary,' and seeing your name as subscriber to Mr. Hearne for his 'Collectanea,' I imagined you would not miss the first.

"I am about a design to publish the Antiquities of this City, being invited thereto by a very valuable MS. I have in my possession, wrote by Sir Thomas Widdrington, sometime Recorder of this place. I know there are several collections in the books I mention which would help my undertaking; and as you have been always an encourager of works of this nature, I doubt not but you will lend me them, or any else you think may advantage me. They shall be carefully look'd to, and as faithfully return'd by, Sir, your most humble servant, FR. DRAKE."

"SIR, *York, Oct.* 18, 1729.

"I am sorry that neither the cause of Antiquity, my own acquaintance with you, nor Sir John Kaye's mediation in this affair, can gain the favour of the perusal of Leland for a fortnight only; in which time I will certainly return it. But, to stimulate more, I have here enclosed you a scheme of my whole design, and do assure you that I am thoroughly bent (*gratiâ Dei*) to pursue it; as I am inform'd there is not much to my purpose to be met with in the Itinerary, and I can go on without it: but it would be ill-judged in a General to leave the smallest fortress unsubdued in the course of his conquests, when it may prove a thorn in the end. I know the value of the books, and that if lost they are irretrievable; but, if you please, I will send a servant over on purpose and give you any security for their safe return. Mr. Hearne of Oxford has been moved in this behalf, and a letter from you would certainly make him warm in it. If you would further oblige me in this, I shall ever own myself, Sir, your most devoted, humble servant, F. DRAKE."

† The very worthy and intelligent Historian of York; of whem see the "Literary Anecdotes, vol. VII. p. 115.

"Dr.

Dr. Drake to Richard Richardson, Esq.

"Dear Sir, *York, April* 26, 1738.

"I return you the same instrument you sent me, which is much better than any he has by him; and he also says that there is now no fault in it, the screw not being designed to come any closer. I return you thanks for Lhwyd, which at my leisure I shall dip into. I am sorry my ignorance of the antient British, or modern Welsh, will hinder me from taking that pleasure in it which a right Taffy must do. I long to be poring, you must know, over your Saxon gentry; and if your father would be so good as to spare them me for some time, I would take a little pains to unriddle these dark emblems of Royalty.

"By the desertion of most of our Gentry, and a whole Regiment of Dragoons from this place, we are become exceeding bare and lonesome. The weather is not yet warm enough to encourage J. Turner to set his face towards Dewsbury. To-morrow that Family, Counsellor Slingsby, and myself, design for Wheldrake, to survey a bed of tulips, which they say cost the proprietor, Mr. Scawen, 400*l*. If it be so, yet the ill-natured cannot say but he has *some colour* for what he did.

"My best respects to the old gentleman, &c. who am also, Sir,

"Yours most faithfully, F. Drake."

"Dear Sir, *York, June* 3, 1749.

"According to my promise, I send this to give you notice, that I intend to be in Craven on Friday next; and, according to your promise, I expect you to meet me there; else I shall not be able to find my way to Bierley in my return. I purpose a great deal of pleasure in surveying your curiosities of all sorts; and should be glad to see your nephew there, the young genius you told me of; who seems already to think, you say, that there are other amusements proper for a gentleman to employ his time in, besides leaping over five-bar'd gates, and cock-fighting. Do not fail your appointment, as you will answer the contrary at your peril, to yours most truly, F. Drake."

"Dear Sir, *York, December* 19, 1761.

"I have a favour to beg of you, which I make no doubt, if it is in your power, you will do for me, and therefore I shall make no further apology for the freedom of asking it. I have an estate in the parish of Halifax, which, I believe you know, was left me by my kinsman of Craven, but which I never was fully instructed in, either in nature or value. About four years ago I carried over a surveyor with me from hence; but, as it was in Summer, and the hedges full of leaves, he could not see to make a proper judgment of the number of acres, for he did not measure; and, being a stranger also to the country, was so to their value. Now what I have to desire of you is, to recommend to me a person so qualified as to overlook and take a survey, if needful, of the whole estate; and herein you may, if you please, consult my friend Seedes, who knows the premises, and may better assist in the affair. If such a person can be met

with

with in your neighbourhood, please to inform me, and I will give him further instructions; but you may take your own time in all this, I am in no hurry about it.

"I have set your kinsman Marmaduke so much agog by my description of your Druidical works, that he seems determined to come next summer to see them; and especially as I have assured him there is a turnpike up to your door. He has read Borlase, and therefore is a better judge of such matters.

"My best respects to your lady, who am, Sir,

"Your real friend and servant, FR. DRAKE."

MR. THOMAS HEARNE * to DR. RICHARDSON.

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxon. February* 18, 1711-2.

"Four or five days since I received your letter from Mr. Nevil, in which you have been pleased to communicate to me an account of several Antiquities discovered in Yorkshire. The observations and remarks you have made upon each particular are undeniable proofs of your excellent judgment and learning, and I think myself extremely obliged to you upon this account. I shall have a proper occasion of making use of them in my *Review*, and then I will not forget publicly to acknowledge, how much not only myself, but all such as are studious of our English Antiquities, are indebted to you. What I said at the end of the first volume concerning Mr. Thoresby's brass instruments was proposed only as conjecture; and I leave the whole entirely to you and others, who are much better judges of these things than I am. I cannot however but acquaint you that Begerus assigns these instruments to the same use I have done, and makes them Roman. This I have learned since I writ and published my Discourse. The Roman *Celts* were used chiefly in cutting letters upon Sepulchral monuments. Such monuments were always looked upon amongst the Romans as sacred, and great penalties were ordered to be inflicted upon such as should violate them. These penalties are sometimes expressed in the inscriptions. We have instances in our Theatre collection. And the punishment extended itself beyond the stone; even to some yards of ground on each side of it. Hence *in fronte* and *in agro* on several of them. Since therefore these monuments were esteemed to be so holy, and they were so rigorous and severe in inflicting punishments upon those that abused them, we need not at all wonder that brass instruments (which they judged to be sacred) should be employed in cutting their monumental inscriptions, and in other cases of the same nature. Your other observations I shall consider at leisure; and in the mean time I subscribe myself, Sir, your most obliged humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

* Of Edmund Hall, Oxford; the well-known industrious Antiquary.

"SIR,

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxon, Aug.* 12, 1712.

"I received your letter with the inscription, for which I am much obliged to you. I am very well pleased with your interpretation of it, and agree with you as to the time of the letters; though I wish that there had been some date on the monument, at least that we had some account of the true antiquity of the Priory in the 'Monasticon.' You will find my opinion about the Stunsfield tesselated pavement at large in my Discourse. I might have confirmed what I have said about Apollo Sagittarius from other monuments, had it been necessary. The figure of the animal will agree well enough with the poetical accounts of the Python, as it will with other stories that are related of Apollo. I am now printing the IXth and last volume of the Itinerary. This will contain the 'Cygnea Cantio' and the excellent commentary upon it, together with my Review of the whole work. When this s done, I shall be at liberty to print the 'Collectanea;' but this must be done by contributions, and part of the money must be paid before-hand as you will see by my Proposals. I hope I shall meet with due encouragement; that will induce me to do other things of the same nature. I do not doubt of your assistance; and it is possible other gentlemen in your parts may be ready to promote such designs.

"I send half a dozen cuts of the Stunsfield pavement, which I desire you to accept; and I send as many to Mr. Nevile."

"I am, with great esteem, &c. THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxon, Feb.* 8, 1712-13.

"Your note of subscribers, sent with your last letter of the 23d of last month, is a new testimony of your kindness to me, and of your readiness to promote our English Antiquities. Indeed it far exceeds my expectation. I knew that you would be a subscriber yourself; but I could not imagine that you would at the same time send me so many additional ones. As I shall always have a just regard for your excellent learning, so I shall withall retain a very grateful sense of your favours; and I desire that you would now accept of my thanks, and be pleased, if you think it proper, to tender my humble service and thanks also (as opportunity offers) to those gentlemen that have thought fit, by your interest, to promote this undertaking. I am likewise extremely obliged to you for the inscription, which, though pretty modern, is yet very remarkable, and what will deserve at some time or other to be made public in other curious papers of the same nature. I shall be wholly at liberty to put the 'Collectanea' to the press at the time I proposed; and, if I live to finish that work, I design to publish another greater work, in which I have taken some pains, and which, I hope, may be for the common good of Learning. What that work is, I forbear at present to mention; because I would not seem too forward in discoursing about any of my own affairs; and it will be time enough to make it more publicly known, when all things are ripe for putting the design into execution. If you light upon any remarks in

old

old English prose or verse relating to our English monasteries, churches, chapels, libraries, &c. (which you think something singular, and are withal useful,) if you communicate them, they will be very acceptable; and, if published, a due acknowledgment shall be made of the hand that sent them. I will send you receipts for the subscriptions when the money is paid; and am, honoured Sir, your ever obliged, &c. THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxon. March* 1, 1712-13.

"Last night I received from you, by the hands of Mr. Jackson of University College, five pounds, being the first payment for the ten subscriptions you sent me in your former letter. I have sent distinct receipts for the money on one side of this letter, and I renew my thanks for this and all other favours. The book will go to the press precisely at Lady-day, according to my Proposals. I have not been of late at Stunsfield; neither do I hear any thing of the condition of the Pavement. The last time I saw it 'twas much damaged; and yet this was before Winter; so that I fear it hath since suffered much more. I design, when I have a little leisure, to walk over again. I am, &c. THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxon. July* 1, 1715.

"I lately writ you a letter, to signify that the *Lelands* you generously subscribed for are ready to be delivered to any one you shall appoint to call and pay the second payment for them. You are to have ten setts, and you ordered them to be all bound. The binding comes to 2*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* and the books (the second payment being 40*s.* a sett) to twenty pounds; in all, 22*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* I am afraid my former letter miscarried, by reason of a mistake in the direction; otherwise I had not given you this trouble. I thank you for accepting (for so I suppose you did, though I have had no notice) of the copy I left for you of my book 'De Parmâ Equestri;' and am, honoured Sir, your most obliged humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *July* . 1715.

"I thank you for the money you have sent in full for nine setts of 'Leland's Collectanea,' which hath been faithfully paid me, by Mr. Ferrand, to whom I have given not only a general receipt, but particular receipts, which, when shewed to each subscriber, will be sufficient satisfaction, and will (I believe) induce them to pay the second payment immediately. I have already disposed of Mr. Anby's copy. I am sorry for his death.—You mention a bead; but I suppose you forgot to deliver it to the bearer, who knows nothing of it. I do not remember to have seen any of the same kind, which makes me the more desirous of seeing this. When it comes to hand, perhaps I may spend some time about it. I am, with all imaginable respect, honoured Sir, your most obliged humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

HONOURED SIR, *July* .. 1715.

"I received your kind letter; and, according to your request, have paid Mr. Hearne your monies, and sent you one sett down by James; the other setts I'll send by the next opportunity. I will take all

all imaginable care to oblige you and all the rest of my friends in my future conduct. I return you my thanks for your good advice.

"My humble respect waits upon aunt and all friends. Your most obliged nephew and humble servant. R. FERRAND."

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxon. Oct.* 17, 1715.

"This morning I received the favour of your letter, together with the stone bead (as I think, at present, you rightly call it) that was inclosed. I desire you to accept of my thanks for this curiosity, which I shall preserve by me as a token of your kindness. It is the first I have seen. But I have not yet time to consider it, my Printer keeping me in full employ. I have just finished the 'Acts of the Apostles' in Gr. Lat. in capital letters, and am now printing 'Joannis Rossi, Antiquarii Warwicensis, Regum Angliæ Historia.' But I print a very small number; nor will the times suffer me to venture upon a larger. I likewise thank you for your notes about the Celts. I am very unwilling to dissent from so good a judge as you are. I am not very fond of conjectures, and am therefore very ready and willing to hearken to what can be alleged by any one. My humble service to your good brother. I am glad you are pleased with the 'Collectanea;' and I am, with the utmost respect, kind Sir, THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. Feb.* 19, 1715-6.

"You will find by this that Rosse is published. There are only sixty copies printed. I am now printing another piece of English History, which I do not doubt but you will encourage as much as you can. I am, honoured Sir, &c. THO HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. May* 9, 1716.

"I have put you down in the list of encouragers of Titus Livius, as I did in the list of Rosse, tho' the copies of the latter were not called for in due time. I suppose you will give speedy orders to some friend to take up Livius. They are ready to be delivered. I print only 148 copies of 'Aluredus Beverlacensis.' I am, honoured Sir, your obliged humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. June* 17, 1717.

"Upon my return out of the country, where I had been in quest of Antiquities, I found yours of the 5th instant.

"I am sorry your agent should neglect to subscribe. I suppose 'Rossi Historia Regum Angliæ' may be one of the books you want, but it is so very rare that I cannot be master of it myself. The last I had I bought of one of the subscribers, namely, Mr. Hall of Queen's College, and I gave thirty shillings for it. It was for a learned man, but I know not where to have another.

"Mr. Baynes hath subscribed for 'Camden's Elizabetha' for you, and I shall deliver it to him when finished.

"I am very glad that you have got some inscriptions that may be of use in my inquiries. I have many things of that nature, some collected by myself, and others communicated by friends. What you shall transmit will be of great service, particularly in my present circumstances, being excluded from the Bodleian Library, and not permitted to have the benefit thereof

of a common Student; which is the reason that I cannot now give you any account of the transcript of Kerby's Inquest relating to Lincolnshire, which is in the Bodleian Library. I do not know but Mr. Thoresby can give you some satisfaction as to this point.—I believe you are acquainted with some of the Chapter of Lincoln; if so, I wish you would be pleased to ask them whether they have not a box of papers relating to Dorchester near Oxford, and another relating to the Priory of Dorchester. A resolution of this query will be of use to me.

"I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. Sept.* 8, 1718.

"I am infinitely obliged to yourself and your friend Mr. Kirby (to whom my hearty thanks and most humble service) for the trouble you have given yourselves about the box of writings which belonged to the Priory and Bishoprick of Dorchester. I am sorry that so much pains have been taken without success. I had no other prospect in sending my query upon this subject, but to do some service to the Town of Dorchester with respect to the repair of the way leading through the Town. I thought, withall, that something might have been met with concerning the repair of the Bridge of that place. Some of the principal inhabitants applied to me upon this occasion, and I promised to make inquiry. Had such a box of writings been found, it is probable many other things relating to this ancient place might have been discovered from thence, which certainly would have been of very great use and service to those that study our Antiquities; this being formerly a Roman City, tho' not mentioned in the common copies of Antoninus's Itinerary.

"I am mightily pleased with the old inscription you sent with your letter. I think I formerly heard you mention it. I have some inscriptions relating to the Savils among the papers left me by Dr. Thomas Smith. This will be an addition to them.

"I have been in trouble ever since 'Camden' was published. The prosecution hath been carried on, not by the University, but by some who are said to be enemies to it. I am sure I have reason to call it very unjust. My 'Neubrigensis' hath been stopt at the press, notwithstanding many sheets were printed; nor have I been allow'd to print any thing else. It hath not been proved that I have done injury to any one, and yet such injury ought to have been proved before a punishment was inflicted. This hath been a very great loss to me, and the proceedings against me are mightily condemned. The stopping 'Neubrigensis' hath also been a very great affront to the subscribers, particularly to Sir Thomas Sebright, to whom the MS. belongs. Had the injury been never so great (as indeed none at all hath been proved) in publishing 'Camden;' yet 'Neubrigensis' hath no manner of relation to that, and therefore ought not upon that account to be stopt; but malice is the principal motive, in the opinion of all wise and impartial men. I am, honoured Sir, your most obliged, and obedient humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

"Honoured Sir, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. Sept.* 28, 1719.

"'Neubrigensis' is delivered to Mr. Baynes, and I hope it will come safe to your hands. The other Work here advertised* is very far advanced at the press; Mr. Baynes hath not yet subscribed for it; but I suppose you will give him such orders as he will not lose the opportunity. The Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Smalridge, died of an apoplexy yesterday morning.

"I have printed the English inscription you sent me, in the 'Neubrigensis.' If you meet with any more remarkable ones, if communicated, a due acknowledgment will be made of the favour by, Sir, your obliged humble servant, Tho. Hearne."

"Honoured Sir, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, April* 16, 1722.

"Mr. Baynes of University College† being dead, I beg the favour of you to let me know to whom I must deliver your copy of 'Fordun's Scotichronicon' (for which Mr. Baynes paid me a guinea, being the first payment), now almost finished at the press. The second payment for this book is to be the same with the first, *viz.* a guinea. I suppose you will also give orders to somebody to subscribe to my books for the future.

"I am, with great esteem, honoured Sir, &c. Tho. Hearne."

"Honoured Sir, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. May* 5, 1724.

"Next week I shall disperse the copies of 'Robert of Gloucester;' and will take care to find out Mr. Yarburgh, who subscribed for you. I am now printing 'Langtoft,' as he was translated into old English, and improved by Robert of Brunne. This Robert of Brunne's true surname was Manning, but he was called Brunne from his being of Brunne or Bourne Abbey in Lincolnshire. If you know any thing either of Langtoft or Brunne in particular, that you judge will be of service on this occasion, I desire that you would be pleased to impart it to, Sir, your most obliged humble servant, Tho. Hearne."

"Sir, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. July* 25, 1723.

"I was just going to send the inclosed away by the post, when Mr. Kennet called upon me, and prevented it by offering to convey it himself. He delivered to me the impressions you sent of the three seals; for which I thank you, as I do for your offer of sending other Antiquities as you happen to light upon them. The seal with *Sigillum generalis Confessoris a Syon*, on which is our Saviour, belonged, as I take it, to the Confessor-general of Shene, which was a Carthusian Abbey, built by Hen. V. A. D. 1413, to the honour of the Holy Jesus. It puts me in mind of *The Pardon of the Monastery of Shene which is Syon*, that I have printed (from a MS.) in my Appendix to 'Fordun's Scotichronicon.' I am, honoured Sir, &c. Tho. Hearne."

"Honoured Sir, *Edm. Hall, Oxon. Oct* 9, 1724.

"In 'Peter Langtoft's Chronicle,' that I am now printing, we are told of a very considerable victory obtained by King Stephen over the Scots by means of *Erthe hornes*. The Scots, it seems, had got together a vast number of cattle, with a design to drive them upon the English, and to trample them down be-

* Sprotti Chronicon. † See before, p. 290.

fore

fore them. The English, being forewarned of this, ordered an *Erthe horne* in every street and way; which being accordingly done, when the beasts came up, the horns blew, and put them into such a fright, that they ran back, and put the Scots all into confusion. The Author tells us the place was *Cowton more*, and that the story was rife in his time.

"þis was at Kouton more, þat þe erþe hornes blewe,
þer þe Scottis misfore, men telle þe tale ȝit newe.

"I do not remember to have met with the mention of these *Erthe hornes* any where else. I know not the nature of them. I beg the favour of you that you would be pleased (as soon as possibly you can) to let me know whether you can give any manner of account of them. I must mention the word in my Glossary to this Work.—I suppose you have long since had your 'Robert of Gloucester,' which was taken up and paid for by Mr. Yarburgh. I am, honoured Sir, your most obliged, &c. THO HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, Jan.* 1, 1725-6.

"I am much obliged to you for your information concerning Mr. Thoresby and his curiosities. I wish they may fall into good hands; methinks they might be proper to be joined with Sir Hans Sloane's. When you hear more about them, I shall be obliged to you for a farther account. I suppose his Urns, Pateræ, &c. were all published by himself, in the Transactions and his book of Antiquities. He had some MSS. that I should have been glad to have seen; and so I told him: but I did not perceive that he was ready to communicate them, at least not to me; and now I never expect to see any of them, unless they fall into some such hands as Sir Hans Sloane's.

"I hope you have before this time received 'Peter Langtoft's Chronicle,' which was delivered to Mr. Yarburgh on the 1st of November last, at which time he paid me a guinea in full for it. We are going on apace with 'John of Glastonbury,' a writer who was intended to have been published long ago, either by Mr. Fulman, or somebody else; but I think it was hindered by the death of Bishop Fell. The MS. hath been communicated to me by my Lord Bruce; and it is from him too that I had Richard Beere's Terrier, out of which I shall extract some things.

"There is in the Library at York a MS. of Thomas Eccleston's History *de adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam.* This is a work never yet published. Yet Leland hath given us in his 'Collectanea' some valuable things from it, and so hath Mr. Wood in his 'History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford.' I suppose you have interest enough to get some short account of the York MS., which would be a great satisfaction to, honoured Sir, your most obliged humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, April* 8, 1726.

"I thank you for the farther account you sent me (in your letter of the 19th of last month) of Mr. Thoresby's Museum. Somebody or other hath since told me that it is got to London, but I cannot yet learn the certainty.

 "I am

"I am very glad so worthy a person (who is your Relation) is Præcentor of York*. I should be much pleased to have some good account of Thomas Eccleston, from whom there are many valuable things in Leland's 'Collectanea,' and in Mr. Wood's 'Antiquities of Oxford;' but I think Mr. Wood has all from second-hand. He is a rare author: I could never yet see him.

"Mr. Yarburgh hath got your 'Langtoft' still by him. The second volume of 'John of Glastonbury,' that I am now printing, is going on.

"I have lately seen 'The Works of Walter Moyle, Esq.' in two volumes, 8vo. The Author, I find, was a Latitudinarian. I never hardly met with a more confident Writer. There is a letter (amongst the several pieces) of Mr. Dodwell's, about *Lucian's Philopatris;* but it is not on'y most faultily printed, but many material things are omitted, and others transposed. Mr. Moyle hath spoke very contemptuously of some of the greatest men, as well ancient as modern. He hath aspersed the Clergy and their friends, and endeavoured to do disservice to Religion. His criticisms are bold, but often wrong. His papers had better have been concealed, at least most of them. Mr. Moyle loved to have the last word, however in the wrong. This appears from what he writ against Mr. Richard King with respect to the Thundering Legion. Mr. King had much the better of the argument, truth being on his side, though Mr. Moyle would not yield. I am, honoured Sir, your most obliged humble servant, Tho. Hearne."

"Honoured Sir, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, Sept.* 14, 1726.

"On the 6th of this instant your copy, in small paper, of 'John of Glastonbury' was delivered to Mr. Yarburgh, who paid me a guinea in full for it.

"I thank you for letting me have so much of your good company when you were last in Oxford, and for communicating to me the excellent Præcentor of York's account of the MS. of Eccleston. I am so pleased with that account, that I now very much desire to have a copy of the MS.; but how to have it, I know not. You will be pleased to give that very worthy gentleman my service and thanks. Had I a copy, I would make this Author public, on purpose to preserve him.

"Mr. Yarburgh heard, as well as I, what Dr. Tanner said with reference to Broughton. Somebody proposes to augment the living, provided the person he recommends may have it; so that Mr. Currer will not, it seems, succeed. I am, honoured Sir, your most obliged humble servant. Tho. Hearne."

"Honoured Sir, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, Feb.* 26, 1726-7.

"On the 23d instant I received your's of the 16th; and the next day I wrote to Dr. Tanner, and paid him your compliments.

* John Richardson, M. A. Rector of Beeford; Prebendary of Barnely 1701; of Wistow 1703; Archdeacon of Cleveland 1711; and Precentor 1712; to whose kind assistance in his account of the Dignitaries of the Church of York, Dr. Browne Willis acknowledges himself much indebted. Of this gentleman, see before, p. 226.

"I thank

"I thank you and your worthy kinsman the Præcentor (to whom my humble service) for your great trouble in reference to the York MS. of Thomas Eccleston; but I now despair (for I cannot go thither myself, and I know not what person to employ) not only of having the MS. sent me, but of having it copied for me; so that my design of printing Eccleston from that MS. is now (as I apprehend) wholly at an end

"Mr. Hesketh is a gentleman for whom I have a great honour; my humble service to him; I had some small acquaintance with him when he was of Brazen-nose College. I should be glad to peruse his Collection of Letters, as I should likewise your Rental of Furness Abbey; but I am not in haste, so you may take your own time. I am, honoured Sir, &c. THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, May* 15, 1728.

"After waiting a great while, I am glad at last to have an opportunity of returning the MS Roll, and the Folio MS. of Letters, you were so kind as to send me. I repeat my humble thanks for the loan of both. I transcribed some few things from the book of Letters, which I hope may be most carefully preserved, as it deserves, especially upon account of its having the hand-writing of so many illustrious persons in it. You will be pleased to return my humble service and thanks to the worthy owner.

"'Thomas Elmham' being finished (your copy of which was delivered to Mr. Yarburgh on the 20th of February last, when he paid me for it), we are now very busy about 'The Black Book of the Exchequer,' a thing of great note and curiosity, and the most authentic record of its kind that we have for our Families next to 'Domesday Book.'

"I hope this parcel (which I have delivered into the hands of your hopeful Son for the carrier) will come safe to you; and I am, Sir, your most obliged and humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, Aug.* 26, 1729.

"I take this opportunity of writing to you by my friend your Son* of Brazen-nose. 'Richard the Second's Life' being finished, we are now busy about the 'History of Edward the Second' from three MSS. never before printed Trokelowe is often cited by Stow and others, but more by the name of *Tricklow* than Trokelowe. I know not whether you can tell any thing about either him or Blanceforde; otherwise I should request a word or two from you on that head; but, since Edward II. was much in the North, when he endeavoured, as much as he could, to protect his favourite Gaveston from his invidious enemies, it is probable you may have met with some particulars on that point that are curious, and not hitherto taken notice of by our common writers. If any thing of that kind hath come to hand, it will be very acceptable to, Sir, &c. THO. HEARNE."

"SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, Sept* 15, 1730.

"Mr. Abraham Woodhead, formerly Fellow of University College, was born at Maltham, in the parish of Albonsbury, aliàs

* Richard Richardson, Esq. the Doctor's eldest Son; see p. 240.

Ambury

Ambury, in Yorkshire, being the son of John Woodhead, of Thornhill, in the same county. He was a man of that extraordinary worth, for piety, sanctity of life, modesty, humility, and all kind of virtue, as well as for extensive learning, that I have always thought that he ought to be reckoned as one of the greatest men that were ever bred in England; for which reason I am desirous to know something more of him than hath been related by Mr. Wood, who, however, hath given us a good account. As you were formerly of University College, and a Yorkshire man, it is probable you can inform me in some particulars of special remark about this good man; and for that reason I apply myself to you; and the rather so, because I well know your candour and readiness. Among other things, I should be willing to know, whether there be any of the family now remaining? But, as you have got Wood's 'Athenæ' by you, you will thereby pretty well see what it is that I want, since indeed I know but little more about him than what Mr. Wood hath published.—The second volume of 'Thomas Key's Vinddiciæ Antiquitatis Academiæ Oxon.' &c. is in great forwardness.

"You will excuse the trouble that is given you by, honoured Sir, your obliged and most humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, May* 13, 1732.

"On the first instant your Son†, of University College, paid me a guinea by your order (for which I thank you), in full for your copy, in small paper, of 'Thomas Otterbourne and John Whethamstede,' which I am now printing in two volumes in 8vo.

"But the occasion of my writing now is this. A friend of mine designs in a little time to go into Scotland; and desires to know whether in such a journey it may be safe travelling for two or three persons out of the high roads, if they have a mind to seek Antiquities, and to go into bye-roads; and particularly if they have a desire to trace the Picts Wall from one end to the other. He is a young gentleman that is inquisitive and curious; and, being satisfied that most Antiquities lye hid in bye-places, he hath a desire of seeing what remains of that kind there are at the Picts Wall, and in some other bye-places; but is willing first of all to be satisfied whether there may be danger in such sort of travelling out of the high roads. My friend put another query to me, *viz.* Is it best to go by land or water from Edinburgh to St. Andrew's and Aberdeen? My friend's name is *Loveday* *; and you will find mention of him in 'Hemingford,' which I suppose you have received before this time. You are as a likely a person to inform me as any, and therefore I apply to you in my friend's behalf. Your known candour will excuse me; and I hope you will be pleased to answer the request of, Sir, your most obliged, &c. THO. HEARNE.

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, March* 21, 1732-3.

"I am indebted to you for a letter ever since the 22d of May last. In that letter are many very curious remarks, for which I thank

* John Loveday, Esq. of Caversham. Of this learned and truly amiable gentleman, see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 468; vol. VII. p. 238.

thank you, especially since you put them down upon what I mentioned with respect to my friend's design of going into Scotland. Your observations (which I told him of) proved of good service; and he met with great civilities in that country, and he steered his course according to your directions; but then he found it impracticable to trace the Picts-Wall on horseback, so he designs to do it at some other time (when he takes another journey, perhaps next summer, into Scotland) on foot. He hath established some acquaintance at or near the Picts Wall, where he can safely leave his horse till he hath finished his walk, in order to made discoveries in that considerable piece of Antiquity, the Picts Wall. Our old Friend Mr. Ed. Lhwyd's letters to you, relating to his Travels in Scotland, must needs be very curious; and I do not doubt but you will take care to have them preserved, particularly such parts of those Letters* as relate immediately to Learning, and not to private concerns There are many other curious Letters of his in other hands (for he had a large correspondence) which I likewise wish might be preserved; but I fear divers are lost. Sir Thomas Sebright hath a great number of his papers; and it would be of service to the publick were they digested by some qualified person. I think Sir Thomas would not be against such a good design. But then it should be done by a person of Mr. Lhwyd's own country, one that is well acquainted with the old British. I fear we must in vain wait for a man so qualified. Yesterday I delivered to your Son of University College † (a very hopeful young gentleman) your copy of 'Otterbourne, &c.' for which I had been paid by him in full on May 1st last. He will take care to see it safe in your hands.

"We are now busy upon the 'Annals of Dunstaple,' so well known to Sir Edward Coke, and to many of our Historians, though I do not find that any of them knew, that his name was *Richard de Morins*. I am, Sir, your most obliged, &c. THO. HEARNE."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, May* 16, 1733.

"I thank you for the guinea you paid me by your Son (to whom my humble service) of University College on the eighth of last month, in full for one copy (in small paper) of 'The Chronicle of Dunstaple by Richard de Morins,' which I am now printing at the Theatre in two volumes in 8vo. Your additional notes relating to the Picts Wall are equally curious with those in your former Letter. I believe my friend will hardly view that piece of Antiquity this Summer. Were I to trace it myself, I do not doubt but I could make new discoveries; but I must not now ever think of having that pleasure. I never yet saw Alexander Gordon's 'Itinerarium Septentrionale,' in which, it seems, are many curious observations. I am glad to hear so many of Mr. Edward Lhwyd's Letters to you are carefully preserved. Sir Hans Sloane had a true value for him, and it is well that any thing of that kind falls into his hands. Some things of Mr. Lhwyd's are printed in a 4to book about the 'Antiquities

* Some of these very Letters hereafter, pp. 316—321.

† Afterwards the Rev. Henry Richardson. See p. 242.

and

and Natural History of Ireland.' Had the Editor of that book consulted you, you could easily have furnished him with more, and I believe Mr. Lhwyd left MS notes upon that part of Camden which relates to Ireland; though where to meet with them now is as uncertain, as where to find Bp. Humphreys's MS notes upon the part of Camden which concerns Wales; which notes of the Bishop must be very learned, and indeed extraordinary in their way, if I may guess from what I have printed of his in 'Caius' and 'Otterbourne.' Mr. Camden, in his 'Britannia,' hath published a fragment relating to Dun the Robber, from a private *MS History of Dunstable* (it should be rather Dunstaple); but does not tell us where the MS. was, nor can I, after all my searches, find where it may be met with. It is a different thing from what I am printing. If you can any way learn where it is, be pleased to inform, Sir, &c. THO. HEARNE.

"My service attends your other Son*, he that was of Brazenose."

"HONOURED SIR, *Edm. Hall, Oxford, May* 13, 1734.

"On the 19th of March last your copy (in small paper) of the 'Annals of Dunstaple,' for which I had been paid before in full, was delivered to your Son of University College, so that I hope by this time you have received it safe. I am now printing (in two volumes 8vo.) 'Benedictus Abbas Petroburgensis de Vitâ et Gestis Henrici Secundi et Ricardi Primi.' The price two guineas the large, and one guinea the small paper. He is an Author never yet printed. He is the same Historian that was one of those who compiled 'Quadrilogus,' a work that is printed, but is become scarce.

"Gerarde †, in his 'Herball 1597,' observes that Ingleborough hill in Yorkshire is the highest hill in England. I know of no one that is better acquainted with the affairs of that County than yourself. I desire that you would be pleased to let me know, whether that observation be true? Some have said Hillesden in Buckinghamshire, others Nettlebed in Oxfordshire, is the highest. I do not remember that I ever discoursed this point with our late friend Mr. Edward Lhwyd, a proper person to be consulted in affairs of this kind. Your obliged humble servant, THO. HEARNE."

MR. MARMADUKE FOTHERGILL ‡ TO DR. RICHARDSON.

"DEAR SIR, *Pontefract, Aug.* 23, 1718.

"I am sorry you could not keep pace with your promise the last Assize, where you would have added one more to the merry as-

* Richard, the eldest son; see pp. 240, 309.

† John Gerarde, a Surgeon and famous Naturalist in the time of Queen Elizabeth, lived in Holborn, where he had a large Botanic Garden, of which he published a Catalogue in 1596, and again in 1599. He was born at Nantwich in 1545; and died about 1607.

‡ A near Relation (I believe Uncle) to the celebrated Dr. John Fothergill; who was born in 1712 at Carr End in Yorkshire; where his father, who had been a Brewer at Knaresborough (after having travelled from one end of America to the other) lived retired, on a small estate which he cultivated.

sembly,

sembly. Among other curiosities, the Collection of Liturgies have no small ascendancy with me. Lately an ingenious gentleman of Trinity College was with me; and, among other entertainments, a Collection of Eastern Liturgies, printed lately at Paris, in two vols. 4to. published, as I remember, by Renaudot* has so powerfully lodged itself in memory, that I was not easy till my discharge you was acquainted with it. My Lord [illegible] your Consul †, are the only means to procure it: approaches to the one may carry perhaps too great an air of freedom, whilst motions to the other may be more safe and agreeable, and this is the true reason why this trouble courts you

"Be pleased to suffer the whole contrivance to go under your name; and as the loss, if any happens, justly is my own, so the procurement, with all thankful returns, must be acknowledged, by, Sir, your most obliged servant, MARM. FOTHERGILL.

"My spouse and cousin Gill greet you all with their hearty services: and in particular, your lady's namesake must again have her service presented."

Rev. HUGH JONES to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"DEAR SIR, *London, April* 26, 1758.

"It gave me no small pleasure to hear, upon my arrival in England, that my good friend Dr. Richardson was still alive, from whom I have not heard, I think, these sixteen years. I arrived at Portsmouth the 16th instant, after a very lucky passage, from Fort St. George, where, you know, I had resided many years in quality of one of the Company's Chaplains; which station my age and consequent infirmities at last obliged me to quit; and any small matter I have saved in that country will go, after my decease, to three or four Relations I have in London, who much need it. I am now eighty-three years of age; and, I thank God, have all along enjoyed, and do still, my health surprizingly. Though by the course of Nature I can scarce be supposed to hold out above a year or two longer; at least I ought to think it my duty at my age in an especial manner to remember my latter end.

"I concluded that my dear friend was no more, from his long silence; and indeed I thought by the course of Nature I could scarce hope for his being alive; but how great was my joy, when I was informed by a Quaker in Gracechurch street, with whom you used to deal for Seeds, &c. that I might yet have the satisfaction of hearing from my first, my dearest, and most esteemed acquaintance and friend. Alas! how many of our dear friends are dead since 1700! The worthy Mr. Ray, and Dr. Lister, whom indeed we were not acquainted with until they were advanced in years; as was also Mr. Sutherland in Scotland! But of those

* "A Collection of ancient Greek and Oriental Liturgies, by Francis Renaudot, 1716," 2 vols. 4to.

† Mr. William Sherard.

nearer

nearer our own age, the excellent Mr. Lhwyd, Mr. Petiver, Mr. Dale, Dr. Sherard, Dr. Robinson, and Sir Hans Sloane, who are νυν εν ἁγιοις, removed from this to a better life; though we, who are by the providence of Almighty God left behind, cannot forbear remembering so many worthy persons, and reflecting with a sort of tender melancholy upon the pleasure and profit with which our acquaintance with them was attended, and the agreeable conversations we have had in their company*.

"As Natural History was always the study to which my mind was most turned, I have, during my residence abroad, made a very considerable Collection of all the curious things in Nature I could come to the knowledge of, which that part of India where I resided afforded. I have collected innumerable Specimens of Plants, and have disposed them in six large *Horti sicci:* among these are a great many Non-descripts. I have likewise made a good Collection of Insects, Fishes, &c. which are partly dried, and partly preserved in spirits. Of Shells I have good store, many of them very fine: and have not neglected Antiquities; but have collected a great number of Pagods, Amulets, and other curiosities of the kind, which the country afforded. Of many of these I have duplicates, which I am persuaded will be agreeable to you,

* The person to whom this Letter was addressed died in April 1741; and the following answer was returned by his son, Richard Richardson, Esq.—But no reply to it was ever received; nor could it ever be made out whether it was a real or fictitious name.

"SIR, *North Bierley, near Bradford, May 2*, 1758.

"I was favoured with your letter, and wish it was in my power to make a return as acceptable to you as yours was to me. But how impossible is that, when I am obliged to give you the unwelcome account of my Father's death, which was in April 1741, in the 78th year of his age, probably very soon after his last letter to you, as he had but a short illness. You will allow me, Sir, I hope, to esteem it a fortunate mistake, that has brought me to the knowledge of so valuable a friend of my Father's, and one whose taste for Natural History is so agreeable to my own. I have the works of many of the learned men you mention, and had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Sir Hans Sloane for some years before his death. I conclude you have been informed that his vast Collection of Natural Curiosities, Antiquities, &c. are deposited in Montagu House, Great Russel Street, and now called The British Museum.—My Greenhouse and Stove are both at present pretty well furnished; and there have been great additions of hardy Plants, particularly from North America, I imagine since you left the kingdom, which add great beauty to our Gardens. I was so lucky a few years since as to meet with a Collection of dried Plants, which a gentleman of my acquaintance had taken indefatigable pains in collecting; the Sea-plants and Mosses remarkably well preserved.—As to Antiquities, I have some *Cameos* and *Intaglios*, a few Greek and Consular coins, a series of the Roman Denarii in good preservation, a tolerable Collection of English Coins from the Conquest, and some Saxon. I have also a fine Tuscan Vase, lately found in the Herculaneum, with a few other Antiquities.—What shall I say in regard to the generous offer which you imagined was addressed to my Father? can I hope you will extend your friendship to his Son? If so, I must assure you that the favours will be received with the highest sense of gratitude; and I am, with good wishes for the continuance of your health in your native country, and with great respect, Sir,

"Your very humble servant, RIC. RICHARDSON."

and

and shall send them to you in the manner as you shall direct. But this, my dear friend, is only in the mean time to satisfy your curiosity, for I intend to order it so, that, if it be God's will that you outlive me, you shall have the best part of the whole Collection; and if any of your Relations are curious in that way, it will be very lucky, to prevent their being dispersed; for none of my Relations have any relish at all for these things, and any thing I leave them will be sold for their profit, which indeed I would not restrict them from, for it is better that such things fall into the hands of people who have knowledge, though they should be dispersed, than that they should remain with persons who put no value upon them.

"I beg you would let me hear from you as soon as possible, which I do assure you will be a great comfort to me; and let me know how I can send you the specimens I mentioned above. If you direct for me to the care of Mr. David Wilson, Bookseller, opposite to York buildings in the Strand, it will be sure to come to my hands. In the mean time believe me to be, with the greatest truth and sincerity, my dear and much esteemed friend,

"Your most affectionate humble servant, HUGH JONES."

REV. DR. CHARLES LEIGH* to DR. RICHARDSON.

"HONOURED SIR, *April* 7, 1700.

"Since my return home, I have been so hurried from one place to another, in making my observations since the publishing of my Proposals, that I have scarce had one leisure hour; but have now nothing to do but to print; and, in order to that, in a fortnight's time will be for London, and employ *five presses*, and so put a speedy period to that matter, I have not observed Stones to be transmuted to a different substance; but have seen petrifying waters from the *stalactites* present us with the figures of Plants, Men, Shells, and Animals. In what I can be serviceable, you may be assured, that I shall be proud of communicating my thoughts to you, and shall ever remain

"Your most humble servant, CHARLES LEIGH."

* Author of "Phthisiologia Lancastriensis, cui accessit tentamen philosophicum de Mineralibus Aquis in eodem Comitatu observatis. Lond. 1694," 12mo. the best part of which is incorporated into his "Natural History of Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Peak, in Derbyshire: with an account of the Phœnician, Armenian, Greek, and Roman Antiquities in those parts, Oxford, 1700." folio, in which his account of Lancashire is the fullest; what he says of Derbyshire being only a trite and trifling account of its wonders. Bishop Nicolson speaks of both with deserved contempt. The coins described in Leigh's book were left to Mr. Prescot of Catharine hall, with the torquis, which is very fine, by an uncle who lived at or near Chester, and died there about 1776."—Gough's Brit. Topog. I. 494.

Mr.

Mr. Edward Lhwyd* to Dr. Richardson.

"Worthy Sir, *Oxford, December* 3, 1691.

"I return you many thanks for your obliging letter, and for the books you were pleased to send me. Your discoveries are very considerable; and nothing can be more acceptable than patterns of some of them, whereof (since you are pleased to invite me to it) I shall make bold to give you a catalogue.

1. *Apium palustre minus cauliculis procumbentibus ad alas floridum. Hort. Lugd. Bat.*
2. *Assarinæ Matthioli planta persimilis si non ead.*
3. *Caryophyllata montana lutea, nutante flore. Hort. Reg. Par.*
4. *Conyza Panonica lanuginosa. C. B. Pin.*
5. *Ribes Alp. dulcis. J. B.*
6. *Sedum palustre subhirsutum cæruleum. C. B.*
7. *Thlaspi folio globulariæ. J. B.*
8. *Vicia minor hirsuta flore minimo rubente. Sutherlandii.*

* "Edward Lhwyd was one of the most learned and celebrated Antiquaries of the 17th century, and a skilful Naturalist. According to Mr. Wood, he was the son of Edward Lhwyd, or Lloyd, of Kidwell, in Carmarthenshire; but, as Boyer relates, of Charles Lhwyd, of Lanvordia, in Salop, Esq. He was born in 1670, and became a student of Jesus College, Oxford, in 1687, of which Dr. Plot was a member, and under whom Mr. Lhwyd was in a great measure educated. On the resignation of Dr. Plot, he succeeded him as Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, about 1690. He travelled repeatedly all over Wales; went through the North of Scotland; into Ireland, in which kingdom he seems to have made some considerable abode. He spent some time in Cornwall, and in Britany in France, in search of Antiquities, and materials to carry on the extensive designs he had formed. In all these journeys he was constantly attentive to the objects of Natural History, Fossils, Plants, and any remarkable phænomena of Nature. Such of his remarks as are published in the Philosophical Transactions are full of curious and new information on these subjects. His knowledge of the Plants of his own country, and particularly those of Wales, justly entitles him to remembrance. Lhwyd first brought to light several of the rare Plants of Wales; many of which, till of late years, were considered as Natives of no other part of Britain. He discovered several very scarce species in Cornwall: all these he communicated to Mr. Ray, who inserted them in the editions of his Synopsis, with due acknowledgements. After having made very large Collections for the Antiquities of Wales, and formed great designs in Literature, he died, before he could digest them into order for publication, in July 1709. Exclusive of large communications made to Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden, on the antiquities of Wales, he formed, from the fruit of his own investigations, the List of Plants subjoined to the account of that country.—From private information I have learned that Mr. Lhwyd left a very considerable library, a large collection of manuscripts and specimens; and that, in 1728, these were all in the custody of Dr. Fowlkes, of Lhanher, who died soon after that time. They were undisposed of ten years afterwards; but the printed books, which were of great worth, had been valued by a gentleman and two booksellers, and the refusal of them offered to the Duke of Bedford." Dr. Pulteney, vol. II. pp. 110—114; where see an ample account of his publications.

9. *Cha-*

9. *Chamæcistus montanus foliis pilosellæ minoris Fuchsii. J. B.*
10. *Leucoium lunatum vasculo sublongo intorto. R. Syn. Meth.*
ij *Calceolus Mariæ Park.*

"Mr. Ray has lately discovered about 40 new Mosses in his own neighbourhood; and he tells me Mr. Dale has found out an *Alga graminea seminifera*, bearing seeds in the middle of the leaves, which open when they are ripe. These seeds are shining solid seeds, like those of Land-plants.—He has in the press a very curious discourse about the dissolution of the world.

"If your neighbourhood affords any formed Stones, I beg that you would please to communicate some of them, for I have been persuaded by Doctor Lister and Mr. Ray to put into some order what observations I have made in that kind.

"Mr. Giles, of University, drowned himself last Tuesday, and was buried yesterday. He was observed to be melancholy long before.—Your letter was brought to me last Saturday, but the bearer said it should have come a month sooner: the second part of it being not dated, I know not what time it spent by the way.

"Being in some haste to save the post, I can say little more at present than to assure you that, if you can give me any directions how I may be serviceable to you in any part of Natural History, you shall find none of your Correspondents more ready than, your most humble and obliged servant, Edw. Lhwyd.

"Dear Sir, *Oxford, June 8,* 1701.

"I scarce hope this can overtake you before you have entered the campagne: however, let it take its fortune. I have been in such a hurry most of my time since my return, partly in restoring the things of the Museum, which I found in some confusion, to their old places, against our Visitation, which is yearly on Trinity Monday; and partly in methodizing my own Collection of Fossils from Wales and Ireland, which is almost equal to that which is printed; but they chiefly excel in Coal-plants, *Lithostrotia*, and *Modioli* of Fossil-stars. I have turned by several for you as they came to hand: but I have not yet gone through all; and shall not, I believe, these two months; for Mr. Cole of Bristol, who these many years has promised us his Museum, is very importunate with me to visit him at his country-house for a week or fortnight, which is in Wiltshire, a day's journey hence. I hope you have received ere this, dried samples of the Irish Plants I formerly mentioned. The carrier told me, you had the few Seeds, though not in due time; I wish they had been more, and better; but we came out of Ireland too soon, and the Tories of Kil-Arni in Kerry obliged us to quit those mountains much sooner than we intended. The Northampton carrier told me he sent the Seeds by one Arthur ——; and I believe the Plants might be delivered to the same. I need not say any thing about their names; however, having sent the same to Dr. Sherard, the notions he returned me of the rarest of them (which, it seems, he had also met with beyond-seas) may be of some consequence.

"Sir,

"Sir, I heartily wish you good success on Ingleborough, &c.; and at your return, when you are at leisure, nothing can be more welcome than a few lines (with specimens of any Northern Plants, Wales and Ireland have not yet afforded) to, most honoured Sir, your ever obliged humble servant, EDW. LHWYD."

"DEAR SIR, *Oxford, July* 17, 1702.

"This hopes to find you in perfect health; and begs a few lines, of account of it, &c. at your leisure. Not hearing from you when I was in Gloucestershire, I concluded you would return through Cambridge before the time I mentioned; so have put off my going thither myself; this being the main harvest-time at the Museum. In the mean while Mr. Vernon* has been to visit us here, with whom, amongst other friends, we took occasion to remember you several times. You found, I suppose, that both he and all the Virtuosos of the South, are fully persuaded that the Marine Fossils and Coal-plants are the effects of the Deluge; so I should be glad to know whether they shewed you such specimens, and proposed such arguments, as have convinced you of it likewise. I know not whether I ever recommended to your curiosity, the examining of the *Stalactitæ*, or Dropping-stone, of the Limestone caves, for *Entrochi*, &c. I do assure you that I have found large and small *Entrochi* in it in Ireland; which with me is little less than demonstration that some of these bodies are formed in the ground where we find them; and if some be, we may bid fair for the rest.

"You have heard, I presume, ere this, that our friend Dr. Sherard is made Commissioner for the Exchange of Prisoners, and for the Care of the Sick and Wounded; which places, Mr. Bobart tells me, are worth about 300*l. per annum.*

"I suppose Mr. Petiver has sent you the first ten Tables of *Gazophylacium Naturæ*. I suppose there are more of them done, but as yet we have not received them. He writes me word that his sixth figure of Table 4. is from China, which I took at first sight not to differ from my *Stella rubra geniculata Cornubiensium quinis radiis pannatis ab exortu bifidis*, whereof I think I sent you a pattern; but, on a further view, I find his has thirteen *radii*. I hear nothing of Mr. Ray's Supplement, which I am afraid Smyth and Walford† will be very slow in undertaking; nor of his 'Methodus nova reformata', which Dr. Sherard told me long since was printing in Holland.—We are come to no issue yet with Mr. Cole of Bristol's Executor, though the Vice-Chancellor keeps him still in suspense: but in the mean time the Collection, I fear, is daily diminished. I expect Mr. Stonestreet here this night, with a cargo of what Fossils he guesses may be acceptable here, and some *Echini* and Sea-stars. He makes but a short stay; and as soon as he is gone, I design for Cambridge, where I shall probably continue a month, and then return hither, where I hope to be welcomed with a letter from you. EDW. LHWYD.

* Of Peter-house, Cambridge; see p. 239.
† Booksellers of no small eminence in their day.

"I should

"I should be glad to hear from you at Cambridge: but Mr. Vernon will be out of town, and I know nobody else; so that I cannot give you directions."

"MOST HONOURED SIR, *Oxford, June 27, 1707.*

"It is high time to let you know I am still amongst the living, and heartily as much yours as I am capable. I ought (though I have inserted it in the *Postman* and *Gazette*) to have given you earlier notice of the publishing the first volume of the 'Archæologia Britannica.' I present those who have contributed 20 shillings, or above, annually, towards my Travels, with a book. I have printed before it the names and quality of the Subscribers towards those Travels; but your own and Mr. Thornton's, and some others, being accidentally omitted, they were afterwards printed, and pasted in about half the impression; which serves as well, till the next volume, when, God willing, the Catalogne may be re-printed. If you would have the books sent from Oxford, be pleased to write to Mr. William Lloyd at the Museum; and if from London, to myself at the Seven Stars in Monmouth street, London. The additional payment for each of the six books is nine shillings and six pence, besides binding and lettering, which is 2*s.* 3*d.* a book. You have been pleased to subscribe for six more, which in all makes eight books; and, if Mr. Thornton be curious to look a litle into the nature of these Celtique languages, a ninth shall be added, with hearty thanks from, honoured Sir, your ever obliged humble servant, E. LHUYD."

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxford, Sept. 9, 1707.*

"I found your kind letter at my return hither, for which I ought to have sooner sent my most hearty thanks. There is no haste at all for the money; and it is equal whether they be paid here, or returned by bill to Mr. Griffith Davies, Monmouth Street.

"I have, since my sending you the books, ventured the sending half a dozen to York, directed to be left at Dr. Fall's *, for Mr. Oswald †, a Scottish Clergyman, who was my acquaintance about four years since at Baliol. I writ to him then by post; but, hearing nothing from him, I would desire you, in case you have any friend at that city, to write a line to him of inquiry whether any such books have been disposed of. Scheuchzer's 'Itinera Alpina' will doubtless prove very acceptable to us Alpine Naturalists.

* James Fall, D. D. Præcentor in the Cathedral of York 1691; and Prebendary of Cleveland 1700. He died June 13, 1711; and was buried in that Cathedral, with this inscription:

"Hic dormit quod mortale fuit, venerabilis & primævæ pietatis viri, Jacobi Fall, S. T. P. olim Regiæ Majestati apud Scotos ab Historicis, & Academiæ Glascuensis Principalis plurimùm colendi: quem, Hierarchiâ Apostolicâ è Scotiâ suâ exulante, Ostracismo simul insignitum, hæc Ecclesia Metropolitica in Præcentorem, Archidiaconum Clevelandiæ, & Canonicum Residentem cooptâsse summo in honore & lucro posuit; ubi per XIX & quod excurrit annos, Confratribus conjunctissimus, pauperibus Peregrinis, bonis omnibus, charus vixit; flebilis obiit, Prid. Id. Junii, anno Salutis MDCCXI, ætatis suæ LXIV."

† James Oswald, of Baliol College, M. A. 1700; incorporated from Edinburgh.

Dr. Thorpe *, of your College, who publishes it, told me it will be out next Term. Mr. William Baxter, who is reputed one of our best Linguists and English Antiquaries, has sent Dr. Sloane a very favourable account of my book, which will be published in the next Transaction. I am, honoured Sir, &c. E. LHUYD."

"DEAR SIR, *Oxford, Dec. 6, 1707.*

"I know not whether a letter I sent you upon my return from London ever came to hand. I acquainted you therein, that I had ventured the sending six books to York, to an old acquaintance of mine, one Mr. Oswald, Curate to Dr. Fall of York. I had paid the carriage of these books at London, and have been all this while in expectation of a letter from Mr. Oswald. The grounds I had then for sending them thither was, that the Bishop of Carlisle † had taken off twenty for Westmorland and Cumberland; and that made me hope that six might go off at York; which, hearing nothing all this while from Mr. Oswald, I now begin to conclude was a mistake. I know not whether I told you before that Mr. Baxter (who is the same that has published Pindar and Horace) has written an account of the book to Dr. Sloane, which is to be inserted in the Philosophical Transactions, either now in the press, or just printed.—Scheuchzer's 'Iter Alpinum' will be, as I am told, published in a week or two. My Amanuensis, Alban Thomas, at Mr. Popin's, in the Middle-row at St. Giles's in the Fields, will receive any money for my use; and his receipt suffices.—I have but just time to save the post, when I have subscribed myself, most honoured Sir, &c. EDW. LHUYD."

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxford, Oct. 8, 1708.*

"This hopes to find you iu perfect health, and brings you the humble and hearty respects of an old friend. I writ to you some months since, and sent, as I remember, some of Mr. Baxter's letters with it; but perhaps you never received either; tho' if you did there was nothing that required any answer, further than that I should be glad to hear of your health. You would oftener hear from me, but that I seldom have any thing worth writing. Those papers should have come by Mr. Nevill junior, who, altering his design of going into the country, told me some time after, that he had sent them by another hand. I had before that another disappointment of sending you an account of Scheuchzer's 'Itinera Alpina;' having received it from Dr. Thorpe, the Publisher, in quires, some time before it was published. In the mean time I had letters from Dr. Thorpe and Dr. Robinson, to desire me to draw up an account of it, in my own name, to be inserted in the Philosophical Transactions; upon which I reviewed the book, and made it much larger, Dr. Robinson acquainting me they

* John Thorpe, M. D. the learned Editor of the "Textus Roffensis;" of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes, vol. III. p. 509.

† Dr. William Nicolson, the celebrated Antiquary; afterwards successively Bishop of Derry, and Archbishop of Cashel. In Bp. Nicolson's "Epistolary Correspondence, 1809," are several Letters addressed to Mr. Lhwyd.

wanted

wanted materials very much for their Transactions: so I suppose they will print it in the next.—The Doctor tells me that Mr. Buddle hath drawn up a new 'Synopsis Plantarum Britannicarum;' but that he doubts whether he can get it printed: tho' he supposes it a very considerable improvement of Mr. Ray's, who, he says, wanted many things to complete his. He adds, that he improves the method, by the help of Tournefort, Rivinus, &c.; and that he often refers to figures, and corrects vicious ones.

"Mr. Ray's 'Observations upon English Insects, &c.' are lately given to the Royal Society; as also some other fragments observed in England and abroad; as Inscriptions, Descriptions of Animals, Minerals, &c. which it is hoped they will soon publish.

"I had news last post that Langius's 'Historia Lapidum Figuratorum Helvetiæ' was just come to London; but as yet only two copies, directed for me, one whereof I am to send to the Royal Society. Mr. Dyer and Mr. Bobart are well and hearty. A few lines at your leisure would be exceeding welcome.—The first thing I design to publish will be only an 8vo in Latin, containing an account of the method observed by the ancient Gauls and Britans, in the naming of persons and places. Perhaps you may supply me with some names of Mountains and Rivers of Yorkshire, not to be found in the maps; some of which might illustrate or confirm other observations. Are there no Irish or British Manuscripts to be heard of in all your country, or any barbarous ISS. I am, honoured Sir, &c. Edw. Lhwyd."

Mr. Philip Miller * to Dr. Richardson.

"Sir, *Chelsea, Sept. 22, 1726.*

"I received yours, dated the 14th; and yesterday I received the Plants you was so kind as to send, in good order, for which you have Sir Hans Sloane's thanks and mine.

* "Philip Miller was born in the year 1691. His father was Gardener to the Company of Apothecaries at Chelsea; and the son, who, in the year 1722, succeeded him in that office, raised himself by his merit, from a state of obscurity, to a degree of eminence, rarely if ever before equalled, in the character of a Gardener. It is not uncommon to give the term of *Botanist* to any man that can recite by memory the Plants of his Garden. Mr. Miller rose much above this attainment. He added to the knowledge of the theory and practice of Gardening that of the structure and characters of Plants, and was early and practically versed in the methods of Ray and Tournefort. Habituated to the use of these from his younger years, it was not without reluctance that he was brought to adopt the system of Linnæus; but he was convinced, at length, by the arguments of the late Sir William Watson and Mr. Hudson, and embraced it. To his superior skill in his art, the curious owe the culture and preservation of a variety of fine Plants, which, in less skilful hands, would have failed, at that time, to adorn the Conservatories of England. His objects were not confined to Exotics: few were better acquainted with the Indigenous Plants, of which he successively cultivated most of the rare species. He maintained a correspondence with many of the most eminent Botanists on the Continent: among others, with Linnæus, who said of his Dictionary, *Non erit Lexicon Hortulanorum, sed Botanicorum.* By Foreigners

"I am preparing a Catalogue of the Seeds I have this year saved, which will be pretty large, and as soon as it is finished will hasten it to you, with Mr. Martyn's 'Synoptical table of Medicinal Plants,' which he desires you will accept of. I shall be very glad if there are any Seeds in my Catalogue that will be acceptable to you; and hope to have a list of what Exotic Plants you want before the Spring, at which time I shall be glad to return your favours with any supply our Garden will afford: therefore I pray you will not spare asking; for I shall take the liberty, from your generous encouragement, to be troublesome to you; and can assure you if in any thing I can be serviceable to you, you may freely command, Sir,

"Your assured humble servant, PHILIP MILLER."

"SIR, *Chelsea, Aug.* 19, 1727.

"Yesterday I sent by the Bradford carrier a box directed to you, in which are three sets of Doctor Scheuchzer's 'History of Japan,' and a few Plants for your Garden, of such sorts as I hope will prove acceptable to you; the Plants are all marked as undermentioned, but the *Ficoides's*. I shall send you Mr. Rand's names by next post, he being at present in the country, and having settled the names of all the sorts in our Garden according to his own fancy, so I thought proper to send them as in our Catalogue that for the future we may understand each other. I should be very glad to know if there is any of the *Rubia tinctorum* cultivated in your country, and the manner how it is done, for I never saw any till in Holland I met with large quantities. The particular management there used I was diligent to observe. I have

reigners he was emphatically styled *Hortulanorum Princeps*, He was admitted a Member of the Botanical Academy of Florence, and of the Royal Society of London, in which he was occasionally honoured by being chosen of the Council. Mr. Miller was the only person I ever knew, who remembered to have seen Mr. Ray. I shall not easily forget the pleasure that enlightened his countenance, it so strongly expressed the *Virgilium tantum vidi*, when, in speaking of that revered man, he related to me that incident of his youth. Mr. Miller's infirmities induced him to resign his office in the Garden, a little time before his decease. He left a very large *Herbarium* of Exotics, principally the produce of the Chelsea Garden. Pulteney's Botanical Sketches, vol. II. pp. 244—250; where are several curious particulars of his correspondence and publications.—A monument, recently placed in Chelsea Church-yard, has the following inscription:

"PHILIP MILLER,
sometime Curator of the Botanic Garden, Chelsea,
and Author of the Gardener's Dictionary,
died December 18, 1771, aged 80;
and was buried on the North side of this
Church-yard, in a spot now covered
by a stone inscribed with his name.
The Fellows of
the Linnæan and Horticultural Societies of London,
in grateful recollection of the eminent
services rendered to the Sciences of
Botany and Horticulture, by his industry and writings,
have caused this Monument
to be erected to his memory, A.D. 1805."

lately

lately received a letter from Mr. Preston at Edinburgh, with great complaints of their loss in the Physic-garden; and he attributes it to the ill management of Mr. Wood, who I hear but a slight character of; but I am in hopes that Dr. Alton, who is the King's Professor of Botany at Edinburgh, will be the best Correspondent there; he seems to be a man of learning, and has good skill in distinguishing Plants, and a great share of modesty. A gentleman the other day surprized me with a fine piece, which upon reading I found you to be the author of it; the title is, if I remember right, 'De Cultu Hortorum.' Pray, if it is to be had, give me directions where I may procure it; and if in any thing I can be serviceable to you, pray let me know, and it will be a pleasure to, Sir, your most obedient, &c. PHILIP MILLER."

"SIR, *Chelsea, Sept.* 12, 1728.

"By this return of the Bradford carrier, I have sent you a box with some Plants, as also Mr. Martyn's first Decade, with two books from Sir Hans Sloane, all which I hope you will receive in due time. If I had known what particular Plants would have been most acceptable to you, I should have sent a larger cargo, but I beg you will give me a list of your wants, which I shall be glad to supply. I have also subjoined a list of our wants*, being about reducing the Plants of our Garden into method; if it is in your power to supply me with any of them, it will be an additional obligation to the many favours already received, and shall be thankfully returned whenever you please to put it in my power. The *Psyllium* I found wild last year proves to be the *Kali* 3tium *Alp. Ægypt.* to whose figure I have compared it, and it exactly fits; but, as there is but an imperfect description, so we may refer our Plant thereto, having no other authority, either for or against, our so doing. If you have made any discoveries this year, I should be glad to know what they are. Mr. Wood at Edinburgh, I hear, is dead · he had quite ruined that Garden before he left it, so that I believe there is little to be had from thence. The *Chamæpericlymenum* I am promised by two several gentlemen of that country, with some other Plants which they brought from the Highlands. The *Fragaria*, although a native of the Spanish West Indies, yet will stand in the open ground very well. I have not yet seen the fruit; but I am told by the Gentleman in Holland from whom I had the Plant, that the Fruit is as large as a Golden Pippin; and Mr. Frezier, in his Voyages, says it grows in the fields as big as a pullet's egg; I believe it will be a great rarity.

"I should be glad to know if Mr. Brewer has made any more botanical excursions, and what success he has had; if any thing new offers, if you will please to let me share therein, it will add to the obligations already laid upon, Sir, yours, PHILIP MILLER."

"SIR, *Chelsea, April* 16, 1730.

"I have inclosed sent you a few Seeds, some of which I hope may be acceptable to you; and I am daily in expectation of re-

* 24 Plants were wanting in the Physic Garden at Chelsea; and 28 were sent from that Garden to Dr. Richardson.

 ceiving

ceiving many more from abroad, which when they come to hand I shall send you a share of; and if you will please to favour me with a list of such exotic plants as you want, I will endeavour to furnish you with whatever our Garden will afford; and I should be very glad to have either cuttings or a small Plant of all your sorts of *Cistus's*, which is a tribe of plants that we have very few of.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient, &c. PHILIP MILLER."

"SIR, *Chelsea, June* 18, 1734.

"I take this opportunity of Mr. Richardson's return, to send you a few Seeds, which I lately received from Carthagena: they were collected by a judicious Botanist, who is since dead; his name was William Houston; he was sent over to America on purpose to improve the science of Botany, which he certainly would have advanced as much as any person who ever studied that science, if he had lived a few years. There is another person gone over to succeed him, but his abilities are far short of his predecessor; however, he will certainly send us many new Plants, since his whole time is to be employed in collecting, and in such countries where no Botanist hath yet been. When any Seeds arrive from him, I will take the first opportunity of sending a share of them to you; and in return shall trouble you for some Northern and Welsh Plants, which I hope we shall make proper conveniency to receive into our Garden in a short time; for several of those which you were so good as to furnish me with a few years since, are lost for want of a proper soil and situation, the natural earth of our garden being too light and dry, and the bottom too warm. I should also be glad to know if you want any Plants our Garden can spare; for it will be a pleasure to furnish you, and at the same time will encourage me to be more free in troubling you for such Plants as you can spare which we want. An answer will very much oblige, &c. PHILIP MILLER."

REV. JOHN MORTON* to DR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *Oxendon, Nov.* 9, 1704.

"I received your very kind and obliging letter, with the 20th inclosed, within a few weeks of the date. Ever since the receipt thereof, I have been abroad in the country, unless on Saturdays and Sundays; and that time was consumed in copying out my Journal, and disposing the minutes under their respective heads,

* Of Emanuel College, Cambridge, B. A. 1691; M. A. 1695. Mr. Morton was elected F. R. S. in 1703; and was instituted in 1706 to the Rectory of Great Oxenden, where he for some time before had resided, probably as Curate. He was the Author of "The Natural History of Northamptonshire; with some account of the Antiquities. To which is annexed a transcript of Domesday-book, so far as it relates to that county, by John Morton, M. A. rector of Oxendon in the same County, and fellow of the Royal Society, formerly of Emanuel College in Cambridge, Lond. 1712." folio.

and

and in other necessary business; so that this is the very first opportunity I have of replying, and I do now make you my thankful acknowledgements with great sincerity and respect. I cannot do less to a gentleman who has so generously invited me to a correspondence upon that part of Learning which both my fortunes and inclination have engaged me to. My acquaintance with Mr. Ray initiated me early in the search and study of Plants: from the reading Dr. Lister's books, I became an inquirer after Fossil-shells: and my correspondence with Dr. Woodward, Dr. Sloane, and Mr. Lhwyd, has supported my curiosity, and borne up my spirits all along, or indeed I had desisted from pursuing this great work. I have now proceeded so far, and have found such encouragement from the Gentlemen and Noblemen of Northamptonshire, as will certainly enable me to go through with it. My County has no Coal, or any other Mines, which I much lament. Of Quarry-stones we have a great variety, and a greater variety of Marine bodies inclosed in the Stone and Earths. If any of them will be acceptable at North Bierley, you may readily command a parcel. Have you Mr. Lhwyd's 'Lithologia Britannica?' You may mention the numbers you have a mind to of the Northamptonshire Fossils there inserted, and I will send my duplicates of them, or of any others since discovered; or, which would please me most, do you go to London Sir, this winter? My town is in the road; you would be very welcome here, could you give me the honour of a visit, and then might take your choice of whatever I can spare. I am particularly obliged to you for the kind regard you are pleased to shew to my Proposals; along with this I have troubled you with 12 of them, having enough. I shall give a brief account of the principal Houses of Northamptonshire. Some of the Gentry of your County will perhaps for that condescend to look into the book. The returns, should you meet with any, may, I see, be safely made by the Bradford carrier: and I should be glad of the names and titles of those who are pleased to subscribe, for of course I must print a list of them. My neighbour Mr. Waterhouse, I hear, is well; but I do not often see him. I am, Sir,

"Your obliged friend, and very humble servant, J. Morton."

"Worthy Sir, *Oxendon, Oct.* 10, 1713.

"You have herewith a small present of the Fossils of this County, with references to the names and descriptions of them in the 'Natural History of Northamptonshire.' The references you will find noted on a small square piece of paper; with every particular Fossil its proper reference. This, though so small a collection, yet is the best I have had opportunity of making since my return to Oxendon; and I hope will not be unacceptable to you, who are very skilful and curious in this part of Learning, and have shewed that regard to the 'Natural History of Northamptonshire' to dispose of six of them amongst your countrymen. My Bookseller, Mr. Knaplock, informs me, that, according to your order, he sent you six of them into Yorkshire; on which you was pleased to return

turn him three pounds; but, by the list of subscribers and of the money received and due on that account, which I had left with him, he finds it should have been 3*l.* 10*s.* there having been only 2*l.* 10*s.* paid before; as indeed I find it to be, by your obliging letter of March the 5th, 1705, which I have now before me. This small sum of 10*s.* if you please to order to be paid on my account to Mr. Knaplock in St. Paul's Church-yard, it will answer his expectation. My work having had the good fortune to be favorably received by the fittest Judges in London and the two Universitys, I may reasonably hope you do not wholly dislike the performance. Now that work is published, I am more at leisure for the service of my friends, and of yourself in particular, who may very freely command me in any thing in my power that will be pleasing or serviceable to you. But as to the originals from whence the figures in the prints of the 'Natural History of Northamptonshire' were taken, they were left at London with Dr. Sloane, upon obligations he had generously laid upon me.

"I should be very glad, Sir, to wait on you, in this County: and do not quite despair of seeing you in Yorkshire. I frequently drank your health with my friend Mr. Buddle, and other of the London Botanists; and shall be always, with my best wishes, Sir, your very faithful humble servant, J. MORTON.

"Sir, having better thought upon it I send you for security this by the post, and shall deliver the basket of Fossils to your Halifax carrier on Monday next; who the next day goes from the Bell Inn in Harborough towards Halifax. J. M.

Oxendon, nigh Harborough,

"HONOURED SIR, *March 26,* 1705.

"Along with this you will receive a small parcel of the Figured Stones of this County; such as they are, I entreat your favourable acceptance of. When I am more at leisure, and have got in some Collections which I have still abroad in this County, I intend to send you a greater variety and better specimens, though indeed tis a hard matter to light of perfect exemplars of some of them. Of this Mr. Lhwyd's Northamptonshire Collection is a proof. I have sent you several of the numbers you was pleas'd to mention, but shall do more as I have time.

"I believe, Sir, you may pretty safely depend upon the Numbers as I have fixed them: I have often conferred with Mr. Lhwyd about them, and he has now ascertained them to me.

"I am very much oblig'd to Sir Walter Hawkesworth, and those other gentlemen who have done me the honour of subscribing to my book. I received the 2*l.* 10*s.*; return you many thanks for your good offices therein; and will endeavour to acquit myself so faithfully and well, as to preserve the favour of my Friends and Benefactors.

"I bear particularly a very grateful sense of your civilities. I will procure you whatever this County affords, if it lyes in my power. Pray, Sir, make use of me freely; for I want some further opportunities of shewing that, with very true respect, I am Sir, your obliged, and humble servant, J. MORTON.

"P.S.

"P.S. I can add no more at present by reason it is late, and I am to send to the Bradford Carrier to-night at Harborough. I did not know till almost just now that this was his day; but, when I heard it, dispatched such a parcel and letter as you see. I hope the hurry of my business will be an excuse for both.

"Samples of the *Entrochi* and Coal-pit Plants will be welcome when you please. J. MORTON."

Lord PETRE * to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"SIR, *Thorndon, Oct.* 30, 1734.

"I cannot any longer defer assuring you that I was very sensibly mortified that it was not in my power to wait on you when I was last in the North. I must also return you many thanks for the obliging offer you were so good as to make me, by Mr. Tempest, of supplying me with a Collection of Northern Plants; which, if it will not be too much trouble to you, I must take the liberty to accept of, having always been informed that your Collection of them is by much the most perfect of any.

"I have, I believe, the greatest part of the Stove Plants, whether succulent or others, that are as yet known in England. As I understand that you are also curious in them, I beg that, if there are any wanting in your Garden of that sort, you would be so good as to command whatever you have occasion for from hence.

"Mr. Tempest presents his compliments to you, and intends himself the pleasure of writing very soon. I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant, PETRE."

"SIR, *Thorndon, Feb.* 6, 1734-5.

"I am quite ashamed to have been till now without returning you thanks for the favour of your obliging letter; but the multiplicity of business which my building and other works give me is really the reason of it; and as this rather increases as the summer draws near, I must beg leave to refer you to Mr. Tempest for the affair of the Plants, Seeds, &c.; and content myself only with assuring you how much I am obliged to you, for the noble collection you are so good as to offer; and that

* Robert James Petre, eighth Lord Petre, a Roman Catholic Peer, and an eminent Florist, who had a very large and fine Garden at Thorndon in Essex. This noble Lord was elected F. R. S. in 1731, and F. S. A. in 1738. In 1734, when the two parishes of West Horndon and Ingrave in Essex were divided by Act of Parliament, he generously built a new Church at his own expence; and placed over the West door of it the following Inscription:

D. O. M.
ET DIVO NICOLAO SACRUM,
ROBERTUS JACOBUS PETRE, BARO DE WRITTLE,
AMBOBUS ÆDIBUS ET PAROCHIIS
HORNDON OCCIDENTALI ET INGRAVE
IN UNAM EX S. C. COALESCENTIBUS,
POSUIT, A. D. MDCCXXXIV.

He was a Nobleman of large estate and of very extensive charity; and died July 2, 1742.

you

you may at any time freely command my assistance in the Botanic way, as far as it is in my power to serve you, which will always be a great pleasure to, Sir,

"Your very humble servant, PETRE."

"SIR, *Thorndon, May* 13, 1737.

"I have for this great while intended myself the pleasure of writing to you, designing at the same time both to send you some of our new West Indian hardy Seeds, and to desire the favour of some of your Northern and Welsh Plants, of which you were some time ago so good as to send me a catalogue; but many incidents of different kinds have intervened, to prevent my putting this design in execution till this time. Amongst other things, the death of my very worthy and much esteemed friend Mr. John Tempest* (who, if he had lived, intended to have wrote to you) has so disconcerted many things relating to my Collections, that I could not find the papers necessary for knowing what Plants to desire you to favour me with. I have put into Mr. Miller's hands for you a small parcel of my last Pennsylvania Seeds. I have raised several new sorts of Plants from those countries, and many more from the hotter climates. If any of either would be agreeable to you, I shall with great pleasure furnish you; or, as I receive from time to time parcels both of tender and hardy Seeds, if I knew in which way your taste would chiefly be, I can suit you accordingly. I have inclosed a catalogue of such of your Plants as I should be obliged to you for, all which may be very safely packed up in a box with moss. If you have any Plants growing of the Cloudberries, I should be glad of some of them. Please to order the box to be left at the Blue Boar, in Whitechapel. I must take this opportunity of assuring you of the esteem with which I am, Sir, your most humble servant, PETRE."

"SIR, *Thorndon, June* 8, 1737.

"I received with great pleasure the favour of yours, for which I am much obliged to you, as well as for the Plants you have been so good as to send me, and for the trouble you are so kind to take for procuring more. Your observation concerning the growth of the Cloudberry is certainly very right, and the occasion of its not succeeding in our Gardens. I have tried it

* This ingenious Ecclesiastic, domestic Chaplain to Lord Petre, died at Thorndon; and was buried in the new Church at West Horndon, with the following Inscription upon a flat grave-stone:

D. O M.
HIC IN PACE EC. CATH.
DEPOSITUS EST JOHANNES TEMPEST, STEPHANI
TEMPEST, ARMIGERI, DE BROUGHTON, PROVINCIÆ
EBOR. FILIUS, DOCTRINA, ET SUAVITATE
MORUM OMNIBUS DILECTUS. VIX. ANN. XLIV.
THORNDON OB. D XXII FEB. A. D. MDCCXXXVII.
ROB. JACOBUS PETRE, BARO DE WRITTLE, AMICO
CARISS. MŒRENS MONUMENTUM POS.

Dr. Whitaker, in the "History of Craven," Second Edition, p. 88, has given a curious and entertaining Letter from Mr. Tempest, addressed to his Father from Salonica, on a return from a Mission to the East.

once,

once, but shall be glad to try once more; it will be best, if you please, to put it in a box with some of the mossy mould with it. The Moss in which the Plants were packed was rather too wet. I hope you have received your Seeds. In a very little time I shall prepare a small cargo of things, which I hope may be proper for your Collection; if they prove so, it will be a singular pleasure to, Sir, your very humble servant, PETRE."

"SIR, *Thorndon, October* 24, 1737.

"I am perfectly ashamed of having so long omitted returning thanks for the favour of your last obliging letter, as well as for the Cloudberry-roots, both which I received in due time; but a multiplicity of business, besides my absence for some time from this place, will, I hope, plead my excuse. I have planted the Cloudberry-roots in several different manners, and kinds of earth. I have also ordered some long pots to be made, that I may try that method; but the great difficulty here will be to find a proper soil for them, there being no such thing to be had here as Peat-earth. Many of the Plants you were so good as to send before succeed extremely well; some I have lost, which in the spring I shall know more exactly, and will then take the liberty of desiring a recruit. Against that time I shall not fail to prepare for you a share of all the hardy Exotic Seeds I receive.

"I cannot but be surprized, and very much vexed, that Mr. Miller, after having received the Seeds I sent him for you, should not have taken care to forward them as I desired him. I shall not fail of mentioning it to him; and am, Sir, &c. PETRE."

"SIR, *Thorndon, April* 28, 1738.

"This being a proper season for making cuttings of the Succulent Plants, and several other things, any sort of *Cereus*, *Aloes*, &c. that I have, and you want, shall be at your service, together with a small parcel of Seeds which I have picked out for you; but I would not send any thing till I had given you this trouble, to know if there are any other sorts besides what you mentioned to me some time ago; what I have of them, together with any else that may be agreeable to you, shall on the receipt of your letter be immediately sent.

"I am, in the mean time, Sir, your humble servant, PETRE."

"SIR, *Thorndon, May* 26, 1738.

"I received the favour of yours, for which I return thanks, and wish I could have furnished you with the sorts of *Mesembrianthemum* you want; but, they being the most rare kinds, my Garden, I found, was furnished only with one of the kinds; which, together with a few other things, and some of our newest kinds of Seeds, all which I hope may be agreeable to you, I have sent packed in a little box by the Bradford carrier that set out of London yesterday, and hope you will receive them safe. My stock at present of the Laurel-leaved Tulip-trees is but low, or I would have sent you one; but I hope to be better furnished before it is long. I hope this will find you in good health, and am, Sir, your most humble servant, PETRE."

To

To RICHARD RICHARDSON, Esq. North Bierley.

"SIR, *Thorndon, Feb.* 5, 1738-9.

"I received the favour of your obliging letter in due time, but by different incidents have been prevented returning thanks for it till this time. I was extremely glad of the opportunity your Gardener's being here gave me of furnishing you with any thing that might be agreeable. I doubt not but, when you come to London, if you will favour me so far as to come and see what I have, you will find some other things worth your acceptance. I will defer till that time desiring your assistance with any more Northern Plants; when you see what we have in the Gardens about London you will be able to judge of what you can furnish me with.

"The *Cortex Winteranus*, which you mention, was growing some time ago in the Chelsea Garden; but I never saw it elsewhere, unless I had a Plant of it once, which I am not certain of. The Fern kinds I never yet have been able to persuade any of my Correspondents to send over.

"I beg leave to add my best compliments to your Father; and to assure you that I am, with truth, Sir, &c. PETRE."

REV. THOMAS PETRE* to DR. RICHARDSON.

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, [*not dated* †]

"Amidst my many misfortunes of this year, I met with none more afflicting than that of missing your good company the last Saturday. But the so singular goodness of your Lady, in shewing me your Gardens and other endless Curiosities, made me signal amends for that loss, and has laid on me such obligations I can no more forget than re-pay. Since she was pleased to say that she never saw a *Passion Flower*, I hope this (though decaying), will not displease; and if, Sir, you desire a Layer, you may most freely command one at the season, and at all times.—If the box will hold the Layers I took the freedom to mark, I beg the sending them therein.—Honoured dear Sir, with my best respects to your Lady, your most humble servant, THOMAS PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *Wednesday Morning.*

"You have here (with my best respects) the effects of my last promises made you at Bierley, where you made me so welcome. The six Roots in one parcel are so many several sorts of Seedlings I raised this summer, and so liked by my Cousin Tancred, that he would needs have a Layer of each sort. In the other two are two Layers of the *Countess of Abingdon*, a most pretty purple *Pickotee*; and two of a very large *Pickotee*, deserving a better name than the *Peterborough*. I send them with more pleasure, because I saw them not (to my knowledge) in

* A Roman Catholic Priest in the family of Mr. Waterton of Walton hall.

† There is not the date of the year to any one of Mr. Petre's letters; so that they are unavoidably arranged by mere chance.

your

your Garden. If those I took the freedom to mark are fit for removing, the sooner they come the more they will be welcome; and if you add a Layer of my *Pyebald* Seedling (I have lost and you abound with), it will add to the many obligations already laid on, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. PETRE.

"I had forgot the two pretty *Painted Ladies*, papered apart."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *Monday.*

"I have just time to return you my most hearty thanks for the honour of your so kind letter, and so generous present. If the *Sowbread* Root require any different management from the *Raynunculo's*, be pleased to inform me, because unacquainted with it. I have enclosed a dozen of my Flowers, in hopes that some of them may please; and if so, you may depend upon a Layer of any, or all of them, excepting the large pale *Painted Lady*, which was from my Seed two years ago; but this Winter killed all my Layers, and the old Root has not yet the least increase, to my sorrow; the other *Painted Lady Dunkirk* is an Under-flower; and so is the small purple one, from my *Pyebald*, whose Top-flower blew very large, and is my top favourite.

"Pardon me this haste; and believe me, honoured dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, THOMAS PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *Friday.*

"With my hearty thanks for your last civilities, you have at length the effects of my promises, in the present Layers; that had sooner waited on you, had they been sooner rooted; with at least three other sorts I so fully designed you, had I found but the least Layer struck amongst them. If those I took the freedom to mark are ready for removing, be pleased to send them to Huebanke's against Friday next, and care shall be taken of them. I have sometimes, Sir, been thinking that a close matt, well fixed to the pitched boards that support your books, might turn to a good account and prevent their moulding.

"If it lies, Sir, in your way, give me leave to beg a favour at your hands, for a particular friend of mine in London, Mr. Charles Kennet, who in January 1713-14 lent Mr. Fletcher, that lives in Bradford, ten pounds, who promised to repay it very soon; but, though he so often has been wrote to on that head, he has never yet vouchsafed an answer. My being at such a distance, and so entire a stranger to that gentleman, as it disables me from serving my friend, so it gives me the hopes, that (if, or when, it stands with your convenience) you will have the goodness herein to befriend, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. PETRE."

"I hope I have marked, or that your man at least knows, your two purple *Pickotees*; the smallest whereof I called the *Pett*, the other is not so thick pounc't, but something larger. The box has two Layers of the large *Bezart* you seemed, Sir, so pleased with; two of my best *Bezarts*; two of the *Pick. Crown of Flowers*; two of *Pick. Tallard*; and two of my large purple Seedling."

"HONOURED

"Honoured Dear Sir,

"I must die in your debt, it being so impossible whilst I live to return your kindnesses. I am pleased the *Passion Flower* came safe, for I was in pain about the Bud, and thought best to leave it hollow, the Root being so fixed.

"Four of my twelve-penny *Tulips* (with their last year's offsetts) having escaped the wreck, come to proffer themselves, if you think them worthy your acceptance and Garden; they were so dashed and doused by the constant rains, that nothing but a *floristic* eye, like yours, can discern what they might and should have been. I picked up three entire Flowers of the old Roots, and two whole offsetts, with some scattered leaves of the rest, but so thoroughly wet and blighted that it was beyond my skill to dry and cure them as usual; in hopes, however, that you may like, I have marked them. I am glad your *Anemonies* and *Raynunculo's* are so prosperous, and the more, because not only my twelve-penny Roots, but all my best stripes are perished; and from your tried goodness persuade myself of a share in those sorts you can best spare, as also of a little Seed (if you get any), against the sowing season; for I am confident that all you so kindly gave me is dead.

"A friend is just now very earnest to have me try common radish water drawn from a cold still, with two or three little lime-stones in it, but I fear it may prove too forcing; and, if finding it so, shall leave it off, and have patience under God's appointments, as well as your goodness. With these impertinences I am, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. Petre."

"Honoured Sir, *Walton Hall, April 3.*

"Give me leave to beg such an alms as you so generously favoured me with the last year, or I am a broken Florist; though not so much by the inclemency of the season, as the severity of some neighbours, who forced me from home, before ever I could find leisure to fence off your Flowers from the fury of the Winter; so that, at my late return, I found my Garden plundered like Preston, and my Flowers worse treated than traitors.

"I beg also leave to assure you how troubled I was, that I could not wait on you when your Garden was so flourishing; though I flatter myself that, if you can spare a choice Layer or two, you will have the goodness to order them to Mr. Huebanck's, for, honoured Sir, your most humble servant, T. Petre."

"Honoured Dear Sir, *April 10.*

"After so long a silence, the assurance of yours and your good lady's perfect health and happiness, so heartily wished, will be most highly welcome; and your past favours put me upon begging new ones, by your further advice about the uncomfortable circumstances I am under.

"My Garden is in a manner under the same circumstances with myself. I have lost most of my best *Auriculas* and *July-flowers*. The Woolley Gardener lately brought me some *Auricula* blossoms, some whereof were, he said, an exchange from your Garden;

Garden; and if any such, or a few Layers, can (with your convenience) be spared, they will be mighty welcome. If your *Passion-tree* has miscarried, I shall be very proud to serve you therein, or with whatever lies within the power of, honoured dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, THO. PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *April* 22.

"You have here my hearty wishes of a happy Easter; and also that you would please at your leisure to call on Mr. Fletcher for the performance of his promise, the fixed time in the favour of your last being now elapsed.

"I should be very glad to hear that the Layers I gave myself the honour to send you are all alive; for I fear the utter death of my large fine *Bezart*, unless one at least of your two Layers have survived the severity of the season, which here of late has been such, as has swept away the majority of those that had weathered out the winter; so that (as first beggar) I hope to be served from your fragments, if any you have to spare, and that accompanied by the *Cardinals*, if you judge their Conclave may safely be broke into by Friday.

"Mr. Tancred will be at Walton on May-day; and, if it stands with your convenience to receive a visit the day following, favour with a line, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *April* 26.

"My hearty thanks wait on you for the honour of your last, with your so kind present, and kinder concern, as well as counsel about *cutting*; but when, Sir, you consider my threescore years of age, with my complicated ailments, and the rickets in my youth; also that the so famed Operator is newly dead, and that the want of my wonted journeys and exercises has made me so asthmatical, pursey, and unwieldy, my resolves for declining must seem more reasonable, than for hazarding an operation that appears so much above my strength.

"I have been, Sir, searching amongst my *Passion* Layers; and of some scores, I have not half a dozen alive; my old root is also dead; but I have sent you the very best I could find. My very *Tulips* have been all in the South sea; and out of thousands not half a hundred have escaped, and of them not half a score good ones remain. The best of all my many doubles are reduced to the enclosed pair, a root whereof, if you please, shall at the season be at your service, since two of both have escaped the so universal slaughter.

"If your success, Sir, has been better, so as to be in a condition of sparing me a few good ones like those I once saw of your friend's that were just flowering, it will highly oblige me. I not only carefully mark the Roots when in flower, for fear of mistakes; but generally save, and dry the Leaves, the better to observe their wondrous variegations, to the better sometimes, and often to the worse; and, to my sorrow, I shall now have more leisure for this amusement, since so disabled from all riding, or even walking any lengths, much more from working and weeding as formerly amongst my Flowers.

"The

"The hail on Wednesday demolished all my little stock of blown *Tulips;* the enclosed laid a day and night in the walks; are much less and nothing like what they were last year.—Give me leave, Sir, to ask, if I may drink Mountain wine? Doctor Prescot says, Sack is the safest, if not only wine I ought to use. True, I take but little of any, I am most for water and honey. Your tried goodness makes me thus troublesome.

"With my hearty wishes of all health and happiness to your dear self, good lady, and all yours, I remain, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, THOMAS PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *April* 29.

"You have Mr. Waterton's and my hearty thanks for your late present. The Fish were very fine, afforded us a noble feast, and swimmingly washed down in your good health.

"Your Layers and *Cardinals* were no less cordially entertained, with a care answerable to their character and your kindness; and, as soon as our hot-bed is filled, their Eminencies shall profoundly rest therein.

"I am in pain about my appointment, and your kind promise of being at home on the second of May, because I just now understand that Mr. Tancred's visit is primary to the Sessions at Pomfret, where, with the rest of the Catholicks of this Riding, that day is fixed for their registering, as we hear; if not, and we can wait on you, it shall be before noon, or not that day: and so shall write on the Friday following, to fix, if possible, the desired time of personally assuring you how profoundly I am, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *May* 10.

"The concern in yours of the third (and which I got not till the eighth) was very kind; but could it be comparable to ours, in the loss of your dear company, and the trouble we gave your good family and lady? (to whom my best respects.)

"To add to my misfortunes, your kind present has been plundered and exchanged (somewhere) for such trash as I never saw: possibly I may in time find out the thievery. I am just asking Esquire Ireland (who kisses your hands) to wait on you next Monday; and, though he should happen to be hindered, I hope nothing will prevent me from personally then assuring you how profoundly I am, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, THO. PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *June* 23.

"Had I in the least been apprised of the late honour you did me, our Table, as well as my Garden, had been in better order to have received you; my surprize was great, but not comparable to my pleasure, from so kind a visit. It made me forget not only some particulars relating to, but the very pains themselves; though, upon the following alteration of the weather and change of the moon, I paid dear for the happiness of that day. At present, however, I am much better; and as well (I believe) as ever I am like to be; since, as my life grows shorter, my pains,

I am

I am persuaded, will be sharper.—I please myself with the thoughts of soon seeing your so kindly promised varieties of *Tulips, Raynunculo's*, &c.; and beg they may not set out too early in the week, but so as to be fresh against Fridays, when some of our family are generally in Wakefield. Soon after your leaving Walton, I got the favour of yours from Wakefield; and the milk diet there mentioned is very agreeable.

"The assurance of your and your lady's good health, will be highly welcome. With my best respects to her, I am, honoured dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, Thomas Petre."

"Honoured Dear Sir, *July* 29.

"Your silence to my letter of thanks for the honour of your visit makes me fear a miscarriage, or your want of that health I so heartily wish you, and impatiently wait for an account of. My state is rather worse, especially upon any alteration of the moon or weather; and see no hopes of help. Mr. Perfect of Pomfret has newly brought me a posey of his *Carnations*; but I hear yet nothing of your promised *Raynunculo's* and *Tulips*, and sometimes fear a miscarriage. Most of my best sorts are dead, and I have but two of yours alive, and in as poor a condition as myself; however, had I a posey of yours, by comparing them with my own, possibly we might both be furnished with some new sorts. I should be glad to hear you have got a recruit of *Raynunculo* seed, and to share therein, that I might once more make a trial. Whenever you favour me in this kind, if directed to be left with Mr. Naylor, in North-gate, they will come both safer and sooner than formerly to, honoured dear Sir, ever yours at command, Tho. Petre."

"Honoured Sir, *August* 3.

"It seems an age since I had the happiness of seeing you; and since our last transient interview at Wakefield, I have been so obstinately tortured with the stone, and find the least riding so racking, that, being out of all hopes of ever more reaching and regaling myself in your Garden, give me leave to beg a posey, and a sight of those last *July-flowers* from your friend mentioned at our last meeting at Huebanck's, where I shall be overjoyed to see them, and, much more (upon the least previous notice) to wait upon your dear self. I have been so cheated with the London Gardeners, that I take the freedom to inquire whether your friend would be so kind as to help me to the best sorts, upon sending the names, and paying for them upon delivery?

"My best respects to Madam Richardson; and Mr. Perfect just now telling me of his designs of waiting on you this night, in haste, I am, honoured Sir, ever yours, T. Petre."

"Honoured Dear Sir, *Walton Hall, August* 10.

"Impute this my so uncommon silence to sickness, and your silence to my last, where I so begged your advice concerning the state I was then under. Often have I inquired after yours and your worthy family's good health (that is so justly dear to me), and which I shall be so truly glad to hear of. But my present

present inquiry is, to know if some of my *July-flower* Seedlings (from much the best Seed I ever sowed) will be acceptable to you and your worthy neighbour, Doctor Stanhope. If so, I could wish some servant might be sent with a basket for them, against the first quarter of the moon, when I shall be re-transplanting of them, and by that means I may also have the pleasure of a posey of yours and Doctor Stanhope's Flowers. The favour of your answer will oblige, T. Petre.

" A Layer of my bloted *Hedge-hog Hollin* is at your service.

" I have also some bold *Auricula's*, raised from Mr. Wentworth's of Woolley's Seed, which you may most freely command; but I beg, dear Sir, that you would not give yourself the trouble, unless you really think them worth fetching. My endless obligations make me proud of assuring, by any means, how much I am, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. Petre."

" Honoured Dear Sir, *August* 27.

" The account Mr. Waterton lately gave me of your good health was all pleasure, as your kind inquiries after mine was all goodness. My pains, Sir, are not only racking disorders, but often mount violently up to my head; and as they daily increase, and my days shorten, my miseries must sharpen. My curiosity put me upon purchasing the book I take the freedom to send, in hopes it may remind you of something that may chance to do me service; it is prettily penned, but his grand proposition seems not fully proved.

" Unless, Sir, your Seedlings prove better than mine, I am sorry I sent them. I have saved your *Pett Pickotee*, but lost both your *Bezarts*. A roguish Gardener, whom I was forced to employ, stole half of your six *Tulips*, and two of the remaining three proved both of a sort. Your fine *Raynunculo's*, and most of my best *Tulips*, fell also into his hands; so that I shall be glad of an offsett from my own, or any such sorts of Tulips, if any can conveniently be spared, with a layer of your two *Bezarts*; and, as I have some good sorts still left of *July-flowers*, the more freely you command them, the more you will oblige, honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. Petre."

" Honoured Dear Sir, *October* 4.

" Your silence to my last, which presented you with some Seedlings, makes me dread some sickness, or that those Carnations I was so choice of, and so carefully sent, came not safe to your hands. My uneasiness, however, on this head, is not comparable to my concern for that health I so heartily wish you, and which I must never have; for my pains grow not only much sharper, but more frequent than formerly. My grand catholicon, I am persuaded, must be patience. I have too often trespassed on yours; and shall be glad to know if my Seedlings came safe, and your thoughts on Cawood Seedlings, whereof such various reports have been sent to,

" Honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. Petre.

" Honoured

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *October* 9.

"With my hearty acknowledgments for your last favours, you have here the effects of my last promises; which had sooner waited on you, had my Layers been sooner struck. They rise so weak, that I am forced to send two old Roots of my two pretty sorts of *Painted Ladies*; with about ten more varieties, all differing from any I found with you in flower. I have lapt up two in a Hart's-tongue leaf, for my friend your Gardener, *viz. General Talmash* and *Westminster Grafton*, because I am persuaded he will admire them. Though they stood me to 12*d* apiece, I would not give (as to myself) that price for a thousand of them.

"In hopes of an equivalent, I have added half a hundred *Raynunculo's* and *Emynies*; with three roots of *Double Pinks*, that have been flowering since May.

"Be pleased to let me know when you would have the *Double Yellow Rose*; I had sent it now, but that I thought it rather too soon. Give me also leave to beg at least one Layer of my *Crown of flowers*; for I have but two, and those so poor, that I fear they will die this Winter. I have yet less of my Seedling *Pyebald*, or the first pot in your Garden, *viz.* only one, but well rooted. One there was amongst your London Flowers, which you were pleased to mark yourself for me; and that I beg may be put up apart, with what Layers the two above-mentioned Flowers can conveniently furnish me. With my best respects to Madam Richardson, I am, most faithfully, &c. T. PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *October* 15.

"I received the favour of yours just as I was going to York, from whence I am just returned. I am heartily sorry for your mentioned indisposition, and shall be truly glad to hear of your perfect recovery. My pleasure would be infinitely more perfect, were I more able to serve you. I have sent the best Layer I could find amongst the *Passion Flowers*, with a couple of those July-flowers I found not amongst yours, *viz.* the *Anne of Great Britain*, and the *Dunkirk Painted Lady*; neither were they in Doctor Stanhope's collection. I have saved but very little Seed, but send it with great pleasure, because I know it to be good.

"I find myself under such chronical and complicated infirmities (so unfitting me for the Garden), that I design, as soon as possible, to part with all my Flowers, far cheaper than I bought them in. Your goodness being answerable to your interest and insight, you will, I am sure, do your best to befriend on this head, Honoured dear Sir, ever yours, T. PETRE."

"HONOURED DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 20.

"I am doubly in your debt for the favour of both yours, with the so welcomed box, for which you have my hearty thanks; and I am doubly unfortunate, both in being from home when you were so kind as to call at Walton, and for being also (as I fear) incapable of complying with your last desires; for Mr. Waterton (who is yours, and very sorry he knew too late of your kindness

in calling) assures me he fished that whole day to no purpose; and believes the Otters have been as fatal to him as to yourself; though I am rather of opinion, that the abundance of his Coal-pit water (he is now forced to let into the dam) is a far greater destroyer of his fish. He designs upon the first floods another fishing; and if then he is successful, my endeavours shall not be wanting to serve you.

"My last was run up in such haste, that I forgot Mr. Fletcher's affair; and your silence makes me fear his greater forgetfulness of one who so befriended him in his distress. Your further efforts on this head will further oblige, honoured dear Sir, &c. T. PETRE."

Mr. ISAAC RAND* to Mr. SAMUEL BREWER†.

"DEAR SIR, *Haymarket, Sept.* 18, 1718.

"In order to repair your loss, I send you, by the flying waggon of this day, a box containing the Plants mentioned on the other side; amongst them, I doubt not but you will find some that you desired. I hope they will come safe; I went with them myself to the carrier's last night, and saw them booked. You will excuse the imperfections of some of their names; I believe you will by them easily know what they are. I shall not forget to furnish you some Seeds, and though I send these now, it is not with an intention to debar your intended visit. When I shall have the happiness of seeing you at the Garden, I shall be very glad to supply you with what I can. I am able to judge nothing by the samples you sent. We have two Capsicum; that perennial one is with a very small upright fruit, commonly called Birds-pepper at Barbadoes; the other has hardly made fruit yet; I know not if it be the same with yours,—if not, I should be glad of it. I never knew any of the Melongenas hold the winter, though they seem very sturdy plants; they are commonly called Bringelle's, but perhaps this may be only a Solanum. Our gardeners have lost both the Henbane and Lotus, though the latter grew well, and we had made three or four Plants of it. Mr. Lloyd and his whole family have been in the country all this summer, and are still, else I had sent you his direction sooner; his house is James street, by Covent-garden.

* An Apothecary in the Haymarket. He was appointed in 1722 Lecturer and Demonstrator at the Chelsea Garden, being the first who filled that office after Sir Hans Sloane's donation. He published, in 1730, in 8vo, "*Index Plantarum Officinalium Horti Chelseiani.*" The list contains 518 plants of the *Materia Medica;* and specifies the part of each used in Physic. He also published "*Horti Chelseiani Index Compendiarius,* 1739," 8vo.—Houston gave the name of *Rand* to a West India shrub of the *Pentandrous* class, figured by Sloane: and it is retained by Linnæus. Pulteney, vol. II. p. 103.

† Of whom see before, p. 288.

"We

"We have lost the *Flos Solis Scrophulariæ folio*, and the *Cortusa*; and I fear the Canary Balm, it is very sick. You sent last year some seeds of the *Lagopus*; they were not ripe. What in your catalogue you call *Linum spicatum purpureum* is *Linaria purpurea magna* of J. B.; I do not know whether I told you so before. It is time now to conclude with repeating you the assurance (that tho' one interruption or other makes that I cannot keep pace with your expectation), you will always find me very willing to serve you in what I can. I am, dear Sir, heartily, yours to command, I. RAND.

"My humble service to good Mrs. Brewer, and your son.

"I do not forget *honest John, the rogue*."

"DEAR SIR, *Haymarket, July* 11, 1730.

"By the Bradford carrier yesterday, I sent you a box, directed as you ordered: in it you will find 'Parkinson's Theatre,' 'Dr. Fuller's Pharmacopœia' in English, three of 'Ray's Synopsis' unbound, a quire of specimens that Mr. Brown left for you, and a bundle which your daughter brought to my house for you last week; at the same time she had the large letter you sent, which you ordered me to keep till it was called for. These things I had sent last week, but was willing to take this opportunity to send you an Index to the Officinal Plants which we have at Chelsea, that our Company ordered me to print. The reason why I did not send to you by Mr. Bartlet was, that I had not your letter till he was ready to leave the town, so had no opportunity to see him, nor leisure to write. I am very glad to hear that you enjoy good health, for I heartily wish you well. Parkinson cost 20*s.* Fuller 4*s.* 6*d.* the three Synopsis's 18*s.* Mr. Innys assures me he has the same price from booksellers, for I told him they were for you. There are likewise in the box a few letters, some of which have lain at my house a good while On Monday morning we set out on our simpling expedition into Kent, for our general herbarizing will be at Putney on Thursday next.

"All the double letters you send, though on one sheet of paper, pay double postage, so that you may as well send them enclosed and sealed. I am, Sir, your friend and humble servant, I. RAND."

MR. WILLIAM SHERARD* to DR. RICHARDSON.

"SIR, *London, May* 17, 1690.

"I am glad to hear of your designed journey, and wish you good success in it. I have writ on the other side a catalogue of what I recommend most to your care; several of them I have, but not one good specimen; if you meet with any thing new

* "This learned Naturalist, born at Busby in Leicestershire in 1659, was better known by the name of *Consul Sherard*, in which capacity he resided some years at Smyrna, where he had a country house at a place called Sedekio. It is not yet forgotten as the residence of Sherard. In 1749, Hasselquist visited this retreat, and viewed, with all the enthusiasm

(some Grasses I have seen at Mr. Newton's not mentioned by Mr. Ray, gathered at Ingleborough) be pleased to add them to the rest. Mr. Ray's 'Synopsis' came out but yesterday. On Monday morning I will send you a copy, that you may take it along with you. I have a fine collection of *Double Auriculas* and several *Primulæ Polyanthæs* of the best kinds, with some few other things for Dr. Herman; but can find no opportunity of sending them over yet. Mr. Kinnaird came over in the packet-boat that was boarded by the French privateer; he gives you his service. Mr. Oliver is out of town. I hear Dr. Plukenet * has the promise of the place at the King's

of a young botanist, the spot where "the Regent of the Botanic world," as he styles him, spent his summers, and cultivated his garden. Here Sherard collected specimens of all the Plants of *Natolia* and *Greece*, and began that famous *Herbarium*, which at length became the most extensive that had ever been seen as the work of one man, since it is said finally to have contained 12,000 species. And here he is said to have begun the much-celebrated Pinax, to which he continued to make accessions throughout his life He returned into England in 1718; soon after which time, he had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by the University of Oxford.

"On his return from a tour on the Continent in 1721, he brought over with him the celebrated Dillenius, with whom he had before corresponded, and whom he had encouraged to prosecute his inquiries into the *Cryptogamia* class, and in publishing his *Plantæ Gissenses*. Sherard had himself been among the earliest in England to promote attention to this hitherto neglected part of Nature; and in this Dillenius had already excelled all who had written before him. Although Dr. Sherard had acquired a considerable fortune in Asia, yet he lived with the greatest privacy in London, wholly immersed in the study of Natural History; except when he went to his Brother's seat and fine Garden at Eltham. Dr. Dillenius assisted him in his chief employment, the carrying on his *Pinax*, or Collection of all the names, which had been given by botanical writers to each plant; being a continuation of Caspar Bauhine's great plan. Dr. Sherard was, in a particular manner, the patron of Mr. Mark Catesby; and himself affixed the Latin names to the plants of 'The Natural History of Carolina.' He died August 12, 1728; and, by his will, gave three thousand pounds, to provide a salary for a Professor of Botany at Oxford, on condition that Dr. Dillenius should be chosen first Professor He erected the edifice at the entrance of the Garden, for the use of the Professor; and gave to this establishment his Botanical Library, his *Herbarium*, and the *Pinax*. Dr. Sherard was among the last of those ornaments in England, of that æra which Linnæus calls "the golden age of Botany." Having from his earliest years a relish for the study of Natural History, and in his youth acquired a knowledge of English Botany, his repeated tours to the Continent, and his long residence in the East, afforded ample scope for his improvement; and the acquisition of affluence, joined to his learning, and agreeable qualities, rendered him, after his return home, a liberal and zealous patron of the science, and of those who cultivated it. Some manuscripts of Dr. Sherard's were presented to the Royal Society by Mr. Ellis, in the year 1766. See Dr. Pulteney, vol. II. p. 141; and the Literary Anecdotes, vol. III. p. 652; vol. VII. p. 379.

* "Towards the close of his life, he is said to have been assisted by the Queen, and to have obtained the superintendency of the Garden at Hampton Court; and was honoured with the title of Royal Professor of Botany." Pulteney, vol. II. p. 22.

Garden

Garden. If so, I believe I shall go into Ireland with Sir Arthur Rawdon within this two months. I will not fail to dry for you whatsoever you want here, or what else I can procure for you. I suppose you will see Thomas Lawson (who will furnish you with patterns of most of the Northern Plants) and his company a simpling. Pray continue the correspondence you are pleased to honour me with, and you will oblige,

"Your friend and servant, WM. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Moyra, June* 6, 1691.

"Yours came hither in 12 days; and had been answered last post, had I been at home to have received it. I was viewing a mountain about 15 miles distant, which did not prove according to expectation, being covered over with Heath and Moss; I met nothing on it but *Muscus terrestris maj. flagellis longissimis Adianti aurei capitulis.* I know not whether it is different from the common greater Earth-moss; it is much longer, and of finer parts; besides its heads, which have not yet been observed on the others. I have observed three or four *Musci Adianti capitulis* here, which are not in Mr. Ray's 'Synopsis,' and sent them to Mr. Doody, who is putting out a small treatise of them with cuts: *viz. Muscus terrestri vulgari similis lanuginosus D ni Lhwyd,* which I found last year with heads, on the mountains, and this Spring plentifully on our bogs. *Muscus terrestris Ad. capit. cinericius. Muscus arboribus adnascens Ad. capitulis erectis pileo villoso. Muscus arbor. adnasc. ramosus Ad. capit. pediculis breviss.* If you can add any, you will oblige him and the publick.

"In my return home by a lough side, in a very wet rotten bog, I met with *Helleborine fl. albo,* which, besides the difference of its growing from that on Stokenchurch-hills, where I have found it plentifully, the narrowness and length of its leaves persuade me it is a distinct kind. I have seen the specimen found by Mr. Newton, which Mr. Ray mentions, which may be it for aught I know, though I took it to be the *Damasonium purpureum dilutum, sive 6. Clus. J. B.* of which I have specimens I found near Geneva. I set out next Thursday for the mountains near Belfast, and will continue along the shore to Carlingford. Tom Harrison is not yet come, but I hope will by my return, that I may have his company to the county of Derry and the Western shore. I am glad you have received your Seeds from Dr. Herman: he sent me a parcel and book the same time (as he writes), which I have not yet heard of. I hope Tom Harrison will bring them (though they will come late) with my dried Plants, which my Brother has received. I am glad to hear what you write concerning Mr. Bobart*; I know he is tired of Oxford, and would gladly remove;

* Jacob Bobart; son of a preceding Jacob Bobart, a German, who came into this country about the middle of the 17th century, and was appointed first Superintendant of the Physic Garden at Oxford, founded in 1632 by Henry Earl of Danby. The "Catalogus Plantarum" in that Garden, published at Oxford in 1648, 12mo, was drawn up by Bobart, and is a very favourable proof of his zeal and diligence. His name is joined in the second edition, 1658, as an associate in the work, with Dr. Stephens and Mr. Browne. He wrote the second volume of the "Plantarum Historia univer-
salis

he has been making an interest for Watts's* place at the expiration of his lease (which will be next year), but I believe Sam Doody † is secure of it. I should be glad to have a catalogue of your Seeds at the latter end of Summer. I will send you one of mine, which shall be at your service: of those you have now by you (if Mrs. Stanhope be not returned from Leeds) I desire those in the inclosed list: some of them I sowed this year, but the season has proved so ill, they are lost.

salis Oxoniensis, seu Herbarum Distributio nova," to which Dr. Thomas Hyde, Keeper of the Bodleian Library, added Annotations on the Eastern names. Bobart had also intended a third volume, on Trees, but died before it was finished. [The first volume of that work was compiled by Dr. Robert Morison, a native of Aberdeen; who, quitting Scotland in the troubles, studied at Paris, took a degree in Physic at Angers, directed the Royal Gardens at Blois till the death of the Duke of Orleans; at the Restoration was appointed Overseer of the King's Gardens, Fellow of the College of Physicians, and in 1669 Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford, where he read Lectures till he set about publishing "The Universal Knowledge of Simples." He died Nov 9, 1683.] Wood's Fasti, II. 178.—Edmund Gayton, the Poetaster, wrote a Poem on Mr Jacob Bobart, "Yeoman of the Guards to the Physic Garden," to the tune of the Counter Scuffle, Oxf 1662.—Granger relates a humorous circumstance in his manners; that, 'on rejoicing-days, he used to have his beard tagged with silver.' There is a very scarce print of the elder Bobart, with a distich, dated 1675, by Burghers; which confirms his German origin. He died Feb. 4, 1679, aged 81; and left, besides Jacob, another son, named Tillemant, who was also employed in the Physic Garden

"I cannot," says Dr. Pulteney, "ascertain the time of [the younger] Bobart's death; but from the story related of him by Dr. Grey, in his edition of 'Hudibras,' which implies that he was of a humorous disposition, he must have been living in 1704 He had transformed a dead rat into the feigned figure of a dragon, which imposed upon the learned so far, that 'several fine copies of verses were wrote on so rare a subject.' Bobart afterwards owned the cheat; but it was preserved for some years, as a master-piece of art.—Bobart lived considerably longer than Dr. Pulteney supposes. Dr. Abel Evans, in 1713, dedicated "Vertumnus, a Poetical Epistle," to him, which is preserved in the "Select Collection of Poems, 1780," vol III. p. 145, and contains much historical information. Bobart had formed a *Hortus Siccus* in 20 volumes. He is several times mentioned with great kindness in these Letters of Consul Sherard; who laments, in March 1719, that the Vice-chancellor had compelled Bobart to resign the office of Botanic Professor; and also records his death, which happened at a very advanced age, in a few months after. He was buried December 30, 1719. See pp. 357. 361.—A descendant of this family, Tillemant Bobart, is still well known to all who wish for civil treatment, and a safe carriage on the road to Oxford

* Superintendant and Demonstrator of the Garden at Chelsea.

† "If to any man in his day, not professedly an author on the subject, extraordinary praise is due for discoveries in the indigenous Botany, it must belong to Mr. Samuel Doody, the contemporary and friend of Ray, Plukenet, and Sloane, who all bear testimony to his merit. I regret the want of more information relating to this assiduous man; of whom I can only say, that he was born in Staffordshire, was an Apothecary in London, and a Fellow of the Royal Society 1695. He was chosen Superintendant, and Demonstrator of the Garden at Chelsea; an office he held some years before his death, which took place in 1706. As Mr. Doody lived in London, and there is room to believe he was in very considerable business, his excursions could not ordinarily extend far from that City. In its neighbourhood, his diligence was beyond any other example. He struck out

a new

"You see, Sir, by this catalogue, our poverty, and we your riches. If Mrs. Stanhope be not returned, I believe she will stay and lie-in in Yorkshire; by whom pray send these and what addition you can make out of your Garden or the Fields; if she be, be pleased to direct to my Brother, at the Blackmoor's head in Paternoster-row. I have raised above sixty Barbados Plants from Seed sent by Mr Charleton, brought over by James Read the Quaker, of which I will save you some patterns. Pray my respects to Mr. Lawson (whom I once saw something above two years since at Chelsea with Mr. Watts); and let him know, if I can be serviceable to him here, I shall be very ready. Sir, I wish you success in your journey, and in all other your undertakings.

"I think I sent you a catalogue from London of my Northern wants; give me leave to renew it. Those I have crossed I have never seen; the rest I have, and of most of them have bad specimens: you will oblige me if you can procure me better of them, as well as in sending me the others, with what else you find new. I fear Ireland will not be able to make you suitable returns, especially this Northern province. When I can with safety visit Connaught and the Western parts, where *Arbutus, Teucrium Cisti flore.* &c. grows, I hope to give you a better account. I am your assured friend, W SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Badmington*, near Chippenham in Gloucestershire, March 1, 1700-1.*

"Give me leave after a long silence (occasioned by my constant rambling) now I am set down in England, to inquire of your health, and at the same time request the renewal of your friendship, which I shall always cultivate to the best of my power. I have been this six months here, in quality of companion to the young Duke of Beaufort, which I was the easilier induced to accept of, on account of the noble gardens her Grace my Lady Duchess has; and truly in a few years they will outdo any yet in Europe, being furnished with all the conveniencies imaginable, and a good stock of Plants, to which I have added above 1500, and shall daily procure more from my correspondents abroad; who in lieu of them demand of me the natives of England, both seed and specimens. I should be very glad to find out somebody who would assist me in collecting, especially the Northern ones;

a new path in Botany, by leading to the study of that tribe which comprehended the imperfect Plants, now called the *Cryptogamia* class. In this branch he made the most numerous discoveries of any man in that age, and in the knowledge of it stood clearly unrivaled. The early editions of Ray's 'Synopsis' were much amplified by his labours; and he is represented by Mr. Ray, as a man of uncommon sagacity in discovering and discriminating Plants in general. The learned successor of Tournefort, M. Jussieu, speaks of him as 'inter Pharmacopæos Londinenses sui temporis Coryphæus.' In truth, he was the Dillenius of his time. There is a long list of rare Plants, many of them new, and first discovered by Mr. Doody, published in the second Edition of Ray's 'Synopsis,' accompanied with observations on other species. I also find 'The Case of a Dropsy of the Breast,' written by him, and printed in the Philosophical Transactions in 1697, No. 224. Vol. XX. p. 77." Pulteney, vol. II. p. 109.

* The Seat of the Duke of Beaufort.

having

having settled a correspondence for the Western and Welsh by Mr. Stevens and Mr. Lhwyd. I do not know Mr. Fitzroberts, nor whether any thing may be expected from him; or if you know of any other that will undertake it, I shall be ready to satisfy them with money, other Plants, or howsoever they shall propose; if you can find out any such person, you will oblige me, and then I will trouble you with a catalogue of what I want, and of those should be glad of three or four specimens of each at least. Those in the list now sent, are what I want towards my own collection, which is now the biggest in Europe. I have undertaken to adjust the names of the Mosses of Mr. Ray, Mr. Bobart in the third volume*, and those of Dr. Tournefort in his 'History of the Plants about Paris,' he having sent me almost all his, and I shall have the rest after sending him ours, which I hope to do this summer. I have writ to all that are mentioned by Mr. Ray and Bobart, that I may not mistake in the names; and do make the same request to you, that you will be pleased to send me what you have contributed; and if you want any others, be pleased to let me know, and you shall be furnished. I heard lately from Madam Herman; she writes she is going to live at Berlin. Whether the new King buys her collection or no, I know not; but suppose he takes it, and gives her an annuity. Excuse this trouble, and command me wherein I am capable of serving you.

"I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Badmington, March* 24, 1700-1.

"I read yours of the 15th instant with a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction; your kind offers in contributing to my design were very acceptable, and nothing can make them more so than by letting me know how I shall be able to make you suitable returns. I am sorry I did not know your desire sooner of Perennial Seeds, having sown and delivered into my Lady Duchess's hands all I have received this year, which were 1749; however, I expect another packet this week from Nuremberg, out of which I shall choose you what is for your purpose, and add them to a few I gathered in this Garden last year. Now I know you still keep up your Garden, you shall not fail being furnished for Autumn sowing with what comes to my hands. I had a letter lately from Mr. Lhwyd, who is just returned from Bretagne in France, and is very busy in fitting his work in order to print it. If I have the Mosses by the latter end of August, it will be time enough for my design; though sooner will be an ease to me, that I may compare them with those received from France, and, where I find them the same, reduce them to ours. Be pleased to direct them to me in Mark-lane, London. We have a few Welsh Plants sent by Mr. Lhwyd, which grow very well; and I am in hopes of more this summer, from one of his scholars. We run here most upon Stove Plants; so will not give you the trouble of sending other

* See p. 341.

than specimens and seed, where to be had, of those mentioned in my last. I shall acquaint Mr. Ray about the mistake of the *Lilium Convall. angustifol.* and the *Gentianella verna;* I should be glad to see a pattern of the last, not doubting but it is described by Clusius amongst his vernal ones, most of which I have gathered. Mr. Ray writes, the Booksellers have proposed to print his Appendix by Michaelmas next, at 5*s.* in hand, and 15*s.* more on delivery. His 'Methodus emendata' (if they continue to refuse it) will be printed speedily in Holland, where Dr. Hotton will take care of the edition of it. I am Sir,

"Your most obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 21, 1701-2.

"I received yours yesterday; and the day before sent you a box of Seeds, all I had by me; be pleased to take out of it what you think for your service, and forward the rest to Mr. Sutherland. Mr. Vernon left the town this day se'nnight; I wish your Mosses had come before, that I might have seen them; however, hope you will favour me with some of them. The *Muscus capitulis longis acutis pilosissimis,* I have not; neither the *Lycopodii facie* in seed, which I should be glad of.

"Madam Herman came to town with her son last week, and will stay here about three weeks: she hopes your affairs will permit you to be here before she returns. I expect some seeds from France, which I shall communicate as soon as they come to hand. I am, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, April* 14, 1702.

"I fear this will come after you are set out for this place, where you are expected at the latter end of the week. I must be forced to go to Oxford to-morrow, where I hope to see you. I have not my Mosses in town, so could not compare yours with them, but put them into Mr. Buddle's hands, who, with the assistance of Mr. Doody, has made some notes upon them, which I have added to your numbers on the other side. Let me beg of you at your conveniency to send me those that have a line drawn under them, and any you want from these parts I will endeavour to furnish you with. Mr. Vernon sent me on Saturday a parcel of Mosses, some of which I had not before; amongst the rest, one wholly new; it is a branched kind like the *terrestris minor,* full of heads without any footstalks.

"Madam Herman is still in town, and will stay some time yet, so that you will have the satisfaction of seeing her. She goes to Oxford with me, and will return on Monday next.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, June* 27, 1702.

"I have been so busy of late in the post my friends were pleased to procure me*, that I have not had time to acknowledge the receipt of your last. I hear you design to send some of your Northern Plants to Dr. Sloane; if you please to remember me for any you did not favour me with last year, you will oblige

* A Commissioner of the Sick and Wounded.

me,

me, and especially in the Mosses I noted. I expect some Seeds from Sicily, which you shall have part of (if they come safe) for Autumn sowing. Direct any packet for me to my brother in Mark lane, and letters for me at the Sick and Wounded Office on Tower-hill. If you please I will furnish you with Boccone's two last volumes; I subscribed for 50, and have some left.

"I am dear Sir, your most obliged, &c. WM. SHERARD."

Sick and Wounded Office, in Princes Court,
"DEAR SIR, *Westminster, March* 25, 1703.

"I was on Monday night with Mr. Vernon, who bragged of his mighty acquisitions he has received from you; besides a great number of beautiful Mosses, six at least, perfectly new. He tells me you design this year to prosecute the search of them, and I beg of you not to forget your oldest acquaintance. I saw amongst the Plants you sent to Dr. Sloane and Mr. Buddle, some I wanted, which makes me take the liberty of renewing my request to you for some more of your Northern product.

"We send a vessel over this week to Calais, to exchange some prisoners at war; I have there a large collection of dried Plants and a packet of Seeds, which I hope for before the end of April; such as are perennial I will send you as soon as I receive them.

"I have at last got a servant to my mind, who is very handy at pasting on my Plants. I am now among the Mosses, but want several fair specimens. I hope to go through them as fast as Mr. Ray's Supplement is printed, whereof 20 sheets are done, besides the Dendrology. He designs a History of English Insects, with such as are found in the cabinets of our Virtuosi; I wish he may live to finish it.

"Madam Herman goes for Holland with the first convoy; she has taken a house in Channel row, Westminster, designing to return by August. Dr. Sloane's 'History of Jamaica' will be soon finished. Mr. Ray's 'Methodus emendata et aucta' is come from Holland. I am, with entire respect, &c. W SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Westminster, July* 3, 1703.

"It being my fortune to leave England once more, and that probably for the rest of my days, I cannot quit it without giving you notice, and desiring the honour of your commands for Smyrna. I shall there have leisure enough to follow the improvement of Natural History, and to make some additions in most parts of it.

"Mr. Lhwyd has writ to me for Fossils, Corals, &c. which I shall endeavour to procure him. If you make a collection of any part, give me leave to make what additions I can to it. When you have any thing to favour me with, be pleased to direct it to my Brother Sherard in Mark-lane. With many thanks for all your favours, and hearty wishes of health and happiness, I remain, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant, W. SHERARD."

Rev. Dr. CHARLETT to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"SIR, *May* 29, 1716.

"Instead of my letter, accept of part of one which I lately received from our good friend the Consul of Smyrna. A. CHARLETT."

REV.

"REVEREND SIR, *Smyrna, Jan.* 31, 1715-6.

"I have copied a great number of Greek Inscriptions (besides the corrections to these already printed), and have several of the originals by me; some others I had agreed for, amongst them some Ψηφίσματα entire, and one writ Βουστροφηδὸν, which is the only one known to remain as far as I can learn. I reckon it to be a very valuable piece of Antiquity, were it only for the true form of the Attic letters; but the War hinders all my endeavours at present to get them into my possession. A much larger collection than what you already have might be here procured, and find place in the noble new structures you are pleased to give an account of; but a private person's purse will not suffice. Bating the Fœdus Smyrnaense and the Chronicon, there are a great number within five or six days journey hence, of much more use than the rest in the 'Marmora Oxoniensia,' which I hope in time may be redeemed out of slavery, and placed with their fellows. W. SHERARD."

Mr. WILLIAM SHERARD to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 18, 1717-8.

"After the necessary visits paid here at my return, I cannot forbear troubling my old acquaintance, and assuring them how glad I am to hear they are alive and well. As you are one of the oldest of them, I write to you the first; and return you hearty thanks for your favours to my Brother, whom you have so far encouraged as to make him in love with Botany, whereby he will be very assistant to me in my 'Pinax.' He gives you his service, and threatens to accept of your kind invitation of visiting you, the Northern and Welsh Plants, this summer; and I believe I may accompany him.

"I am very much pressed for several English Plants, to send to three Foreign Correspondents, who are all about printing, but stay till I can send them over the English specimens they desire to be satisfied in. Mr. Vaillant at Paris has finished his 'History of the Plants about that City;' but is doubtful of several of Mr. Ray's, especially *Fuci, Grasses,* and *Mosses* He wants but few of them; but, without comparing them, is fearful of multiplying species Mr. Aubriet, the King's Painter, that travelled with Dr Tournefort, lives in the same house with him at the Garden, and has designed what are new or not well figured, particularly the *Musci* with their heads, the *Grasses,* and 28 *Orchides.* There are 250 designs in all, which will set that part of Botany in a clear light. To do him justice, he is the most accurate Botanist I ever knew, and the most cordial. I am in hopes he will live to finish his 'New Method,' which you will be charmed to see. I am looking over my Brother's specimens for him; but I know he wants several, besides the *Musci* and *Fungi.* When I have done, I will beg yours and other friends' assistance, not being able to furnish him time enough with my own, which are all packed up in a warehouse, where they must remain till my Brother can find a house that will be convenient for us both, which I hope will be before summer.

"I visited

"I visited my old acquaintance the Bishop of St. Asaph* lately, who mentioned to me Mr. Fowlkes, that has been above 20 times, as his Lordship says, on the top of Snowdon, and will accompany my Brother thither, and to all other parts of Wales. I design to write to him, and send him some Seeds for the Physick-garden he is about making.

"I saw your old friend Madam Herman at Leyden, in a very poor condition; her son is lately come hither, has been twice at my Brother's, but I have not yet seen him, so know not on what project he is come. He was banished from Leyden for six years, about 18 months past; and has lived since at Utrecht, where he taught English. I am, with true respect, dear Sir,

"Your most obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD."

Dr. RICHARDSON to Mr. SHERARD.

"HONOURED SIR, *May* .. 1718.

"Mr. Evans's house I suppose to be your head quarters, where you will meet with in plenty *Sedum minimum non acri flore albo, R. S. M.* 11. In the way to the old Castle from Mr. Evans's, nigh the Bridge, before you come to Pont Vawr, by the water side, *Arundo valatoria minor foliis cæsiis*; and in the water, and upon the sand, in the same place, *Subularia repens folio minus rigido, R. S. M.* 3. At Pont Vawr, at the further side nigh the Bridge, is *Papaver luteum perenne lacinat. folio Cambrobritanicum, R. S. M.* At the head of the Lakes grows *Myrtus Brabantica, s. Anglica, Park.*; and in the Lakes, *Subularia fragilis folio longiore et tenuiore, R. S. M.* This, I suppose, grows deep in the water, for we found it cast out of the lake on the bankside, and gathered several specimens of it, though we could not find it growing. In the same place grows *Gladiolus lacustris Dartmonni, Clus.* and also *Graminifolia lacustris sobolifera, D. Lhwyd.* In the way to the Castle on the left hand, amongst the moist rocks, *Caryophyllata aquatica nutanti flore, C. B. P. Adiantum petræum perpusillum Anglicum foliis bifidis vel trifidis, R. S. M.* 2 —From Mr. Evans to Hisvae by the way to Trigvulcaugh. In going to these places you must ascend the Glyder. The first remarkable place in the way is Lyn y Cwn, in which lakes you will find *Gladiolus lacustris*, and *Subularia repens fol. minus rigido, R. S. M.* 3.; and both these in almost all the mountainous Lakes of Snowdon, and amongst the rocks nigh the water. On the South side of the lake, *Hieracium pulmonaria dictum angustifolium, R. S. M.* It flowers here about the end of June; I have Plants of it in my Garden, brought from thence; I never met with it any where else. On the right hand nigh and also above the Lakes, on the rocks, and upon the large stones fallen from the rocks, you will find in flower about the same time *Hieracium Alpinum villosum flore magno singulari caule nudo, R. S. M.* 3. It rarely exceeds four or five inches in height when in flower, it is not very common plant here. I kept it in my garden four or five years, where it flowers yearly, but it is a difficult matter to preserve it from the snails;

* Dr. John Wynne, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells

snails; it is a Sun plant. Upon the same rocks you will find *Virga aurea montana folio angusto subtus incano flore conglobato, Lhwyd. R. S. M.* Though Mr. Lhwyd found *Lycopodium elatius Juniperinum,* and above this Lake in the way to Trigvulcaugh; yet when I was with him we could not find it, neither have I ever met with it since, though I have looked for it several times. In the springs that issue out of the foot of the rocks as you ascend the Glyder, you meet with *Coclearia rotundifolia, Mor. Pinax.* At the top of the Glyder are Trigvulcaugh rocks, on the North side of which, growing out of the clefts of the steep rocks, you will find the *Plantago minor angustifolia, J B.* This seems to me a distinct Plant from the Marine one, the leaves are shorter, narrower, and more rigid, the spikes shorter; I have kept it in my Garden ever since I was in Wales with Mr. Lhwyd, and it never varies: that from the Bishoprick of Durham, and also from Northumberland, is no other than the Marine one; I have this also in my garden. On the same rocks you will find *Rubia quadria folio erecta, J. B. Thalictrum minus,* which Mr. Lhwyd calls *folio latiore, R. S. M. Caryophyllus maritimus,* and also *Salix pumilo folio rotundo, J. B.* This is the same with *Salix Alpina Alm. rotundo folio repens, Bocc. Mus.* That upon Ingleborough and Snowdon are the same; I have the Plant from the last place in my Garden. *Sedum Ericoides* is common, and also *Gnaphalium montanum flore rotundo folio latiore, Lychnis Alpina minima, Ra. Hist.* Under that side of Trigvulcaugh rock which faces the North, and above the Lake Lyn Ogwyn, that being about a quarter of a mile off, and in view of it, you will find springing out of the naked rocks *Bulbosa Alpina juncifolia pericarpio unico erecto, &c. R. S M.* It flowers about the beginning of June. I brought several bulbs of it from thence; they would not flower in my Garden, but in a year or two died. If Mr. Evans be living, he will shew the place he was with me when I found it last. In the rills in the same place grows *Muscus Trichomanoides purpureus Alpinus rivulis inascens, R. Lhwyd. R. S. M.*; and a little below under the shady rock, on the right hand, Mr. Lhwyd shewed me several roots of *Filix montana ramosa minor folio angusti-denticulata,* not far above the Lake Lyn Ogwn. This Lake lies at the foot of the mountain Hisvae, which you may ascend if you have time and a fair day, which is not met with often here, but the place to ascend this mountain is opposite to a few small houses, called Nant-francon. In the way to the top of it you will find *Cotyledon hirsuta, P. B. Sedum et Rupe St. Vincentis, Adiantum Alpinum crispum Schwenkfield. J. B. Lysimachia Chamænerion dicta folio angusto, C. B. P.* growing out of the cleft of the naked rock at the top of the mountains. In this place Mr. Lhwyd and myself sought for a *Polypodium Ilvence, His. Lug.*; but the violence of the rains and the thickness of the clouds rendered our searches unsuccessful; we could not then meet with *Paronychia similis sed minor perennis Alpina repens,* which Mr. Lhwyd had found before in the same place;

place; but I afterwards found it in another place, and it has ever since flourished in my Garden. In your return home, at the top of the Glyder, if you be not sufficiently wearied, you may climb up the steep rock Trevan, if you think it worth the time to do, only for the sight, *Juniperus Alpina, J. B.*—From Mr. Evans to Clogwyn y Garnehd, which is the highest part of Snowdon, the nearest and most fruitful way of simpling is to go by Phynon Velan. Before you cross the water, and in sight a few houses on Mr. Evans's side, amongst the stones by the water you will find *Papaver luteum perenne* in great plenty. After you cross the brook, before you almost begin to ascend the hill, right against a poor house by the way side, you will find *Adiantum Alpinum crispum.* When you come to the rocks that are nigh Phynon Velan, you will find in rills *Acetosa rotundifolia repens Eboracensis, &c. Mor. Hist. Ox.*; but why he calls it *Eboracensis* I know not, for I never found it in our County. In the same place occurs *Thalictrum minimum montanum atro-rubens foliis splendentibus, R S. M.* 11; also *Sedum Alpinum trifido folio, C. B. P.* Upon the dry rocks *Sedum Ericoides, C. B. P.* in plenty. Under the largest stones fallen from the impending rocks, you will meet with *Lonchitis aspera major, Mathiolo. Park.*; and, if Dr. Dillenius visit these rocks, he will find *Trichomanes ramosum* in plenty, and I doubt not will be satisfied that Mr. Lhwyd's name agrees very well with the Plant; I kept it above twenty years in my Garden, and it now remains the same. *Trichomanes foliis eleganter incisis, Inst. R. H.* I take to be the same with this. Under the same shady rocks you will find *Filix montana ramosa minor angusti-denticulata, D. Lhwyd, R. S. M.* I have it now in my garden, brought from thence; also *Adiantum nigrum pinulis Cicutar. divisu', D. Bobart, R. S. M.* Mr. Ray in his 'Travels' takes notice of a Plant in Zanoni's Garden at Bologna, which he calls *Polytricum Alpinum inciso folio costa viridi;* this must be certainly *Trichomanes ramosum, J. B.* Upon the edges of the high rocks of Phynon Velan, I found *Paranochia similis sed minor perennis Alpina repens, D. Lhwyd, R. S. M.* Also *Cirsium humile Polyanthemum Cynoglossi folio, R. S. M.* Also as you ascend to the lake Phynon Urech, you will find *Alsine pumila pulchro flore folio tenuissima R. Cet. Angl.*: this grows on flint stones very plenty by the way side, betwixt Hollywell and Rithyn. In this ascent you will meet with some plenty of *Juniperus Alpina.* In Phynon Criel you will find *Subularia vulgaris erecta folio rigidissimo, R. S. M.* 3. in plenty, and no where else that I know of. Mr. Lhwyd told me of a pellucid *Potamogetton* he found in this place, but I never found it from home. In your ascent to the summit of Snowdon you will find *Serpillum hirsutum fruticosius,* &c. *Lhwyd, R. S. M. Lichnis Alpina minima, R. Hist.* with a deeper and a paler red flower. Above Phynon Urech there is very great plenty of *Adiantum Alpinum crispum.* Towards the top of Snowdon, *Salix pumila folio rotundo, J. B.* On the North side of Clogwin y Garnedh, growing out of the clefts of the rocks, you

you will have *Sedum seratum flosculis compactis maculatis, R. S. M.*; and on the top of the rock, and no where else that I ever found, *Alsine Myosotis lanuginosa Alpinus grandiflora, sive Auricula muris villosa flore amplo membranaceo, R. S. M.* I also brought from thence when Mr. Lhwyd was with me, and it has grown in my garden for several years, though I could never since find it, viz. *Filix Alpina pedicularis rubra foliis subtis villosis, R. S. M.*: it grows about the middle of the rock Clogwyn y Garnedh facing the North; it is above the head of the highest fountain: if the gentlemen are favoured with a fair day, perhaps they may meet with it in the moist places. In the same part of the rock you will find *Alsine Myosotis facie, Lychnis Alpina flore amplo niveo, repens, R. S. M.*; and in several places about the North side of the hill. Mr. Lhwyd shewed me from the top of Snowdon, where *Bistorta Alpina pumila varia, Park.* grows, *viz.* in the steep pastures of Goil Gogh, which lay opposite to it, but I had not time to see it; he told me it grows there in great plenty, and flowers about the end of June. *Nasturtium petræum* we did not meet with, but I found it in a moist rock, above the lake Lyn Oû, as you ascend Snowdon. I have now in my garden Plants from thence, which thrive well with me. *Pilosella major. s. Pulmonaria lutea species majus lacinata, J. B.*: this I brought from the rocks nigh Lyn Pleru, in the way to Lhan-Roost. About three miles from thence, in a wood called Penereta, by the way side, nigh a large oak, grows *Campanula Cymbalaria foliis.* If the gentlemen would leave at Mr. Evans's a collection of dried specimens of the Plants of Snowdon and their native places, it would be a great encouragement to young Botanists. I have several times designed it; but either my want of time, or the bad season, would not allow of it. Thus, with my service to the gentlemen that design to visit Snowden, though unknown, and my hearty wishes for their health. I am your entire friend, &c. RICHARD RICHARDSON."

"DEAR SIR, *London, May* 10, 1718.

"I ought sooner to have returned you my hearty thanks for your kind letter and invitation to Yorkshire, which I cannot but accept of, in order to see and embrace one of my oldest and dearest friends. My Brother tells me you wrote him, the best time for Swowdon was the latter end of June, or the beginning of July; if so, I desire to know if it will not be better to visit Wales first, and Yorkshire and the North afterwards. I have wrote this night to Dr. Fowlkes, to have his sentiments on our proceeding; and desire yours, supposing you can meet us, at a day appointed, at Chester or his house.

"I shall bring with me some Seeds lately received from Paris, and will procure you any you desire from thence. Holland, or Italy. I beg of you to lay by for me some specimens of such rare Plants as may be past before we come (your Mosses especially), and you shall command whatever you please of my duplicates. My Brother will bring you what Plants he has found new, or thinks you may want. We design to set out the begin-

beginning of June, before which I hope for the honour of your answer. He joins with me in service and good wishes. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, May* 27, 1718.

"I wrote you and Mr. Fowlkes the same post; but not having his answer till yesterday (by reason of his being near Lichfield), I deferred answering yours till I received it. He desires I will let him know when we shall be at Chester, and he will either come or send a man to us. He allows you to be the properest judge of the season; and wishes my affairs would have permitted me to have set out sooner; however, if it be as convenient for you, I hope we shall be early enough. We shall, God willing, be at Chester (either at the post-house, or where the coach inns) on the eleventh of June, where I hope to have the honour once more to enjoy your good company. My Brother joins in service to you, and wishes for your good journey, and our happy meeting. I am, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, July* 15, 1718.

"I ought to have returned you mine and my Brother's hearty thanks for your extraordinary civilities last post; but was prevented by Mr. Dale's coming to see me, and detaining me till it was too late to write. I was with him yesterday at Chelsea, where I saw most of the Plants we sent, in good state. Your *Nasturtium petræum* of Johnson does not appear; nor the Welsh Lake Plants, which were set in the pond.

"After choosing what seeds you like, I beg the favour of you to return me the rest; Mr. Brewer, a zealous brother of the quill, claiming a share of them, and I will send some to Dr. Fowlkes. I shall visit Dr. Uvedale the latter end of this week, and will take notice of what is in his Garden for your service. Pray remember the *Sideritis latifolia fl. luteo*, and the *flore amplo*, some specimens of the first, and seeds of both. My Brother also begs of you your specimen of *Nidus avis et Veronica erecta minor*, which he forgot to take. He joins with me in thanks and service to you and your good lady and family, hoping you will please to command us in any thing we can serve you. Adieu, dear Sir. Your most faithful, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Sept.* 21, 1718.

"I designed to have returned you my thanks for your kind letter and parcel last night, but Mr. Dubois carried me to Chelsea, and (having taken place for Oxon. to-morrow, to see my old master Bobart), I had not time. This I leave with my Brother, who will send it on Tuesday night. I would willingly have wrote to Paris for 'Renaudot's Oriental Liturgies;' but, considering it will be some time before I can procure them, and that a single book will not be passed from France at our Custom-house without making an entry and paying for it, I thought it better to let you know Mr. Vaillant has one left out of 18 he had over, but will not sell it for less than 1*l*. 10*s*. It is in two volumes 4to. fairly bound; if I hear nothing to the contrary before

before my return from Oxon. (which will be in ten days), I will send it you. I am glad you have learnt the place of the *Bifolium minimum, J. B.* It is a plant much wanted abroad, for which reason I desire you will endeavour to procure several specimens. The Plant you found in Bingley parish I doubt not is *Alsine montana, flore magno laciniato C. B.* There is an excellent figure of it in Columna I have not *Sideritis humilis lato obtuso fol. Ger. Emac.* at hand, but presume yours is different from it. Mr. Ray makes *C. B. Sideritis Trissuginis fol.* synonyme to it. Mosses in their season will be highly acceptable, three or four fair specimens of each, for friends abroad; and, if you desire it, I will send you what I find.

"If you will send me a list of what Botanic books you want, I will endeavour to furnish you. I shall have all I desire out of Mr. Petiver's. We have not yet found a house; when we have, I will send you what duplicates I am master of. I am, with true esteem and respect, dear Sir, your most obedient, &c. W. SHERARD.

"SIR, *London, Sept.* 24, 1718.

"Would your business have permitted you to stay when I had the honour of seeing you here, you might have had a much better proportion of the Seeds I received from Paris. What friends have left, I now send you, with the Catalogue, where you will find the names as they are numbered. When I receive any more, you shall have a share of them. I have added some few English ones, as I picked them up here and there. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 7, 1718.

"I bought Renaudot at my return from Oxford; and had sent it by the carrier to-morrow, had not I received your kind letter, giving me commission to buy for you some of Mr. Petiver's books. Before I received it, I had laid by several for friends abroad; and there yet remain some perhaps which may be useful to you, a note of which I will here inclose; and, if you please to have them, let me know, and they shall be sent to-morrow se'nnight with Renaudot. I left Mr. Bobart* in a low state of health, and fear he will not get over the winter; and his wife is much weaker than him, and may probably go off first.

"I am glad of your new recruit from our old friend Dr. Uvedale, and that you have built a stove in order to preserve them. I mentioned Dr. Boerhaave's new stove to you, and wish I had known your design, that I might have communicated it to you; it consists in one thought in Mathematicks, and another in Philosophy, and costs not a shilling more than another. I will look out his sketch of it, and you shall have it by next. If your stove be done, you may easily alter it.

"Mr. Petiver had few scarce books; most of those he borrowed from Sir Hans, and other friends. He has no part of Columna; but, as soon as I open my books, I will send you a duplicate of all but his 'Phytobasanos,' which is of no great use.

* See before, p. 342.

"I am making what additions I can to Mr. Ray's 'Synopsis.' I have all Mr. Doody's, Buddle's, Stonestreet's, and some from Mr. Bobart (not with design of printing a new edition, but in order to preserve them). Be pleased at your leisure to communicate yours; perhaps my Brother may, when settled, undertake it, wherein I shall assist him all I can. He and I are, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servants, W. and J. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, London, Oct. 25, 1718.

"I had not yours of the 12th till Wednesday afternoon, so could not send the books till yesterday; some of those I mentioned to you were sold before I had yours; those I have sent shall be noted at bottom. The 'Hortus Amstelodamensis,' two volumes, fol. was sold; but I can procure you another, I think, as cheap; the 'Tragus' was also disposed of, with some others, which I will endeavour to find. I could not get the 'Clusius' without taking both volumes; but, having a commission for the Exoticks from Italy, I send you that which you want, and serve my friend at Florence with the other.

"The secret of Dr. Boerhaave's stove consists in making the angle of the glass shutters equal to the elevation of the Pole, which with you is about 52 degrees; this causes the rays of the sun to fall in a straight line, without any angle of reflexion. The other secret in Philosophy is the having the glass of the stove to go to the top of it, that there may be no place left at top where the sun does not shine on it; if any such place be left of shade, the vapours will be raised into it, and after the sun is off, fall down on the Plants, and mould them; the making the back part of the stove sloping, and glass to the top, prevents this. I send you on the other side such a sketch as the Doctor gave me, by which you will easily conceive his meaning. My Brother sends his service; pray accept the same from, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 13, 1718.

"The box came safe and well, for which I join in thanks with my Brother, to whom I must refer making you returns; we have often remembered you and your good lady in eating of the Woodcocks. Your additions to Mr. Ray's 'Synopsis' are very curious and considerable; when we are settled, it is probable you may see a new edition of it. Besides yours, I have Mr. Doody's, Rand's, Petiver's, Buddle's, and my Brother's observations, and am promised some from Mr. Maningham. You forgot to add the place where you found the *Gramen sparteum Austriacum*.

"I shall be mindful of books for you as I meet them; some duplicates I have, which I will send when I open shop.

"I shall be very glad to see your further collection of Mosses. I design next week to borrow Mr. Buddle's, and confront them with his, that the names may be just; those I desire more specimens of, shall be numbered on the other side, as also some of your discovering, which are not amongst these. Mr. Petiver, in his 'Hortus Siccus,' printed at the end of Mr. Ray's third volume,

volume, mentions *Ulmus Septentrionalis Betulæ minori fol.* Pray do you know any thing of it? There was a small bit of it he gave my Brother, amongst the dried specimens he left with you; it is all I ever saw of it, and till I found it in Ray did not know what it was; he put it amongst the rest, to inquire of you about it, but forgot. I have received a very civil letter from Dr. Foulkes, who was sorry not to have met us at Snowdon, occasioned by his not receiving my letter of appointment till June the 20th. He offers to procure for me any Plants growing on the mountains of Wales; but I fear, if I should send for those we missed, he will not be able to find them. I am, very sincerely, dear Sir, your affectionate friend, and humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 7, 1718-9.

"I received your last curious parcel of Mosses, and ought to have thanked you for them before this; but, removing my books, &c. into chambers I have taken, till my Brother's house he has bought at Eltham in Kent is fitted up, I put it off till I had finished my work. Dr. Tournefort gives only his names, and Mr. Ray's or other Authors, as synonymes to his Mosses; he has multiplied them in his book of Plants about Paris, all which I think I have. Your new collection of Mosses I long to see, and shall expect that satisfaction in a fortnight. This Winter I have done little that way; but in the Summer and next Winter, designing to live in the country, will make a thorough search. My Brother sends his service, he aims at having all the English Plants in his Garden, or near his house.

"Your *Capillary* is very neat, and probably, when in seed, will appear more different from *Adiantum nigrum.*

"Looking over my books, I have laid by for you Columna, one of the best and scarcest Authors in Botany; 'Commeline's Icons;' and some others I shall find. I have bought 'Boccone's Recherches.' Munting's 2 vols in folio I have seen, but cannot have it under 1*l.* 5*s.* well bound, which is not dear, and 'Barrilier' at 1*l.* 13*s.*; there are in it 1400 cuts. I will send a catalogue of Wasebourg's books, wherein, I fancy, you will meet some in Natural History that you may desire; if so, I will write for them, having a correspondence with him. I have laid by for you a few seeds, which I will send speedily, expecting this week some others from Paris. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR,

"I am just got home with your curious cargo of Mosses, which I have looked over as well as I could by candle-light; there are some amongst them I never saw before, and others I had not seen in head, so was not sure they were different from others already named. I went on Thursday to the carrier, who was come to town; but his horses were not, being stopped by the waters: however, the porter told me they would be there in the afternoon, and that I might depend on his sending my packet that night. I told him I had a box to send you next day, but, being engaged, could not call on him; when I returned at night,

night, nothing was sent, so I went again this afternoon, but could not find the porter. I inquired for the book-keeper, who was at another inn, expecting some Yorkshire carriers; and there in the warehouse, after leaving the directions, I found the parcel, much to my satisfaction. Had he sent it Thursday or Friday morning, he had carried down what books I have picked up for you, which now will send on Thursday by a Bradford carrier.

"I shall begin to range and name my Mosses in about a fortnight, having Mr Buddle's and Mr. Stonestreet's to compare with my own; so that by the time you send the next I will add their names as described, and transmit you a copy of it. I congratulate you on finding your new *Capillary*, which is a very beautiful Plant, and distinct from all I have seen.

"I am glad you desire 'Cæsalpinus,' which I had laid by for you, having a duplicate; it is an excellent Author, and of late years much sought after. The 'Munting' I wrote you of, is sold (for Bateman never keeps a book, though bespoke and agreed for, longer than the next customer comes): there is another thin volume belongs to it, which I thought to get apart; it is the Synonymes to his Plants by Kiggalaer, and may, I think, be had separate. There is that with the figures at Mr. Innys's; but he has not the volume of descriptions and culture in Dutch, which is most the same as that in 4to you have. He tells me he has sold several, but never had the Dutch volume, which few here understand. He asks five and twenty shillings for his. He has also 'Hortus Amstelodamensis' two vols. folio, which cost him thirty-two guilders in quires, and will not give it neatly bound under three pounds. You will find in the box what Seeds I have, and the books herein noted, also a catalogue of what birds eggs the curious Mr. Dandridge wants, and will willingly pay the charges you are at. My Brother returns his thanks for your continual favours, and has put in a little Chocolate, home-made without Vanillie's, which he begs your acceptance of, and would be glad to know of any thing that would be agreeable to you. Yours, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 28, 1718-9.

"On Friday I sent by Richard Hartley the box I mentioned in my last, and added to the books 'Cornutus' and 'Tournefort's Elemens de Botanique,' for both which I paid twenty shillings, which if you do not want, you may please to return them at your leisure. 'Institutiones Rei Herbariæ' is long out of print: I had a commission for it, but could not procure one at Paris; it is a second edition in Latin of his 'Elemens,' but a much worse book, having put in it not only all the Varieties mentioned by Authors, but a great many Plants he never examined nor saw, whereby he has mistaken their true *genera*.

"I believe I can have the Munting's Figures and Synonymes for a guinea, or 22*s*. Pray let me know if you would have the 'Hortus Amstel.' bound, and I will send it with the other, and 'Scotia illustrata.' 'Flora Prussica' must be had from Holland, which I shall not write for till I hear what you may desire out of

Waesburg's

Waesburg's catalogue. I am glad you have found Mr. Lhwyd's Hairy Moss in head, as also your *Muscus pennatus aquaticus*, which I have taken for a Moss, being like Mr. Buddle's *Muscus pennatus sylvaticus*, which I have in head, and is a true Moss.

"I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Dillenius of Giessen (to whom I wrote last month); he published last year a Catalogue of the Plants growing about that City. He was recommended to me as a person very curious in Mushrooms and Mosses, as I perceive he is; he inclosed a Moss he thought new and very curious, it was the *Capitulo Botryoide* of Mr. Ray; I expect from him a set of his Mosses in a little time.

"I beg you will spare your compliments, and consider, where I walk half a mile for you, you go seven for me, and that the satisfaction and real pleasure I have in doing any small service for you, is much overbalanced by your returns. We have had extraordinary fair and warm weather this ten days past; if you have had the same, I shall be glad. I forgot to inclose honest Mr. Dandridge's note of Eggs, so will copy it on the other side. My Brother joins in service to you; and, in hopes of seeing you and your good lady here this summer, I am, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, March* 28, 1719.

"I duly received yours of the 9th, with the Mosses, for which I return you a thousand thanks; but, having been very busy in methodizing the Plants I brought from Italy, France, and Holland, I deferred writing to you till I had quite finished them; and now I design to fall on the Mosses, and will give you their names and synonymes when done.

"I am mightily pleased with your new Clough, and am glad it is within a reasonable distance. I doubt not but you will there discover more Mosses and Lichens. That you sent in your letter is a very beautiful one, but I suspect it to be a Lichen. Mr. Dandridge was the first that discovered it in England: Mr. Petiver, in one of his Centuries, calls it *Muscus pennatus elegans*, Mr. Dandridge's elegant feathered Moss; he found it in the rills of a wood betwixt Highgate and Hornsey, where my Brother and I met it last year, the 18th March, but not in head; I believe it is later, for it was then but little grown. Dr. Tournefort calls it *Muscus Absinthii folio*. I wish your *Capillary* may prove new, but I believe you are right in guessing it a Seedling of *Trichomanes*. I see no House Mosses amongst yours; probably there is little thatch in your parts.

"Tillemant Bobart was with me last week: he says, his Brother* is better than he was last summer; and hopes, as the warm weather comes on, to be able to get into the Garden.

"I communicated your letter to Mr. Dandridge, who desires me to give you his service; any eggs you shall procure him, will be welcome, and he will thankfully pay the charges.

"I have a duplicate of Waesburgh's Catalogue, so you need not return it; I have desired him to send me the Continuation

* See pp. 342, 353, 357, 364.

of

of it till this time (for he prints one each month), wherein probably you will find something you want. I have bought for you 'Scotia illustrata,' and 'Paulli Botanicum Quadripartitum,' which cost 8*s.* 6*d.* and ordered the 'Hort. Amstelod.' to be bound. The rest have wrote for to Holland, all but 'Plumier's Ferns,' which was amongst Mr. Petiver's, and I am sorry I did not know you desired it, it is a dear book, but I hope to meet it cheaper than if I wrote for it by much. 'Musæum Calceolarium' is a very scarce book, and I do not think Waesburgh has it; I was offered one from Italy, in exchange of some books I sent thither, and will write for it. I paid seven guilders and half for 'Langii Historia Lapidum;' it is printed for the author, who holds it dear; as is also 'Besler's Museum.' I take the liberty to let you know these books are dear, that you may not be surprised, thinking them, perhaps, of much less value.

'I shall be glad to see your next cargo of Mosses, when you shall have them ready. Your obliged friend, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR,

"I deferred answering your obliging letter of the 17th, till I had seen Benjamin Bartlett, which was not till Thursday night; on Friday morning I sent your books to his druggist's. Langius and three other tracts of Figured Stones, bound in one volume, I added to the books of Botany, knowing they will be of more use to you than to me, who am otherwise employed. Langius you desired, and may keep it and the others as long as you please; I can send to Holland for them, if you desire them. Langius (as I wrote you) was printed at his own charge, and he sells it dear; it cost me six guilders, Helwig 1—8, Bajer 1—2, and Buttner 18 styvers, and 3*s.* binding the two volumes. I will call next week at Mr. Dixon's, where Mr. Bartlett told me he would leave the money for the others, which I sent him a note of; if he has not, it is all one.

"The addition to your Mosses by him is considerable, and now I can expect no more but the *Palustris, capitulis erectis, fol. reflexis, R. Syn.* till next Autumn, when I hope you will see Mr. Dandridge's in hand. Betwixt this and that time, I shall have finished that class, and will send you a copy of it, with the Synonymes. Of all you have found, there is no one more beautiful than the *Lichen Trichomanis foliis* I thought I might have ventured to have named some Mosses, and others *Lichens,* by their leaves and manner of growth, but find it necessary to see their fructification to distinguish them. My Brother is busy with his workmen in the country, so that we shall make no ramble this season, unless it be to the Sussex coast for Sea-weeds towards Autumn, before which I hope he will have finished, and then will trouble you for some Northern plants.

"I am glad to hear *Nasturtium petræum Johnsoni* thrives with you; it does not appear at Chelsea: pray save a little seed of it, if you can. Has it a white or yellow flower? I have not a good specimen of the *Leucoium siliqua intorta minus.* If the *Hiera-*

cium

rium Alpinum, villosum, magno flore. C. B. (as Mr. Ray calls it by mistake) be in your garden, pray observe whether it ever branches; a little seed of it would be acceptable abroad.

Mr. Buddle has divided the Mosses into

Clavati, of which he makes	10
Terrestres Majores	24
——— minores	28
Musci foliis pellucidis	9
—— pileis villosis	7
Trich. capit. erectis	24
Trich capit. reflexis	11
Musci capit. variis	5
—— Apodi	11
	128

"Of the two last sorts, you have not met many, though they are not scarce here. I have seen his collection and manuscript, but cannot allow them to be all distinct, but by your kind assistance, can out-do him in number, I think.

"I shewed Mr. Dandridge your letter, who is very thankful for the trouble you have taken, and is desirous of acknowledging it. I hope to spend two or three days next week with our friend Dr. Uvedale, who hopes to see you once more.

"Pray let me hear from you at your leisure, whereby you will further oblige, dear Sir, your faithful friend and humble servant,

"W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, July* 28, 1719.

"The box with the Eggs came safe, and I carried them directly to Mr. Dandridge, who returns you a thousand thanks, and offers you any service that lies in his power. It is a noble addition to his numerous and curious collection; and I have a prospect of further supplies for him from Mr. Moyle, mentioned in Mr. Ray's 'Synopsis,' who has described several Birds not in Mr. Willoughby, and makes a collection of Eggs. You are welcome to the 'Langius,' &c. Mr. Innys is now at Paris, and returns by Holland, who will bring me them over, and those you desired, with some new ones lately printed. Dr. Dillenius has sent me the new edition of his Catalogue about Geissen, with 30 Mosses he has named in it, which are English, all but two or three. The book has many curious and judicious observations in it; I have wrote for one for you.

"I am surprized to hear the Vice-chancellor* hath obliged Mr. Bobart to resign his place; and has chose Dr. Sandys † of Wadham Botanic Professor; they ought to have let him spend the short remainder of his time in the Garden.

* Robert Shippen, D. D. and F. R. S. Principal of Brazenose College 1710. He had previously been Music Professor at Gresham College, and died Nov. 24, 1745, aged 70.

† Edwin Sandys, M. A. 1710; M. B. 1716; M. D. 1718.

"I do

"I do not remember whether I told you of Mr. Albin's book of Insects; I have got him six subscriptions, and endeavour to encourage him all I can; they are exactly graved with all their changes, and truly coloured (for I have compared many of them with the Insects which he preserves). It is the best piece of Natural History in its kind that I know of. He delivers 50 plates upon paying two guineas, and has 30 more graved towards making up the hundred, for which, when delivered, he is to have one guinea more.

"I was a fortnight since with Dr. Uvedale * four or five days, and carried with me two Coffee trees, and a collection of *Aloes* and *Ficoides*, sent me from Amsterdam, to be nursed till we can get our stoves built, which I fear will not be this summer. My Brother's business will not permit him to stay long out of town; so that I am obliged to spend most of my time at Eltham, to look after the workmen. He joins in hearty service and thanks with, dear Sir, your faithful friend W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Aug.* 18, 1719.

"I hope you received my last, thanking you for the curious collection of Eggs. This is at the request of a friend, who, knowing I had the honour of your acquaintance, begs of me to write to you to desire to know what you may have heard or know of one *Redhead* of Barton, about ten miles from York, recommended to her for surprising cures in old strains and sinews long displaced. The gentlewoman has been at the Bath, and had the best assistance this place can afford, and thinks of going to York in hopes of cure, if you give her any encouragement. Redhead is said to be very old, otherwise she would have sent for him, but he stirs not far from home. I fancy he is no more than a country bone-setter; but his fame having reached the Bath, has lost nothing probably by the way, and people under misfortunes give ear to every report.

"I hope to see our friend Dr. Uvedale next week, his son telling me he has built a new stove. I beg pardon for this trouble, and assure you that I am very truly, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 1, 1719.

"This day fortnight, when I designed to have returned you thanks for your kind present from Settle, I was hurried out of town by my Brother into Leicestershire, to see an estate was there bought for him, if he liked it; but, having a large house on it at a great value, he declined it. He has been laying out some time for a purchase; but there are so many buyers in this town, that any thing within a day or two's distance is soon caught up. Rents are as well (if not better) paid at a greater distance, which makes him desire of you, if you should hear of an estate in your parts, from 700*l.* to 1500*l.* *per annum*, to let him know of it, and he will come down and see it at any time you shall please to appoint him.

"I now return you my hearty thanks for the Moor-game and Partridges, with the additional favour of Seeds and Specimens. I eat some of the former last month at Dr. Uvedale's, and drank your

* At Enfield.

health

health. I have there at nurse, till our stoves are built, two Coffee-trees, with a large collection of *Aloes* and *Ficoides*, several the Doctor had not before, which you shall have Layers of next summer. I had them from Dr. Commeline, and expect another cargo from Dr. Boerhaave. The Gentlewoman who designed for York had Redhead been alive, desires me to return you her humble thanks. I have subscribed for Albin's book, and he has dedicated a Plate to you; he has delivered me 50 coloured, which shall be sent you with the books I expect from Holland, which come by Mr. Innys, who is hourly attended back.

"The *Muscus palustris æstivus*, &c. is entirely new to me; but I think the *Pedicularis* may be *Crista Galli angustifolia montana*, *C.B.Prodr.* though he does not mention the flowers being tipt with purple. The Plant you sent, *An Lathyrus major latifolius Ger. Emac.?* is *Clymenum Hispan. flore vario, siliqua plana, Inst. R.Herb.* as I guess it; if not, it is the next, *Siliqua articulata*, which you may easily determine. Pray, if English, let me know where found. I should be glad to see your new Fern in seed. The *Hieracium* you sent is Thomas Lawson's, not Mr. Ray's *Alpinum, villosum, flore magno:* that is now at Chelsea, which we sent from Wales, and does not differ in leaf from what it was there; it has not flowered this summer, and though it may probably branch, I cannot think it changes its leaves to be so broad and round as yours.—Mr. Dandridge returns thanks for the Eggs, with his offers of service. I think I wrote you that Dr. Dillenius sent me thirty Mosses of his naming; they are for the most part without head, and I do not think there are two but what grow in England. My Brother joins with assurance that he is, as I am, and shall ever be, dear Sir, &c. W. Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 17, 1719.

"I beg your pardon for not answering your last favour of the 24th past sooner, and desire you will be pleased to consider it is Planting-season; and my Brother puts on me to procure and set what is necessary, though all cannot be done till Spring, when I hope we shall be in order as to our Garden. He gives you his service, and thanks for your inquiry about a purchase for him; and I wish he could meet with one, for till then he will not quit his business. I was about ten days past with our friend Dr. Uvedale, who has got over an ugly fever; we daily drank your health. He knows best what you want of Succulent Plants, and will not fail to furnish you out of his or mine. The *Crista Galli* you found is doubtless new as to England, but I believe it is *C. B.* However, I have sent to Germany for specimens of it to compare. Dr. Dillenius sent me 30 specimens of *Musci, Lichenes, Muscofungi*, &c. wrapt up in papers, poor specimens, and without heads; by what I can guess, there are not above two which are not English. I have desired him to procure me better this season, and have promised him some Botanic books he wants. When I have received them, and those named in 'Flora Jenensi' of Ruppius, I shall have done with that class, till Mr. Vaillant prints

prints his about Paris, most of which I have. No author has given me so much trouble about them as Mr. Bobart, who has cut most of them, and ought to have given the greatest light. I must go to Oxford on purpose to compare some of his with them mentioned by Mr Ray and others; some he is mistaken in, v. g. *Muscus terrestris squamosus, elegans, in humidis nascens, surculis et foliis Thuyæ instar compressis*, R. S. M. 39. 17. which is his *Muscus muralis platyphyllos*, R. S. M. 22. 10. and *Muscus muralis floridus, fol. subrotundis, creberrimis imbricatim dispositis*, Hist. Ox. p. 3. 627. 44. He has given two cuts of these, though both one; so that I do not know what he means by Mr. Ray's. I take his *Muscus repens major, foliis et flagellis longis et tenuibus donatus, Sherardi*, Hist. Ox. p. 626. 24. for *Muscus denticulatus lucens, fluviatilis maximus, ad ramulorum apices, Adianthi capitulis ornatus*, Pluk. Almag. Hist. Oxon. 626. 33. which he had from you, to be the same: however, he has given two figures. pag. 630. 8. *Muscus coronatus humilis rigidior, capitulis longis acutis, sessilibus erectis*, he has given a good figure of: but his synonyme, *M. trichoides parvus, capitula creberrima, oblonga, erecta, habitiora, per siccitatem atrorubentia producens*, D. Vernon. R. S. M. 33. 30. is not what I had from him for it, but a quite different Plant, and I think not other than 28. N. 1. grown older. He mentions some from you, as pag. 630. N. 3. 4. which though I believe you have sent me, yet not by those names, as also pag. 626. N. 23. These puzzle me, not to mention some others, which are small and not to be distinguished by his *icones* or descriptions. If you can set me to rights, let me beg it of you. I design this Winter to go once a week a moss-cropping, in order to see them in their different states, and to distinguish them rightly. I have two friends in Germany, and three in Italy. I have sent for a collection of Mr. Ray's Mosses; and I would willingly furnish them, that in return I may see the produce of their country. Be pleased, when you meet with any in head, to gather several specimens. I have met with some of the books of your last note. 'Hortus Eystetensis,' I am sorry you have not; it is worth 20*l*. 'Tabernamontani Icones' is rarely to be met with, nor 'Schwenckfeldt.' The rest I hope speedily to send you, with those brought from Holland by Mr. Innys. Please to let me know if you desire they should be bound, by first post, if not I will send them next week.

"Dr. Blair has printed 'Botanic Essays,' price 5*s*. which I believe you will desire to see. Dr. Boerhaave's Catalogue is arrived in the River; it is two volumes in 4to. If Mr Innys has any come with mine, I will send you it. I am, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Nov. 28, 1719.*

"I sent down on Thursday last, directed to Benjamin Bartlett, a box containing the books on the other side. I cannot justify the prices of all of them, here being several that buy up all sorts of books of Natural History, only to have them by them without using them; which makes them scarce, and enhances their prices. 'Fuchsii Hist.' wants the title; but, being scarce and the

the figures good, I took it. I added 'Lonicerus,' not finding it in the catalogue you formerly sent me, of what you had; and now there are not many you want, which, as I meet, shall buy you. All Gesner's pieces in quarto and octavo are much sought after; I think I have one or two double, which you shall have. The two volumes of 'Besler' are cheaper than what I paid for them when in Holland. Mr. Innys brought over those in quires, and reckons me two shillings a guilder, with freight and charges at the Custom-house. I think I have all the Mosses you communicated to Mr. Bobart, unless one that grows in the water on stones, which he calls *frutescens*. I am sorry you have not his third volume: they are sent beyond-sea by his widow, and few more left in England than there are of the second (which you have) When I meet the last volume separate, I will buy it you. I have sent Mosses to two friends, and shall not send to the others till Spring.

"I have not yet received Dr. Boerhaave's Index (though some came over with the King); but Mr. Innys has some he expects every hour. Mr. Vaillant does not print his 'Herborisations,' till he has published his 'Method,' having made several new *genera*, which would be unintelligible without his 'Method.' The draughts were all finished when I left him; and if he has graved them since, I will get those of the Mosses.

"I forgot to put in the box the plate Albin has dedicated to you, but you shall have it with next parcel. My Brother is at Eltham, but be pleased to reckon him your humble servant.

"I received last night, from Dr. Garidell, 'Histoire des Plantes qui naissent aux environs d'Aix, et dans plusieurs autres endroits de la Provence.' fol with above an hundred fine graved figures, but little or nothing new in it. Dr. Jussieu forwarded it, and added, 'Appendices ad Jos. Pitton Tournefort Institutiones Rei Herbariæ, 1719,' 4to. It consists of but 32 pages; 'Tournefortii Vita; Judicium de Tournefortii methodo, et Botanographorum Elogia, Tournefortianæ Isagogi addenda.' He mentions only those dead since his time, where he speaks of Sam. Doody, but not a word of Mr. Petiver Dr. Jussieu is re-printing Tournefort's 'Institutiones,' and designs this as a preface, which is all will be new in them. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged friend, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Jan.* 30, 1719-20.

"Though I have often remembered you, and drank your good health in an evening, after feasting on your kind present, yet I have not had so much time by daylight as to consider and compare your curious collection of Mosses as I could wish, having been most of the time at Eltham. I go thither again on Tuesday with my Brother, and design one day each week to make an excursion to look after Mosses, but cannot expect such success as you meet with; if I meet any thing new, you shall have it. There are more of the *Polytrichoides* kind than I at first imagined; but they rarely bear heads, and, without seeing them in that state, I cannot distinguish whether they be *Musci* or *Lichenes*. I wish I could meet with Morison's Third Volume for you, that we might

set

set Mr. Bobart's Mosses to rights: there are several in him not in Mr. Ray; but he has multiplied, and made palpable mistakes. (*Poor Jacob* [Bobart] was buried this day month.)"

"The specimen you sent for *Hieracium villosum fl. magno* from Wales, I cannot imagine to be that of Mr. Ray. I will send you a specimen by next occasion, that you may compare them. The Roots we sent are still in Chelsea Garden; and I will observe whether they branch or not, next summer.

"I presented the two Birds in your name to Mr. Dandridge, who is much obliged to you for them.

"I have had letters from Mr. Moyle and Mr. Stephens in Cornwall; the last promises to send me speedily an entire collection of all the Submarines of that Coast, several of which Mr. Bobart has named, which I have not. Mr. Moyle only wants a hard Winter or two to complete his Collection of the Birds of Cornwall and Devon. My Brother returns his thanks and service; please to accept the same from, dear Sir, yours, &c. W. SHERARD."

"SIR,

"I have named most of your Plants, all I knew. I have made bold to keep two specimens (which I never saw before.) The one is a sort of *Alnus vulgaris*, but differs from ours by having a membrane joined to the Cones. The other is a sort of *Jacea*, with very narrow leaves, from Virginia, I suppose; I have thence four sorts of it; and had I not seen them, I should not have guessed what it was. I should be glad of some Seeds of your *Verdanella*, being an English Plant, and am not sure what it is. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, April* 12, 1720.

"It is with a very particular pleasure I receive and answer your kind letters. All my Botanic friends I had here, are dead in my absence; and not one new one sprung up but my Brother and Mr. Rand, who are both engaged in business. Had not Mr. Buddle left his collection in Sir Hans Sloane's hands, the lower tribes of English Plants would never have been made out as printed by Mr. Ray. But, by his specimens and my own, with your kind assistance, I shall not only recover them, but make very considerable additions to each genus. I have already received from you almost all the *Lichenes* and *Musci* that Mr. Buddle has named as new, except those he calls *capitulis difformibus, primo scil. minimis pulverulentis, postea capsulatis*; Mr. Petiver called them *Androgyni*. Of these there are five sorts, two very common, vid. *Muscus trichoides major, palustris, citrini coloris. R. Syn.* 338; or *M. capillaris palustris, flagellis longioribus, bifurcatis. ejusd.* 324. and *M. capillaris omnium minimis foliis, pediculis, capitulis. R. Syn.* 30. 10. et 33, 31. Of the *M. sericei splendentes*, as you well observe, there are more than one, and I believe four sorts; two are in Ray, vid. pag. 38. 12. 324. 3. of Petiver, and 338. 5. of Doody, and two I have more from your No. 46. and 47. of your last cargo but one. I shall borrow Buddle's collection once more, and then add his names to yours. As I remember, yours, No.

36.

36. which you sent last year under No. 3. (a very neat Moss) is amongst Buddle's. I never saw but one specimen of *M. stellaris sive roseus* in head, found by Mr. Bobart, which he has graved, though I have seen thousands, and often looked for heads.

"I cannot yet meet with Morison's third volume separate: the booksellers buy them up, to sell with the second; but as soon as I meet it I will take it; though dear, it is a book you cannot well be without: besides, there being no more to be printed, it will perfect his Works. I have lately had a letter from Dillenius, who writes me, his Mosses and other plants I desired are on their way; when I see them, shall be better able to judge of them than by their names; I doubt not but that he has multiplied them, and named as new most of ours.

"I have received two plates of *Lichenes* and *Lichen-astra*, admirably well designed and graved, from Sig. Micheli of Florence; they are the two first of his fifty *Nova genera*, which will be graved on 30 plates. He is a most accurate and industrious man. After publishing these, he will print his observations on the Plants about Florence, Rome, and of the kingdom of Naples, with criticisms on Barrillier's 'Icons,' and after that 'Cæsalpinus' with cuts. I will send you the two plates, with that dedicated to you by Albin, as soon as I can get Morison; and I believe you will desire Dr. Boerhaave's new Index, two vols in 4to. with figures. I expect 'Montis Prodromus Graminum' daily, being departed from Venice two months, which shall be added to them. Garidel's 'Botanicum Aquisextiense,' is a pompous book, with 100 folio plates, little or nothing new; it is in town, and I believe may be had for 30*s*. For the future, when I write for any Botanic books, I will order a copy for you.

"I must beg of you to return 'Breynii Prodromus' you have in double, and I will allow you the price for it; it is for Sig. Micheli. I forgot to tell you that the *Musco-fungi*, *Musci*, and *Lichenes*, all in his 'Nova genera,' amount to 350, an hundred at least more than we have; he has promised to send me specimens of all of them, in return for ours I sent him. I shall write in a post or two to Mr. Moyle, and give him an account of your new Sparrow, and, if he has it not, send it him. I thought, before I had seen it, it might be Mr. Ray's *Passer montanus in Styria et Carinthia frequens*, pag. 185. which I have often seen at Smyrna.

"If you can, by your friend the Quaker, procure me some specimens of *Bifolium minimum*, to send to friends abroad, I shall be obliged to you. Is there no coming at the *Juncus calamo supra paniculum producto*, &c. from Westmoreland? My Brother is your humble servant; he has just crept abroad from his first fit of the gout, which has hindered our Moss-cropping this season.

"I have no Seeds by me, but for the future hope to be able to serve you, designing to write to my Correspondents to furnish me now we have a garden. I believe I have now sufficiently tired you; and you will think it time to assure you that I am very sincerely, dear Sir, your most faithful friend, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR

"Dear Sir, *London, May* 10, 1720.

"I received your kind letter on Wednesday, and had the opportunity of communicating it to most of my friends in our way Mr. Tillemant Bobart was with me; and presently came Mr. Maningham, with Mr. Rand; and soon after, Mr. Dubois and my Brother. It is the first time so many (for there are few more) have met together since I came into England, and I was very glad it was at my lodgings, where we remembered all our Botanic Friends, and you, dear Sir, in particular. I designed the next day to have gone to look after your cargo; but my Brother got me with him to Eltham before the carrier came in, where we stayed till Saturday, when I found it brought home. I fancy it was opened, being ill tied, not sealed, and one of the boards broke (they thought, perhaps, there were writings or deeds in it, as they made me once open a small box from you on that pretence): but all came well, unless you put more than one specimen of a Moss with broad long leaves (one of the *Clavati)*, which dropped out upon opening it in my chamber.

"The pleasure your letter gave me and my friends was very great, and the looking over the Mosses redoubled it: but, by what ill accident I know not, I fear I have lost your letter when I was at Eltham, or in my return; it is what I am heartily concerned at, and must beg the favour of you to repair this loss, as to the names and observations on your Mosses, with the account of the Land-spout, if you can. I told Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Halley of it, who are very desirous of having it printed in the Transactions*, there being nothing there of that kind since 1694, which was of one at Topsham, on the shore, nothing so remarkable as yours.

"This morning I received from Dr. Dillenius 78 of his *Fungi*, well painted, and about 50 of his *Mosses, Lichenoides*, and *Lichenastra*, most fair and large specimens, wrapt up in papers. There are some that are not English; and I hope, amongst the remainder he promises me, to find more. I have not had time to be very exact in examining of them; but I find he calls your last *Fungus* No. 5. *Peziza acetabuliformis, subfusca Cat. Gissen.* 194: your *Fungus coccineus minimus*, &c. No. 7. *Lichenoides fungiforma, crusta leprosa candida, capitulis et pediculis incarnatis, Cat. Giss.* 205.: and your moss No. 15. *Hypnum arboreum repens, capitulis reflexis, brevibus pediculis insidentibus Cat. Giss.* 220. There are some few more amongst his that you have sent me, which you shall have an account of after I have better examined them, with specimens of what he has sent me. I hope Mr. Fitzroberts will furnish you with the *Juncus* from Westmoreland; it is said to be very common in some places there. Pray remember the *Sideritis, &c. fl. luteo*, if it falls in your way.

"My Brother gives you his service; he is busy in building his green-house and two stoves, one at each end; and has laid out

* See hereafter, p. 368.

another

another according to Dr. Boerhaave's design. His gout is gone off, and he threatens you with another visit if he continues well; he has a mind to pass by the Eastern coast of Lincolnshire to Durham, from thence to Cheviot hills, and so into Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the Isle of Walney, and to call at Ingleborough and North Bierley; but hopes to see you first in London. I have got for you Morison's third volume in quires, Garidel, and Boerhaave, which I could not meet with unbound, with Morison's 'Hortus Blessensis.' His 'Umbelliferæ' are very scarce (few being printed) and dear; but all the Plants mentioned there, with the rest of that tribe, are in the third volume. 'Camerarii Epitome Matthioli' I wonder I do not meet; but 'Tragus' is much rarer; in a short time I hope to procure them for you. I design to send you these books on Friday next, if I am not hurried out of town; if I do, you shall have a letter by Saturday's post.

"I am very much pleased to see your *Pedicularis angustifolia* come up from seed; it is what I did not expect. I have transplanted some of it, and let the rest stand where it came up. I wish I may bring it to perfection.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD.

"Kept till the 14th.—I have been, since I wrote the foregoing, at Enfield, to see Dr. Uvedale's Tulips, which blew very well this year. He designs you a cargo of Plants next week. *Ficoides fol. triang. ensiforme H. L. B.* flowered with him last week, the first time I believe it has in Europe. I must mention its remarkable flower; it was of a deep bright purple, four inches and half in diameter. This blew by an accident, and by the same two others are coming to flower. He left it the Winter in a pot in a hot bed under cover; and shooting its roots through the hole of the pot, deep into the hot bed, is thought the occasion of it.

"I have your letter by as great an accident as I lost it. Please to send me a note of what books you desire, especially from Italy, designing to write thither for some next month.

"I could not get the books under the following prices: 'Morison' 1*l* 15*s* 'Garidel' 1*l*. 10*s*. 'Boerhaave' 16*s*. There are no more of the two last left in London. They were sent yesterday, directed to Benjamin Bartlett, by Francis Polhill.

"*May* 19. I must again beg your pardon for having wrote this, this day se'nnight, in order to send it by Saturday's post, when I thought to have come to town; I was prevented, and carried round the country to see Tulips and *Ranunculi*, and came not home till last night. Pray, if you meet Mr. Ray's *Muscus polyspermos*, gather some. I am very truly, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, June* 16, 1720.

"I received last week your curious cargo, for which I return you hearty thanks, and am glad the books came safe to you. The *Muscus clavatus* I mentioned is not the *Aquaticus fluitans, flagellis longissimis*. When I send you any more books (which will be speedily, with your approbation,) I will return you the specimen. We took notice, by consulting the map, that the

Spout

Spout was above 20 miles from the Sea, which renders it more surprizing; the account will be printed in the next Transactions*.

"I wrote yesterday to Dillenius, and sent Mr. Ray's and your names to his Mosses. I think but five of those he sent me are different from ours, though he has given new names to most of them. As soon as I have time, I will do the same to his *Lichenoides*, &c. My Brother gives you his humble service; he has but just left off his laced shoe, and limps still; he thanks you for your kind offer of your good company when he goes for Cheviot-hills, but that will not be till next summer, having a number of workmen still to look after, which will not have done till late in the year.

"I have met with some of the books you desire, but I cannot promise you the rest till opportunity presents.

"Zanoni I thought I was sure of in two shops, but both are sold; however, I shall find it, as also De Laet, which is not scarce. There are no Boccone's 'Musæum Cupani,' nor Morisini's Catalogues, but what I brought into England. I subscribed for 50 of the first, which have been all sold many years since, and I could not get a copy of it when at Venice. The plates are left to his Convent in Sicily, so that probably it will never be re-printed. I have one left in quires, which wants two plates, which you shall have till you can meet one perfect. Now the war is over in Sicily, I hope to procure the 'Hortus Catholicus cum Supplemento;' they were not printed for sale, but presents. I have had twelve of them, and six of Morisini's Catalogues. I write to Venice for it. 'Triumfetti,' it is probable, I may procure from Italy, with the second part; but it may be a long time before I meet 'Columnæ Phytobasanos.' Mr. Innys has re-graved the eight plates wanting in Plukenet's 'Mantissa,' so that you may now make his works perfect, if you please, by having them, and the 'Amalthæum,' or any other volume you want. Dr. Boerhaave writes me he has received Scheuchzer's 'Agrostographia,' in 4to, but I have not yet seen it.

"Mr. Preston has promised to send me what additions he can to Mr. Ray's 'Synopsis' this autumn, with specimens of such Scotch plants as I have desired. I wish I could any ways procure Mr. Lhwyd's *Subularia aquat.* in flower and seed. I wrote twice to Dr. Fowlkes about it, but hear nothing from him. I make no question, but it flowers in August or September, and suppose it will agree with my *Graminifolia, &c. cochleariæ capsulis*. There was one also we found in the Lake near Llanberry's, in the valley, with blunter leaves, which creeps at the root, I suspect to be of the same kind; it was mixed with the *Gladiolus lacustris Clusii*.

"It is time to beg your pardon, and to assure you that I am, and shall always remain, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, June 25, 1720.*

"Your kind letter was delivered me yesterday at my coming to town; I shall be heartily glad to see you in town, and so will all your friends. My Brother gives you his service, and assures

* Phil. Trans. No. 363, p. 1097. See before, pp. 237, 366.

you

you nothing shall hinder him from enjoying your good company. He is sorry he has neither house nor lodging at present in town, but you shall be welcome to him at Eltham. There is a chamber where I lodge, near my Brother's shop, which I hope you will please to make use of whilst you stay, which will give me an opportunity of enjoying more of your conversation than I can expect at a greater distance.

"The General Herborization of the Apothecaries' Company will be, I think, the second Thursday in July, where you will be very welcome, and meet all that are curious in Botany. My Brother and I designed to go with Mr. Rand, and the other gentlemen that set out two days before to gather the Plants; and we had agreed to go to Hounslow Heath, Hampton Court, and Richmond, to look after some few Plants I am not well satisfied in; but, unless your time will permit you to go with us, we will only meet them on the general day, and dine with them.

"I will take care of the books on Monday, and any thing else you shall please to command me. I suppose you come on horseback, and should be glad to know what day you may be in town, and where I may meet you as soon as arrived. When you are here, we will consult about writing to Dr. Fowlkes. I am, dear Sir, your most faithful friend and servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Aug.* 16, 1720.

"I ought to have thanked you for your favour of the 27th past before this, but have been employed in running from one friend to another in procuring furniture for our Garden and stoves. Besides, having notice of a bale of books arrived, I have hoped to get it ashore, that I might see if there was any thing that might be acceptable to you. They consist of books I left a catalogue of in Italy, and among them probably may be some of the Authors of Botany of that country. Have you Donatus's 'Catalogue of the Plants about Venice,' with several cuts? if not, I will send it you. We were all glad to hear of your safe return home (as were all your friends here), and return you most hearty thanks for your kind visit, hoping next time you will please to bring your good lady with you, and that you will then allow us a longer share of your agreeable conversation.

"I waited on Mrs's. Kirk, who give you their service, and thanks for your kind remembrance. I found them as agreeable as when I had the honour to see them with you, and have promised (on their permission) to wait on them again. Their affairs go on well, but they say there are no husbands like those in Yorkshire, though they are not all Dr. Richardsons.

"I was yesterday with my Brother to wait on Dr. Uvedale, who looks better, and is really more cheerful and hearty than I have seen him since I came to England. We drank your good health, as I did this day with Mr. Dubois. I hope on Friday to see Tilleman Bobart at Cannons, and from thence go to Mr. Reynardson's at Hillesden, who has many good old Plants in his Garden, especially from Virginia.

"I have got fifty plates of Albin's 'Insects' for Mr. Stanhope

(and the same for Dr. Uvedale); and they will have plates dedicated to them in the Appendix. Mr. Stanhope's shall be sent with your books. I saw (I think I am sure) the little copper-headed Sparrow, on the church against my window, that you sent me, but had not the opportunity of shooting it. I should be glad of another, that Mr. Dandridge might have one as well as Mr. Moyle. My Brother desires his humble service to you and your lady (my sister ordered the same on Sunday night when I left her), and begs you to remember his Garden, the season now approaching, and I will promise to make you returns as soon as Seeds come to hand which I have wrote for.

"Sir Francis Leicester brought me last week the *Calamus Aromaticus julis plurimis;* he says it is the same you saw with him, but it is an *Iris tuberosa.* He has sent for a root of it.

"There is such a pleasure in writing to you, that I know not how to leave off; but I will add no more than that I am entirely, dear Sir, your faithful friend, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Sept.* 25, 1720.

"I designed to have wrote to you last night, but finding, at our return from Chelsea, that your man George had called here, I deferred it, that I might send by him. I shall be glad to see the *Sorbus torminalis fructu singulari ex alis foliorum;* all I have yet met with bearing its fruit in clusters. I design to wait on Sir Francis Leicester to-morrow, and will give him your service. That he brought me for the *Calamus Aromaticus* was a stalk past flower of an *Iris tuberosa,* neither the leaf nor stalk any ways sweet; he tasted of it, and supposed the sweetness to be in that sense. What you sent my Brother is not his Plant, but a true *Calamus;* I suppose his Gardener, not knowing it, might send what I have, through ignorance, growing in the same pond.

"Albin has finished his hundred plates and descriptions, and brought me them: but desired I would not send them till he had done the title and dedication, which he promised me in a fortnight. George tells me Mr. Stanhope is Doctor of Physick; if so, pray let me know, that he may have his title in the Dedication-plate. Albin thinks of doing the English *Scarabæi, Libellæ, et Araneæ;* but has proposals of going to Carolina, to paint natural history there in the summer months, and in the winter to paint in the Caribbe Islands.

"'Lobel's Illustrations' I doubt not but to find you. He has besides, his 'Adversaria Londini, 1605, fol. cum. offic. Pharmac. Rondelet.' 'Plantarum seu Stirpium Historia, Antwerp apud Plantin. 1576,' fol. with the 'Adversaria' at the end, and another Appendix. It is common enough; the first part, which he calls 'Stirpium Observationes,' has pages 671. To page 456 is the same as in the 'Adversaria;' beyond that are 44 Icons; but the 'Adversariorum altera pars,' page 465 of the London Edition, is not in Plantin's, so that both are necessary.

"I lately received from Dr. Breynius 'De Lithozois et Lithophytis,' in 4to, with figures, and 'Pars prima Historiæ naturalis Hessiæ inferioris,' folio, with excellent figures.

"Dr.

"Dr. Uvedale dined with me on Tuesday, and was very well and cheerful. I brought from him, a fortnight since, a waggon-load of Plants; and have had several others, from Chelsea, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Reynardson, Fairchild*, and others, so that we begin to make a show. My Brother received your letter last week, and returns you his hearty thanks. Dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Nov.* 12, 1720.

"I had answered your last favour sooner, but stayed for the title and dedication of Albin's Book of 'Insects,' which was sent yesterday, directed to Benjamin Bartlett, with the other books I gave you an account of, and De Laet's 'Historia utriusque Indiæ.' By mistake I have put up 'Monti de Monumento Diluviano,' which you have already; but it is no matter; please to give it to any friend. 'Lochner de Papavere' I have not sent, finding it different from what I expected; being a treatise of Medals and Stones with Poppies on them, and a long German explication. I forgot to put into the box the specimen I had from Sir Francis Leicester for the *Calamus Aromaticus.* I cannot but think it is the stalk of an *Iris tuberosa* out of flower; neither that nor the leaf has the least smell of the *Calamus,* and yet it seems to answer what you noted of it very well; so that I must suspend my judgment on it till next summer, when I hope to see it in different states. My Brother and sister send their best services to you and your good lady, with thanks for your present, as I do for the *Sorbus* and *Mosses,* all which were very acceptable. I shall shew your Catalogue to Messrs. Dubois and Rand, that you may have but one trouble of sending at Spring what you can spare.

"Mr. Catesby†, a gentleman of small fortune, who lived some years in Virginia with a relation, pretty well skilled in Natural History,

* Mr. Thomas Fairchild, eminent for his skill in Gardening, had a famous Vineyard at Hoxton (noticed in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 449). He first made himself known to the Royal Society, by some "New Experiments relating to the different, and sometimes contrary Motion of the Sap;" which were printed in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. XXXIII. p. 127. He also assisted in making experiments, by which the Sexes of Plants were illustrated, and the doctrine confirmed. He published, in 1722, "The City Gardener; containing the most experienced Method of cultivating and rearing such Evergreens, Fruit-trees, Flowering Shrubs, Flowers, Exotic Plants, &c. as will be ornamental, and thrive best in the London Gardens. By Thomas Fairchild, Gardener, of Hoxton;" an 8vo of 70 pages, dedicated to the Governors of Bethlem and Bridewell Hospitals.—Mr. Fairchild died in November 1729; and, by his last will, dated Feb. 21, 1728, and proved in 1729, gave the sum of 25*l.* to the Trustees of the Charity School of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, and the Churchwardens, to be by them placed out at interest, for the payment of 20*s.* annually for ever, for a Sermon on Whit-Tuesday in the afternoon, on "the Wonderful Works of God in the Creation," or on "the Certainty of the Resurrection of the Dead, proved by the certain Changes of the Animal and Vegetable Parts of the Creation." This sum was afterwards augmented by voluntary subscriptions to the amount of 71*l.* in collections; and the Lecture has been maintained to the present time by a succession of respectable Preachers. See some interesting particulars of it in Ellis's "History of Shoreditch, pp. 277 & seqq.

† Mark Catesby, of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VI. p. 78.

History, who designs and paints in water colours to perfection, is going over with General Nicholson, Governor of Carolina. The gentleman allows him 20*l.* a year, and we are endeavouring to get subscriptions for him; *viz.* Sir Hans, Mr. Dubois, and myself, who are all that have yet subscribed to him; but I am in hopes to get the Duke of Chandos, which will be a good help.

"Signor Micheli has sent me eleven plates more, two of them are of Lichens, where I find Mr. Bobart's *Muscus muralis platyphyllos*, and a neat one of yours that flowers *à summitate ramulorum.* He is poor, and desires of me to get him subscriptions for graving his plates, having got but ten Patrons in Italy. Each plate costs him 42 giulios, which is a guinea of our money. I sent him a bill for ten plates by the first post, and have had good success hitherto amongst my friends for him; but I believe I must subscribe for more than two of them myself, which are as many as I designed. After finishing these 50 tables of new *genera*, he will publish his Voyages in Italy and the Kingdom of Naples, with a great number of new Plants, and a critique on Barrilier and Boccone. Don Bruno Tozzi has undertaken the re-publishing of 'Cæsalpinus.'—I am apt to think we have as many *Musci, Lichenes, Musco-fungi,* &c. as they have in Italy, for several of his are not to be distinguished by the naked eye; but for *Fungi* we come far short; he divides them into 19 *ordines,* and shews the Seeds in each *ordo.* I had sent you the plates, but for shewing them to procure subscriptions; you shall have them next time I send; that is, when I can meet 'Tragus' and 'Zanoni,' or any thing else you shall please to command.

"On the other side is a note of the books sent, with the charges; I am sorry some of them are so dear, but Natural History of all sorts is much in demand. I put in the box the Oyster-shell from Chiselhurst, and three or four Bologna stones, of which so many books are wrote; the way of preparing them is by pounding one *grosso modo*, then dip the stone in brandy, and strew the powder on it, and calcine it an hour or two in a charcoal fire, take it out and let it cool; it will shine in the dark like a live coal. I am very truly, dear Sir, &c. W. Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, Dec.* 24, 1720.

"I take this opportunity of returning you many thanks for your present; I have not had time to answer your agreeable letter, which I shall soon have the pleasure to do. I will speedily write to Mr. Preston, but do not find him so good as he promises, having never received one specimen from him, though I sent him a large packet of Seeds two years since. The twelve descriptions wanting to Mr. Stanhope's book I have by me, put by mistake into another sett; they shall be sent with the plates of Signor Micheli. I shall have a particular regard to the Authors you want, and hope to get some of them, auctions being frequent now in Parliament-time. The finishing the 'Pinax' is yet doubtful, though I work at it; if Sir Hans will communicate Plukenet and Petiver's Plants, it will be done; if not, it never will

will be; none but one in England can pretend to do it, and those Plants will in time be spoiled. I am, with service to your good lady, dear Sir, your most faithful servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 14, 1720-21.

"I had wrote to you before this, and sent the twelve descriptions of Albin and Signor Micheli's plates, but was still in hopes of finding some of the books you want; I do not observe by yours that you met with any of them amongst Mr. Gale's, so shall buy them as soon as I can meet with them I ought to have collated the Plukenet, but trusted to the Bookseller, who sent only the eight new graved plates, but not the *pars quarta* 'Phytographiæ,' which belongs to the 'Almagestum' and 'Mantissa,' which you shall have speedily Dillenius has sent me what Mosses, &c. dried and painted Plants he had by him, being forced to leave off Botany, to seek his bread by practice; but I have not received them, the gentleman that brought them being sick in Holland, but is expected every day here.

"Mr. Catesby is going for Africa in the Company's service, where he will do our business as well if not better than in Carolina, which is better known to us. I shewed him your Sparrow. he is of opinion it is the Reed Sparrow, which he says varies much in colour; but Mr. Dandridge is not of his opinion, who will be glad to have the Pyed Titmouse and the Raven's egg.

"Mr. Stevens has sent me a cargo of *Fuci*, amongst which some few new ones; he writes me of a large bed of Red Coral found near Fowey. Sir Hans does not absolutely refuse me the use of his Plants; but I cannot perceive he will let me have them all at a time, which were they in classes or any method I would not desire; but in that confused condition they are in, and without names for the most part, I shall not be able to adjust the *Synonyma* without having them altogether, that I may consult and compare them. I shall soon know whether he be in earnest or no, and whether he designs I should endeavour finishing the 'Pinax.' W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, March* 28, 1721.

"I designed to write to you on Saturday, but was prevented; however, this, I hope, will be with you time enough to advise you, that on Friday last I sent you a packet, rolled up, containing the plates wanting in Plukenet's Works; the 12 first of Albin's descriptions for Mr. Stanhope; what plates I had by me of Signor Micheli; the specimen I received from Sir Francis Leicester of the *Acorus;* and a parcel of Seeds, such as I had, fearing you have suffered equally to us in the South. Mr. Vaillant was so ill all the summer, that he could gather no Seeds; though never failed me before: so that, had not Dr. Boerhaave sent me part of those I desired to be informed of in his Index, I had had none this season. I am glad you have met with the books you mention; pray send me the title of '*Lobel's Adversariorum pars prima et altera.*' I have resolved to send for Dillenius, but cannot expect him till the latter end of July, having promised to make a visit to Mr. Vaillant in May, and to return by way of Holland, in order

order to satisfy myself about several doubts I have, and to bring with me Plants for our Garden and yours. Mr. Catesby is not yet fixed with the African Company, but will be, I believe, this week; what he sends from thence, you may depend to have a share of; it is a sickly place, and I could wish he had held his resolution of going to Carolina, but he is now too far engaged with the Duke of Chandos to think of that. Your letter to Sir Hans has had the good effect you designed; the next time I met him, he asked me when I would come for the Plants, that I should have them section by section. I shall speedily try him, but know that cannot be, Plukenet's being all pasted on alphabetically, as he has published them, but without names to them; and it is well they are in that method, otherwise it would have been impossible to have made out their names. It is no easy task now; for, though all the A's, for example, are together (till he begins a new alphabet), yet they do not follow, *ab. ac. ad.* &c. but are mixt; and oft-times you must run over the whole class to find a name; *viz.* if not in *Buglossum*, you must search *Echium*, *Lycopsis*, &c.

"I have not received the Mosses you were so kind to send; but expect them by the return of the carrier. My Brother is busy at Eltham, building another Stove, to answer that at the East end of his Green-house. He desired me to give you his service and thanks, and to let you know that at present there is no raising of money, all stocks being very low, and it is feared will be still lower.—I believe we have escaped in our Garden as well at least as any hereabouts. Dr. Uvedale complains he has not saved above thirty of his Perennials that stood abroad. At Chelsea there has been none to take care, the Gardener being dead, and the chief servant gone away. I fear Mr. Dubois has suffered as much as others. Not having been at Mitcham all the winter, till within this ten days, having been long ill; I called on him this evening, and was told he was returned much better, but was lain down. Mr. Rand has had a severe first fit of the gout, which, though off, has left an ugly cough and great defluxion on him: he is now with my Brother at Eltham, and rides to town as oft as he pleases, and returns thither at night. Mr. Dandridge is ill also, and forced to Newington for the air, where he has been several weeks. Of the few *Virtuosi* left, three are in a bad state of health. I had a letter lately from Dr. Fowlkes, who writes he designs to spend most of the summer in Wales, and will make a thorough search. He says *Saxifraga angustifolia, fl. luteis punctatis, Breyn. Cent. V.* was found near Knuts-bridge mills in Cheshire; I wish he does not mistake it for Mr. Ray's. I have wrote to Mr. Preston to look after Mosses; he has promised me several specimens I desired of plants of Scotland, which I hope he will gather this summer.

"I hope this will find you perfectly recovered. If you have any commands where I am designed to go, pray let me have them, and give me an opportunity of shewing you how sincerely

"I am, dear Sir, your most faithful friend, W. Sherard."

"Dear

"Dear Sir, *London, Sept.* 7, 1721.

"It is a fortnght this day that my Brother and I returned from our excursion to Paris by way of Holland, whence I brought a Dutch ague, which has been the occasion you have not heard from me sooner. We brought many Plants from Amsterdam and Leyden beside what Seeds were then ripe, and expect the rest as soon as fit to be gathered. What we sent from France are not yet arrived, but expect them every day; as soon as they come, you shall have part of them; and of the Plants next summer, when we have increased them. We bought also, at Haerlem, a great number of Bulbs, which will soon increase.

"I have brought over with me Dr. Dillenius, who has with him most (if not all) of his *Fungi* painted, and all his *Lichenes, Lichenastra,* and *Muscos,* neatly designed, with most of the Plants he names for new in his Catalogue, designing to have printed 'Historia Plantarum Gissensium,' as he mentions in his book, to which he has printed an Appendix, with his answer to Dr. Rivini's objections. I have brought Buxbaum's new Catalogue of the Plants about Hall for you, which is all I found new. I think I sent you Ruppii 'Flora Jenensis,' and Scheuchzer's 'Agrostographia.' Vander Aa is re-printing Scheuchzer's 'Itinera Alpina,' with the addition of some more voyages he has since made. Mr Moyle (I heard this day from Mr. Stephens) has been dead about two months, which I am sorry for. I do not hear he has left the Catalogue of English Birds he promised to send me, to be printed in the Transactions; but Mr. Stephens believes they are added in Mr. Ray's 'Ornithology,' and promises to look after it, and write it out. Monsieur Masson, of Dieppe, is graving his book of the Fishes of the Channel I saw six plates graved, and all the designs (which amount to about 200); admirably well designed. After this, he will print his Birds.

"My brother is at Eltham, busy in looking after his new acquisitions, and building new stoves. He found a letter from you at his return, but I fear has not yet answered it. His partner is gone for a month or six weeks into the country, so that when he comes to town he is as full of business as at Eltham. Mr. Lloyd lives at Cheam in Surrey; but has a house in town, as Minister of Covent Garden; it is not far from the church.

"Dr. Dillenius will design all the Mosses, &c. you have been so kind to furnish me with, and what you shall find new.

"I have not been at the other end of the town yet to inquire for letters from Signor Micheli, whose book ought to have been finished and sent before this; as soon as I have any news, you shall hear it. My service to your lady and family, and hope this will find you in good health. Adieu, Dear Sir, I am your most faithful friend and humble servant, W. Sherard.

"Dear Sir, *London, Oct.* 14, 1721.

"In the box that Mrs. Wansell sent you on Friday last, you will find the two books you desired, and a few Seeds, such as my Brother had by him, or brought from Holland; those from France not

not being yet come, which I admire at: if I receive them you shall be sure of part of them for Spring sowing. I have not yet the *Cones* of *Cedrus Libani*, but expect them by the return of our general ships. The Plants you were so kind to send were taken care of by our Gardener, who is an excellent fellow, as fond of Plants as his Master.

"Scheuchzer's Works are reprinting by Vander Aa, with a new Voyage, that was not in the London Edition; his '*Hist. Nat. Helvetiæ*' is published only in German, but will be in Latin speedily.

"The books Sir Hans Sloane sent you, are grown very scarce, few of them being to be met with. I have been to wait on him; but he is so busy, that I fear he will never have time to look out the Plants I want. I told him, before I went to France, that, unless he would let me have the use of them, I would not bring Dr. Dillenius over. He promised me fairly then; and when I was to wait on him, asked me when I would come for them I answered him, I came for part of them, *viz.* the *Lichenes*, *Musci*, &c. being at work on that tribe. He said, I might have Buddl 's book (which I had had before). I told him, I could not finish them without Plukenet's and Petiver's. Plukenet s, he said, were dispersed in several volumes (which I knew very well). I desired then Petiver's, which I supposed to be in order and together. He said, they were not, but mixt, and in different quires. I shall try him once more; and, if he refuses me, shall not forbear upbraiding him for the breach of his promise, and the expence he has put me to.—He has made a Catalogue of his Medals, which Mons. Masson has corrected; and is now busy upon his Shells, which he has not time to do with any tolerable exactness. Had he set on his Plants, as I would have had him, he might have preserved them in some measure, for they will be eat up (if they are not already) in a little time; I mean Petiver's, for Plukenet's are pasted on. Dr. Dillenius desires me to give you his best services; he has designed all your Mosses that he had not before, with some out of Buddle's book, and others I had from friends abroad. Your fourth and fifth *Musci* in your last are new to him and me, as also the *Lichen;* but, upon examining the third, he fears the only head does not belong to it. I am glad to hear you are so well, and design to make some additions to your Mosses. I shall, as soon as we have finished that tribe, desire some more specimens of some of the sorts, for friends, which you shall have a catalogue of by next. My Brother is at Eltham, very busy, where he spends most of his time. I think I wrote you that Mr. Moyle is dead. My service to your good family, from, dear Sir, your faithful friend and humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Dec. 7, 1721.*

"It is a month since I received your last favour. Dr. Dillenius has designed the three tables wanting in 'Boccone,' one of which was printed off after the edition of his book, and not numbered, which shall be sent you, with a few seeds we gathered at Paris, which at last are arrived; but, expecting some others from Mons.

Mons. Vaillant, shall stay that they may come all together, which will be time enough for Spring sowing.

"I have heard nothing from Mr. Preston this twelve months, though in his last he wrote me his eyes were better, and that he would set about collecting those Plants I desired.

"I have not heard from Sig. Micheli since my return (which I admire at); but expect a letter every post. Dr. Dillenius is very desirous of seeing the *Lichenes, Musci*, &c. of his new book, that he may add his 'Synonymes,' and design what are new. He has designed all your new Mosses, with what he had not seen in Mr. Buddle's book, and is to go next week to Mitcham to view what Mr. Dubois has. We have finished those tribes, and are going about the '*Cereales*.' We paste them on as we proceed; and if you will not make us so happy next Summer to come and stay a week with us, I will send you the Mosses, &c. that you may view them. Since you pleased to give me the liberty, I will send, with the Seeds, a catalogue of those I should be glad to have more specimens of for friends or myself; in the mean time please to collect all that are not common.

"I believe Mr. Catesby will be going for Carolina in a month; I have procured him subscriptions for near the sum he proposed!

"The Pilgrim Botanist Mr. More, whom we heard of in Wales, is desirous of going to New England, and the rest of our Colonies in North America He is an excellent collector of all parts of Natural History, and desires no more than a poor subsistence; a mere Philosopher, who designs printing tables of all parts of Natural History; he is now busy in copying them out on parchment (his paper scheme being worn out and torn); they look like so many taylors' measures, joined at top and rolled up. It is pity he is not younger, and I am sorry I did not know him sooner; he would have done more service than all that have here been sent abroad.

"Mr. Gale has found the *Euonymus latifolius* again in the West, the same he found in Yorkshire; when I see it, I shall believe it. Dr. Dillenius and my brother send their services. I am, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant, W Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, Jan.* 27, 1721-2.

"I received on Thursday your curious collection of Mosses, fair and large specimens, almost all in head. I hope in your next to see the list of them, (though there are but few, as you observe, but what I have had from you formerly) that I may observe and distinguish those you mention more particularly. I have not had time yet (nor a clear day) to examine them nicely, but hope I shall have next week.

"One half at least of those you have sent, which were not taken notice of before, are in Dr. Dillenius's Catalogue, or his MS additions to it; and others he has designed and described.

"Mrs. Wansell sent yesterday six pounds of best Bohea tea; it is incredible to think the consumption of that commodity in England; besides the great quantities run from Ostend, the East India

India Company sold at their late sale, nine hundred ton, as Mr. Dubois assures me. I have heard nothing yet from Mr. Vaillant (and consequently have not received his Seeds); which makes me fear he is very ill. What few Seeds I had not formerly sent, you will find in the canister atop; amongst them, I believe, are some you had last time; but, having changed papers since, I was not sure. The three Tables of Boccone * are wrapt round the canister, which is directed to Mr. Bartlett.

"I had a letter this week from Sig. Micheli, with a bill of lading in it for a parcel of books, but have not yet his letter with the particulars; the ship has been sailed from Leghorn above three weeks, so hope to hear of her arrival in a fortnight, but must stay till she has performed quarantine.

"Mr. Catesby goes next week for Carolina; he has put off his going till the last ship; I have got him sufficient subscriptions, without putting you or Dr. Uvedale to charges; and, as his obligations are more to me than all the rest, I hope he will make me suitable returns, that I may furnish my friends.

"I have not seen Mr. More of a long time, and believe he is not in town; if he applies to me, I shall get him subscriptions, and then I will put you and our friend the Doctor down for a small sum. Sir Hans is ready to promote such designs, wallowing in money; but will not procure a subscription amongst his friends, as he easily might. I cannot think he has been unsuccessful, having had a large share of all that has come into England, and I never yet had a single Plant.

"Since you are pleased to encourage me to send a note of what Mosses I desire, I write one on the other side. What I had found myself, or were common about London, I had pasted on large half sheets of paper, as I do my other Plants, and had filled them with specimens of different growths. I have had several from you, in sufficient quantity to do the same; if you meet with any of my note in your walks (for I would not give you a particular trouble about them) please to collect for me, that I may, as far as I can, make them uniform.

"Pray remember the *Sorbus fr. singulari ex fol. alis.*

"I saw Sir Francis Leicester lately, who is positive that the specimen of the *Calamus Aromaticus* which he gave me, and I sent to you, is the same that you carried thence to your house: it was an *Iris*. Pray is what you took thence still alive? is it a true *Cal Aromat*? and did it ever flower with you? More *juli* than one on the same leaf is what nobody takes notice of. I hear just now the ship from Leghorn got on Wednesday last into Stangate creek,

* "Boccone was originally of Savona, in the Genoese district; and was born in 1633. He became a Cistercian Monk of Palermo, and was a man of singular and various erudition in Natural History. He visited Corsica and Malta; travelled into England, Holland, and Germany; and was for some time Botanist to the Duke of Tuscany. He was the Author of several very curious Works; and died in 1704. He wrote on Fossils; but his Botanical writings have greater originality, and were of high value."
Pulteney, vol. I. p. 304.

where

where she is to perform quarantine. A short passage, but 22 days. Dr. Dillenius sends his service, as would my brother, but is at Eltham. I am, and shall always be, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, May* 12, 1722.

"I cannot tell what thoughts you will have of me, for neglecting so long to answer your last kind letter, but I will assure you I never was busier in my whole life. Dr. Dillenius will witness we have worked ten hours a day this two months past, and, without continuing at that rate, we shall never finish.

"Your curious collection of Mosses was highly welcome; a large number, and fair specimens No. 1. is new, and the Doctor designed it; No. 3. he takes for what you formerly sent *M. trichoides montanus, minor, capitulis erectis*; and No. 4. for *M. trichoides capitulis plurimis acutis, erectis*; 36. he cannot distinguish, though thinks it new, as some of the rest may be, but without seeing them growing (the small ones especially) it is very difficult to ascertain them. The Doctor has found some new about Eltham, but he has not had time to rove far. Mr. Dale sent up a new *Lichen* very different, in good state; it is of the pileatus kind, with very small leaves crenated. I am mightily pleased to hear of your second son's* inclinations (pray my service in particular to him): if we had half a dozen such genius's in different parts of England, every thing would be observed. Mr. Manningham is really curious and diligent; and a gentleman at Greenwich, of a plentiful fortune, has lately fallen on this study, and promises well if he holds to it. I have not his acquaintance yet, but he has promised to send his *Mosses* and *Fuci* the beginning of next week: he keeps a pleasure-boat, and sails about the Coast in search of what he can meet.

"I have received 79 Plates of Sig. Micheli's; he will make them about 120; he takes in all the Submarines. I have subscribed for five Plates more, and recommended him to Dr. Boerhaave, who generously sent him for 20, so that he will want no more for this work. I have advanced money to send Pilgrim More to New England, and all is ready; I have put you down for one at 20*s*. per annum. He is to go after to New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. I have missed two fine parcels of seeds this season, by our cursed long quarantine, but hope they will do well in autumn. I believe Sir Francis Leicester will be all the Summer in the country, and beg of you to write for a specimen of the *Calamus*.

"Poor Mr. Vaillant is quite worn out; he begs of me to come to Paris, and I design it the end of next week. I shall bring over (unless hindered by the Government in France) all his large and learned Collection of Plants, Seeds, and Fruits, desiring it should be in my hands rather than any body's else, paying him what he has been offered by another. It will be of singular advantage to me in the Pinax, no man knowing Plants better than him,

* William Richardson, M. D. See p. 242.

nor

nor has any one ever taken the pains he has done to verify them by Authors.—Dr. Breynius assures me I shall have specimens of the Plants which I desired, published by his father: he promises to publish next year, the 'Viridarium Prussicum et Cassubicum,' with 50 Plates graved in his father's time; I met with 17 of them in Holland. I have not received Pontedera's 'Anthologia;' when I do, I will send you one: he is very curious, but will never discover a third of the Plants that Micheli has done.

"My Brother has taken Dr. Dillenius this afternoon to Eltham to spend the holidays (my business not permitting me to go): I told them I would not fail writing to you this night; and they both desire their service to you. My Sister designs for Leicestershire this summer, and it is probable my Brother may go with her; if so, he threatens to give you a visit. He has a great mind to view Cheviot hills, and return by the Eastern Coast. I am, very sincerely, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

"W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, May 26*, 1722.

"I did not receive your kind letter of the 15th till Wednesday last; the same post my Brother had yours of the 21st. I am glad to hear your gout was so favourable, and that you are got abroad again. I shall be very proud to see the *Calamus Aromaticus,* which Dr. Dillenius shall design.

"If you go into Wales, pray remember the Creeping Plant with short succulent leaves, growing amongst the *Gladiolus lacustris,* in the Lake near Mr Evans's houuse. I have a bit of it from Mr. Lhwyd, but he has not mentioned it in Mr. Ray that I know of. The *Filix Pedicularia rubræ foliis, Bistorta fol. imis subrot.* and the *Ornithogalum fl. ferrugineo,* you could not find last time; I wish you better luck now. If you get them into your Garden, we may hope to be better acquainted with them.

"Dr. Fowlkes sent me word a gentleman brought to him *Sanicula autumnalis angustifolia, fl. luteis punctatis,* Breyn. Cent. 1. found near Knutsmill in Cheshire; I know not who it was, but, by quoting Breynius's name, suppose him to be a proficient in Plants. I have seen Breynius's Plant, and take it to be different from *Sedum &c. fl. croceis punctis guttatis* of Mr. Ray. If the *Sideritis hirsuta, fl. luteo,* comes in your way, pray gather a specimen or two.

"I designed to set out for Paris on Monday last at farthest; but the Thursday before received the news of poor Mr. Vaillant's death! I fear his Cabinet, which I had actually agreed for, will be taken out of my hands: I shall know on Wednesday next. It will be a great loss to me, and no benefit to the publick to have them left in France. Dr. Dillenius and my brother send their service; my brother will write to you when he is fixed for Leicestershire. I am, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, July* 24, 1722.

"I rejoiced to see yours the 15th, concluding you had been laid up with the gout, by not hearing from you sooner as you promised

promised in yours of the 25th June. I am glad I was mistaken, and that you are in good health. I received your curious cargo, and Dr. Dillenius has been at work, designing what is new. I cannot but think that, if we had 10 or 12 intelligent persons in different Counties, the Catalogue of English Plants would amount to several hundreds more than are yet discovered. My Brother is gone with Mr. Rand to search the Coast of Sussex, and are to be conducted there by Mr Manningham. He talks of going at his return to Mr. Dale and Mr. Andrews at Sudbury in Essex, so to Newmarket and Cambridge, and it is probable when there may make a trip into the Fens. Afterwards he talks of a tour into Kent, to fetch Plants into his Garden.

" A new Gardener* is chose at Chelsea, and the company seem to be hearty in promoting the Garden.

" Dr. Beeston of Ipswich has been in town, at Fairchild's, Chelsea, Hampton-court, and Eltham; but neither my Brother nor I saw him, though, he told our Gardener he came over on purpose to see us. He is very curious and knowing in Plants, has a fine collection of Exotics, which he gives to the new Garden at Cambridge, as he told our Gardener. I designed to have wrote to you on Saturday; but Mr. Dale, spending a whole day at Eltham, did not return till Friday, and had not time to look over your cargo and make a few observations on it, which are but conjectures; you that have seen the Mosses growing, can best judge whether right or no, for it is next to impossible to distinguish some of them by dried specimens.

" I received yesterday a final answer from Paris: the King has bought Mr. Vaillant's Cabinet for 1200 pistoles, has ordered it to be kept in the Garden, and given his post to Dr. Jussieu's brother. Please to send word what Succulent and other Plants you want, that you may have them sent next month. Pray remember the *Sorbus torminalis*, &c. Heartily wishing you health and prosperity, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged, &c. " W. SHERARD."

" DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 13, 1722.

" Will you excuse my neglect in not answering your kind letter before this? I have had it often in my mind, but in the evening have been generally so tired, that I had little stomach to take a pen in hand again, though Dr. Dillenius often reminded me. I cannot now give you an account of what you were pleased to send me last, without looking over them, which I have not time to do at present. The specimens were a little moist, and changed in colour, by being packed up with the Plants you sent my Brother; especially the *Sideritis lutea* suffered, by being mouldy. I do not remember to have seen it beyond sea, neither do I find it agree to any yet described. Your *Subulariæ altera species* I expect soon from Zurich in flower; I wrote to Dr. Scheuchzer (whose son is now here) to plant it near the side of the Lake, that it might rise above water and flower, which he tells me his father did, and that it flowered very well, bore a

* Mr Philip Miller

tetra-

tetrapetalous white flower, as I guessed it did, being of the same family with the *Juncifolia sub aquis nascens, cochleariæ capsulis*, R. Syn. 281. that I found in Loughneagh. The other *Subularia* of Mr. Lhwyd, and the *Planta aq. repens*, I believe will prove of the same genus, which I hope to be satisfied of next year by you.

"Dr. Dillenius works after candle-light on the 'Synopsis;' but I would willingly have this *genus* graved before it is published; he has designed several of Mr. Ray's new Plants in order to it. I had a letter this week from Mr. Catesby at Carolina, who sent me two quires of dried Plants, 40 of which were new. By the last ships, which may arrive before Christmas, he promises me a much larger collection, with Seeds and Fruits, which you may depend on. I fear Mr. More will arrive too late in New England, to perform any great matters this year; however I expect some late seeds from him.

"I have lately received part of the Plants I desired from Dr. Breynius, in order to adjust his father's works with other authors, and he promises the rest speedily. In France I have no correspondent, now poor Mr. Vaillant is dead, who was of more use to me than all the rest, were they disposed to entertain commerce with me. Dr. Boerhaave has been very ill, but (as I hear) is past danger, though I have had no letter from him.

"Signor Micheli is returned from Ragusa, and is very busy in finishing his book. You have heard of Mr. Miller's 'Botanicum Officinale,' a book of 5*s.* in English, of no use to me. Dr. Blair has sent up a MS. under the title of 'Pharmaco-Botanologia,' on the same subject, which he designs to print in ten decades. I have looked over the first, which is not to my purpose, only he is very large and particular about the Sea Wormwoods, of which he makes about 20 sorts, which, however distinguishable when growing, are not distinct by the specimens he has sent of them.

"Amongst the dried Plants from Dr. Breynius, he sent me the *Sanicula autumnalis, &c. latifolia*, which is much larger flowered than that you sent, so that I believe yours to be the *Angustifolia* of his father's century, and different from the *Latifolia*. I am not entirely satisfied about the *Sorbus torminalis*. My brother is most at Eltham, and, as I hear, building something underground, I suppose for quickening hot-beds. I shall go next week to see Mrs. Uvedale, in order to think of disposing of the Plants*. Mr. Wasbourn has planted the Tulips, which will be sold in bloom; and I believe the best way with the Stove Plants will be to sell them in pairs, or so many in a lot together. Take care of your health, that you may live long and happy. I am, very truly, dear friend, your most faithful humble servant, W. Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 17, 1722.

"I received your kind letter in due time, and return you many thanks for it. Yesterday by John Howard, a Bradford

* In Dr. Uvedale's Garden at Enfield. He died Aug. 17, 1722.

carrier,

carrier, Mrs. Wansell sent the two pound of Bohea tea you desired; it is in a small box directed to B. Bartlett. I put up with it Pontedera's 'Anthologia,' which is come at last, and desire your acceptance of it. Dr. Breynius ordered me to send you a treatise of his 'De Melonibus petrefactis,' which you will find, and six Cones of *Cedrus Libani* (if you want more, I can furnish you), and some seeds of the *Pisum Britannicum repens,* which ought to be sowed as soon as received.

"I remember to have seen the Slates with the impressions of Plants on them when at your house; and, if I remember right, Sir Hans has printed them in the Transactions. Dr. Breynius is terribly fond of increasing his collection of natural rarities, and has often wrote to me to procure any of Mr. Floyd's, or others found in England. Sir Hans told me last week he was now ready for me, and that I may have what I please; I shall trouble him in a short time, but fear he has not touched any of Petiver's Plants since he had them. I never saw the *Sideritis lutea* abroad, neither was it known to Dr. Tournefort or Mr. Vaillant. Mr. Ray must mean some other plant he saw beyond sea; I fancy he means *Sideritis arvensis, glabra,* J. B. 3. 427. which Tournefort calls *Betonica arvensis,* 8. *fl. ex albo flavescente.*

The *Sanicula, &c.* Breyn. thrive well with my Brother, who comes but once a week at most, to town. He has built a new stove for hot beds and tanners bark, which answers well. The burning tanners bark in his stoves out-does the Dutch turf; he has it made in square pieces, for 7*d.* a hundred.

"I think I wrote you in my last, that I had received above an hundred specimens of Plants from Mr. Catesby. I expect about Christmas, Fruits and Seeds from him, which you shall have part of when they come, with others gathered at Eltham: for I have received no Seeds this year, and expect none, Dr. Boerhaave not being yet recovered, and I fear will not of some time. I have received some more Tables from Signor Micheli, so that I have now by me 93; they are well designed and graved. He is now busy about the Submarines he found in his voyage in the Adriatic Gulf. Dr. Dillenius gives you his humble service; we are not idle, though now and then I am forced to spare him to paint the *Aloes* and other Plants that are not yet figured, which flower at Eltham, and sometimes a day to look after *Fungi* and *Mosses.*

"By means of my nephew Sir Richard Hopkins, who is Chairman to the Committee of Trade to the South Sea, I shall have (if it please God I live) whatever I desire from all places they trade to. I have already given instructions for Buenos Ayres, Mexico, and several other parts; all their Captains, Surgeons, and Factors desiring to oblige him. Pray take care of your health, that I may long enjoy the pleasure of your friendship and correspondence. Adieu, dear Sir. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 23, 1722-3.

"I was in hopes of answering your kind letter this day se'nnight, but was prevented by our Custom-house officers, who would not let me take up a box from Mr. Catesby time enough; I did

I did not get it till Tuesday, and yesterday sent you what seeds I received from Carolina and New England, with a parcel from my Brother. Mr. More has been very diligent for the short time he was in the country before the ship came away, but most of what he gathered were common, and spoiled in coming over by his fault, for he put up in the same box with the dried Plants, Fruits and Seeds,—Limes, Gourds, and such like trash, and, to fill it up, put sea-weeds atop. I took him for a greater philosopher, and shall give him orders how to pack for the future. I do not question his diligence, and hope next summer he will make amends. Mr. Catesby has been ill, and kept his room above three months; in the proper season for collecting Fruits and Seeds, however, he sent a good number of specimens well dried, and seems much concerned he has been able to make no better returns. I am glad your Welsh aquaticks thrive so well; I am in hopes next year they will flower with you, that we may have figures of them for the 'Synopsis.' A few Tables of new Plants will be requisite, and make it more vendible abroad.

"I thank you for the synonymes of Johnston; most of them I had added before, and designed to give that book a review, as also Merret, whom Mr. Ray should have mentioned oftener. Sir Hans has his Herbal, and I will look it over; probably there may be some Plants there (besides varieties) with names we cannot suspect belong to those Mr. Ray has given as new.

"My Brother seldom comes to town; of late indeed he could not well, his Gardener having been in Holland, and returned but last week, and now the season of sowing prevents him; he has built a very convenient house to the South of the large mulberry-tree, divided into two rooms, one for raising Seeds on hot beds, the other for keeping Plants in tanners' bark.

"I heard lately from Signor Micheli; he has graved 110 Plates; he wrote me he wanted a few more subscriptions to finish his work, and I sent him five guineas next post. Besides *Fuci*, he has found several new Plants in his expedition, and makes some new *genera* of them. He has been hindered above 3 months in assisting Dr. Tilli, Professor at Pisa, in making the Catalogue of that Garden, where I never saw any thing; it is almost finished, and I will take care to procure it for you. It will be a pompous book, with about forty plates.

"I thank you for the Fossils, which will be an acceptable present to my friend Dr. Breynius; he writes me he has laid by for me all the Plants mentioned by his father, that I wrote for, which I expect in April; he sends me also Margrave's books of dried Plants, which will be of singular use, in putting the names of other authors to his and Piso's Plants.

"I will endeavour to procure you the books you mention. Mr. Kiggelaer is dead, and his things are to be sold the week after Whitsuntide; the Catalogue is not yet printed, but I shall have it as soon as it is. I think to go over to the sale for a fortnight: he has left a noble Collection of Foreign Plants, which

I have

I have seen, great quantities of fruits and seeds, and the best Collection of Shells in Holland. Scheuchzer's new 'Itinera' are just finished; I expect them over very soon.

"I send you what Cones of Cedar of Libanus I have left. The same gentleman has sent me another parcel, which may be here in ten days or a fortnight, but must perform quarantine, so will be too late for sowing this season; you may command what you please of them. I have just now received a quire of Plants from Mr. Dale, part of what he has observed to be added to the 'Synopsis.' There are 14 *Atriplices*, 7 *Limonia*, and 16 *Menthæ*. He is very accurate in comparing the figures and descriptions of authors, but I think he multiplies species (though he seems much against it); at least I cannot distinguish all of them by his dried specimens. That you may live long in good health, is the hearty wishes of, dear Sir, your assured friend and obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, April* 6, 1723.

"I was in hopes of answering your kind letter last week, and sending you some Cones of Cedar of Libanus, with the three pound of Tea, sent yesterday was se'nnight by Mrs. Allason, but could not get them out of the Custom-house time enough, so was forced to put it off till yesterday, when they were sent. I saw Mr. Thoresby at the Society last week and this, who desired a Cone for a specimen. I told him I should send some to you, and that you would give him one; however, if you will sow them all, I can furnish him, having a good quantity.

"I should be very glad Cheviot hills were searched before the new edition of Ray's 'Synopsis' is printed, but my Brother seems resolved to take a turn through France and Italy this Summer, and to be back by Winter. I am confident several additions might be made in a journey to Cheviot hills, never having been searched but superficially. I hope the *Subularia* will flower with you this summer, that we may have a cut of it. *Bulbosa Alpina*, &c. seems pretty strong in my Brother's Garden, but I question whether it will flower this year. I had a letter this week from Mr. Dale, who promises the next to send another parcel of English Plants. Dr. Dillenius has almost finished the Mosses, &c.; and I have entered yours, my Brother's, and Mr. Doody's; and I design to do the same by Mr. Buddle's, Petiver's, Plukenet's, &c. next week. My Brother copied Mr. Doody's observations on the 'Synopsis,' for his own use; it was in the hands of Mr. Petiver, and I suppose now in Sir Hans's (where all things center). You know how exact and diligent a Botanist he was, for which reason I have entered almost all his queries (which are generally of Plants about London), that the new set of Botanists may go to the places mentioned, and examine them; had I time, I would do it myself. Catalogues of Countries must be perfected by time and different persons; and should not these queries be published, we should not so easily come to satisfaction about them. Your two guineas are remitted to Signor

 Micheli

Micheli in your name; I wonder I do not hear from him. Scheuchzer's 'Itinera Alpina' are printed, but not yet come over.

"I thank you for the Mosses, some of which I have pasted on.

"I will let you know by next if I go to Holland, where I should be glad to do you any service. I find Sir Hans Sloane has a mind to Kiggalaer's collection of dried Plants, but he says he will not interfere with me. He knows nothing of them, but thinks by the titles in the Catalogue (which as yet he only has) that there is more in them than he will find. They are not named, which perhaps he will like the better, and think them all new. He says there is for one title 'Ericetum Capense,' 11 volumes; whereas there is but one, and scarce any but what I have put in Mr. Ray's History. I expect a Catalogue daily, and then will send you a note of such Botanic books as I guess you may want.

"The Tree Moss put up with the Seeds is called *The old man's beard:* it is cut in Plukenet twice, for they are both one.

"Some few of your notes of Plants I have not yet entered, for want of further information about them, which I desire.

"Mrs. Allason says the tea comes to 1*l.* 13*s.*; she begs you to return the canister. I am very sincerely, &c. W. Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, May 7,* 1723.

"My Brother came to town on Thursday to send you a box, which he did before I saw him, otherwise had inclosed Kiggalaer's Catalogue. I have directed one to Benjamin Bartlett, with orders to send it on Friday morning, being obliged to go to-morrow to Enfield to meet three Gardeners, in order to the putting our late friend's * plants into lots for sale. I shall not go for Holland till about the last of this month, so that you may mark the pages and numbers of what you desire, which may be sent me to Holland, if it comes not before I go. I am sorry the cones of *Cedrus Libani* do not prove good, which I guess by those that have been opened and sowed here. They were mouldy, but I thought it had affected only the outside; if I can find any that promise well, I will send more, though I picked those I sent for the best.

"I dined on Sunday at Sir Hans's (with Mr. Thoresby), who was very kind, and lent me the two volumes of Dr. Merret's Plants; it is pity he did not put his names to them, since he has mixed with them several exoticks, such as are not mentioned in his Pinax. It will be however of some use, having made out several. Some few I have had from Mr. Dale and others for English, which I find amongst his, which confirms me in their being so, and his names agree to them, which I could never have guessed what he meant by, without finding them in his collection. We shall have done with the 'Synopsis' in a week's time. I hope this Summer to have some of Mr. Doody's queries about Plants growing near us cleared up, and to see the flower and fructification of the *Subularia aquatica.* Pray send the place where your *Adiantum caule alato* grows; I have it in one of your

* Dr. Uvedale.

letters,

letters, which is not at hand. I suppose you know the *Fungus ramosus Imperati*; if so, pray does your *Fungus Brassicam cauliferam*, &c. branch after its first appearance like that?

"I should be glad, if ever you pass that road the *Carduus lanceolatus fl. & capita minoribus* grows, to have a specimen of it. It is a confused tribe, which I have pretty well set to rights. There is one in Merret whose name answers to yours, on the ditches beyond St. James's, but not known by any Botanist now in town, neither can I fix it to any in his collection. I am glad your gout is over, and hope you will have it no more. I am, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Aug.* 1723.

"I am at last got from Holland, where I was not an hour idle, till I returned to Rotterdam for a passage; and as soon as I have got my books, &c. home, my brother is setting out for France. I shall go with him to Dover, and not return hither till this day se'nnight, designing to look over the famous collection of *Fuci* and other Sea Plants at Dover, and to visit Mr. Meredith in my return, to see Mr. Ray's and his companion's collections, and the book of Fowls, Fish, and Insects of Baltners, often mentioned in the History of Birds and Fishes.

"I did not succeed as to my main design, which was the buying Kiggalaer's dried Plants: for, on looking them carefully over, I found but 23 specimens I had not (five or six of which I since have), and did not think it worth while to pay so dear for so small an addition to my collection. I was in hopes also of having what I wanted from the purchaser, had it been any one in Holland; but it was the Prince of Saxe Gotha. None of the Plants were named, nor are ever like to be, though most of them are in Mr. Ray's third volume. There was 1500 gulders commission for them (as Dr. Boerhaave assured me), though I bid no more than 360, and for the next ten they were sold.

"I have brought with me several books (or different editions of them) I had not before, a ream of dried specimens, and a numerous collection of Fruits and old Seeds, besides clearing a great many doubts I had, and settling all the Plants in Dr. Boerhaave's Index, which took us a whole week to go through it, plant by plant. I have bought for you several of the books you marked, but not all; every thing (especially if not common) sells dear in such auctions, where there are so many buyers. On Friday next Mrs. Allanson will send you in a box what I have purchased for you; and I have left a note with Mr. Chambers, a gentleman of Hull, now student at Leyden, who has promised me to pick up the rest much cheaper, and to send them to Hull with his own books, and to convey them to you. If you want any thing thence, he will be ready to serve you, being a particular friend of my Brother's and mine, very curious in Botany and all other parts of Physick. He designs to visit you and your Garden next year at his return.

 "I have

"I have brought over for my Brother's Garden what Plants could be spared out of the Amsterdam and Leyden Gardens, besides some I bought for him elsewhere, and all the Seeds that were ripe; but I returned a month too soon for Seeds. You shall have part of them. I found at my return two letters from Mr. Catesby; but the ship he sent by was plundered by the Pirates, and forced to return to Carolina, so that I can expect nothing. I saw yesterday the ship is arrived at Plymouth; but, as he was far up the country, expect no letter. Mr. More, from New England, writes he will send Specimens and Seeds, which I expect in two months. I hope the *Subularia* has, or will flower with you this Summer. I want to have it graved and described.

"The numbers of your books are at the bottom. At my return, I will give you an account of the rest. I have not time nor room, to add the prices with the charges, not having the catalogue at hand. Probably there may be a book or two more, which was bought for you, but I have not time to look them over again at present; if there be, you shall have them. I am, in haste, dear Sir, your assured friend and servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Sept.* 24, 1723.

"I received your kind letter of the 7th current with a great deal of pleasure, and since, the cargo you were pleased to send me. I am very well satisfied with my voyage to Holland, and not concerned that I did not buy Kiggalaer's Plants: those I wanted were not described, so are not properly within my sphere. I wrote last week to Mr. Chambers, who, I dare promise, will serve you with pleasure.

"I am sorry Mr. Lhwyd's *Subularia* is not like to flower with you this summer. Every body expects the new edition of Mr. Ray; and Dr. Dillenius's thoughts are wholly bent on it, and publishing his book of Mosses, &c.; so that I expect little service from him till they are over. I would willingly have had a cut of the *Subularia* in it, in its perfection. I perceive you do not know the Succulent Plant I observed in Mr. Evans's Lake. I had a specimen of it formerly from Mr. Lhwyd; it is a creeping Plant, that sends out succulent blunt crooked leaves at each joint. I have good specimens of it I gathered when with you there. That you sent for it is *Gr. junceum*, 1. *Holosteum minimum, palustre, capitulis 4 longissimis, staminibus donatis*, R. Syn. 2. 276. *Plantago palustris, gramineo, monanthos, Parisiensis*, J. R. H. 128. *Holosteum aquaticum, Alsinanthemum*, H. R. Par. App. I was in mighty hopes it was what you sent it for; but, considering your description of the flower, I began to doubt of it. I begin now to suspect that the plant you sent me last year, under the title of, *An Subulariæ lacustris altera species, folio longiore et tenuiore* (which I also received from Scheuchzer by the name of *Alga juncoides, lacustris*) be not the same; but you wrote word, that the Plant when green was very brittle, and breaks like *Subularia*, which I do not remember Mr. Ray's does, though it is many years since I saw it green. I found it plentifully by Lough Neagh.

Neagh. I am glad travelling agreed so well with you, and thank you for your account of it. I am of your mind, that the *Plantago* you found is different from the *Marina*; but it comes near Mr. Lhwyd's *Alpina angustifolia*, as I remember; we have it at Eltham, and the first time I go thither, I will compare them. I am sorry Cheviot hills baulked your expectation; however hope to have an account of what you observed there, at your leisure. I suppose they are large, and require a week to search them well at least. I am glad you have settled a correspondence with Mr. Wood, which will be of good service; I hope he will contribute to the new edition of Mr. Ray. There are a few Plants I desired from Mr. Preston, which by your interest I hope to procure from him. Pray my service to him when you write: I will willingly send him Seeds from our Garden in return for them. Your three Birds will be a good addition to Mr. Ray's English Catalogue. I despair of having Mr. Moyle's; he having left nothing in writing, unless it be in Mr. Willoughby's 'Ornithology,' which Mr. Stephens promised to search after. I do not see above one of your Sea Plants I had not before, but your specimens were very acceptable, several of mine being bits I had from Mr. Buddle and others. Your Moss Dr. Dillenius has in water, in order to examine it. Johnson's *Nasturtium petræum* I have gathered beyond sea, but I know not whether it be described. I wish you could get some seed of the *Carduus lanceatus minor* of Merret.

"On the other side I send you the account of your books: pray look it over, and see there is no mistake; it was done in haste, and Dr. Dillenius crossed them in your letter you sent me, but upon comparing them with the printed Catalogue to mark their prices, I question whether you have No. 226. p. 91. in 8vo, 'Hartmanni Historia Suæiui Prussici;' if not, strike it out, and deduct the price; what makes me think I did not buy it, is, that it is printed in the Transactions, and is to be had separate. Several I did not buy for you; either they were too dear (I mean dearer than they may be had here), or were not fair, or imperfect. The two pieces of 'Ruysch' I would not meddle with, because all his works are printed in 4to by Waesburg, who sells them separate; so, upon sending a note of what you have to me or Mr. Chambers, you may perfect yours.

"I wrote you how dear books are where so many buyers are as might be expected at Kiggalaer's auction; but I do not know what you will say to the charges (though I am sure I have not put down more than they cost me). I was forced to enter them and pay custom in Holland, and though we are easy in England by the late Act of Parliament, yet the officers are grown worse, and more imposing. I had like to have forgot one Plant you sent by this title. This is the leaf of a large umbelliferous Plant, found in a bog near North Allerton. I do not see how it differs from *Sium alterum, Olusatri facie*, Lob. Ger. Emac

"If you please, deduct the five guineas you were so generous to send towards the new edition of Mr. Ray. I do not think it reasonable

reasonable you should be at that charge, who have contributed so much in adding Plants to it. The bookseller shall pay the graving the plates. And now it is time to beg pardon for this long scribble, and to assure you, that I am, dear Sir, your faithful friend and humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Nov.* 2, 1723.

"I have had yours without date some time by me, but the post-mark is Oct. 9. Mr. Townley has been with me, and paid me the money you sent by him; and tells me he has a crown from you to drink with friends here, and I have promised to meet him at 'Change, and to settle some evening to drink your good health. The Plant now in flower with you, which blows like *Senecio Afric. foliis ficoidis*, but yellow, I have quite forgot; and cannot call to mind what it should be; pray send a bit of it when you have an opportunity. Dr. Dillenius has near finished the new edition of the 'Synopsis;' so that it will be printed before Spring.

"I am sorry for the miscarriage of your box to Edinburgh. Pray when you write thither again, give my service to Mr. Wood, and let him know I can furnish him with almost all the Seeds he desires, and will set about it as soon as I have a little leisure, and will send him for Spring-sowing several of them. I believe I forgot to mention, in my note of Plants from Scotland, *Adiantum nigrum foliis lunariæ minoris*, D. Preston. R. Suppl. 109. Besides the place there set down, Dr. Blair told me it was in the Park at Edinburgh, or Holyrood house, and at the Lough of the Commons. Dr. Boerhaave dunns me for *Adianthum* ἀκροςικον, which by his means he may have. I hope his additions and observations for the 'Synopsis' will come time enough. The *Chamæpericlymenum* will be a welcome Plant, as also *Pyrola flore pleno*. Our Gardener, who has as much zeal as his Master, asks me after it, as oft as he sees me.

"I heard lately from my Brother from Marseilles: he set out from thence by felucca for Genoa, the 5th October, old style, so reckon he is now at Florence. He wrote me, Dr. Jussieu's Brother would be here last month, but he does not appear. He sent me over a Catalogue of Plants wanted in the Paris Garden, taken out of his Catalogue he carried with him, containing above six hundred; so far Eltham outdoes the King's Garden, which I hope will bring you up to see it. I am, very sincerely, dear Sir, your most faithful friend and humble sérvant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 26, 1723.

"I received yours in due time, and return you thanks for it. The plant you inclosed has flowered at Lord Castlemain's and at Chelsea, but it was not my fortune to see it at either place. It has flowered also at Leyden. It is an old Plant in Gerard, Lobell, &c. J. B. calls it *Arbor Lavendulæ fol.* 1. 265. Pluk. *Linariæ similis Arbor Canariensis, fol. longiore, carnoso, fragili, subtus purpurescente, crithmum resipiens.*

"I know nothing further Dr. Dillenius has to do to the 'Synopsis,' but the getting graved a few more plates, which may be

done

done whilst it is printing; but our people cannot agree about an Editor. They are unwilling a Foreigner should put his name to it; and none of them will, though it is ready done to their hands. Mr. Rand is the properest person, but refuses; for my part I see no necessity of any body's name to it. I should be glad to hear from Mr. Wood, and to see his additions to it, before it is sent to the press, which must be in about a month. I heard lately from my Brother at Leghorn: he was going for Rome, whence he promised to write more at large. He desired me to send his service to you, and to let you know he was well. Dr. Dillenius is much improved in his painting; he has copied for me all Mr. Dandridge's *Fungi*, and as many as he has been able to procure about London. I wrote two letters last post to Italy, to inquire about Sig. Micheli; and desired my Brother in his way to Rome, to let him know how much he disobliges his subscribers, and me in particular. I had a letter on Tuesday night from Mr. Chambers, who writes the books were sold so extravagantly dear at the auction, that he could buy nothing for you, but hopes to find them much cheaper, which I doubt not but he will. I sent commission for several, but had but one, which I ordered to be bought let it cost what it would; it is Oviedi's 'Natural History of the West Indies' in Spanish, which I once had, but let Sir Hans Sloane have it at a cheaper price than I paid for it.

"At the end of the 'Synopsis' will be added a Catalogue of dubious Plants, out of Merret, Lobell's Illustrations, Phyt. Brit. &c. which being placed together will be more obvious to the curious who are desired to look after them. I have heard nothing from New England this Autumn; one vessel was cast away on the French coast, but several are yet expected. Nothing more from Carolina; one vessel from thence has been lost also on our coast the late storm. I wish you a merry Christmas and an happy New Year, with many more of them. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant, W. Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, Jan.* 18, 1723-4.

"Yours of the 6th came in due time, as did the box and bag of Oatmeal; and I would have sent the three pounds of Tea, by the return of the carrier; but, being at Eltham, was forced to put it off till yesterday.

"My sister returns you her service and hearty thanks, and I desire you will please to accept mine also. She has been much indisposed for ten or twelve days, but I left her pretty cheary; she had eat little or nothing during her illness, but fell on an oatmeal pudding with a good appetite.

"I have had two letters from my Brother from Rome: he orders me to send you his service. He picks up Seeds wherever he comes, but none are yet arrived: when they do, you shall have part of them. Dr. Boerhaave promises me some the next month, which I will send you part of as soon as I receive them.

"I have heard nothing yet from the Pilgrim Botanist*, which I admire at. Col. Dudley wrote word he was gone up into the

* Mr. More.

country,

country, to visit his old acquaintance the Indian Kings that were in England. I had rather he would first send what grows near Boston; but they have all the notion that, the further they go, the more rare things they find.

"With the Tea you will find a small parcel of Seeds for Mr. Wood, gathered last year in our Garden. If he would send a catalogue of what he has, it would be easy to furnish what he wants. As to old Seeds, Fruits, and Seed-vessels, I will furnish him as I put my own in order, which will be Summer work.

"I heard lately from Mr. Chambers, who is very kind and serviceable to me. I sent him a note of Spring Plants to dry for me, which the Professor will furnish him with, and at the same time, specimens for himself. With hearty wishes for your health, I am, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 29, 1723-4.

"I have none of yours to answer; which ought, according to the merchant's style, to cause brevity.

"I received last week four quires of specimens, with Seeds of most of them, from Mr. Catesby. Had he sent a letter by the ship, I should have had them in good time to have sent abroad with convenience, but now am forced to do it by post. His letter was in the box, so that I knew nothing of it till the ship was cleared, and then too by chance. I sent you part of them, with some from Ceylon, yesterday, and hope you will see some fine Plants from them, that will continue with you. Yesterday I had a barrel from Mr. More, without letter, which have lain a month at the Custom-house; if there be any thing amongst them worth communicating, I will send them: I wrote only for trees.

"Dr. Dillenius has put the 'Synopsis' into the press; the first sheet is corrected: there will be twenty plates. I wish I could have received Mr. Wood's additions and observations in time.

"I heard from my Brother this day; his letter was dated the 4th, old style, at Rome; he gives his service to you. I believe by this time he may be setting out for Venice, and will be with us in all May. Mrs. Allanson is just come up, and obliges me to send her humble service; accept the same from, dear Sir, your most faithful friend and servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, April* 25, 1724.

"I received the box with the curious Fossils, which came very safe, and have sent them (with what you was pleased formerly to give me) to my friend Dr. Breynius. They will make a noble addition to his collection, and I doubt not procure me a sight of more of his father's specimens. I heard from him yesterday: he writes, a friend of his, Dr. Schmidt, is now in Siberia, to search and describe the Natural History of that country, by the Czar's order, from whom he has heard, and expects several Fruits and Seeds. His Travels will be printed if he lives to return.

"The Seeds from More were good for little; he is come over, and will return next month. I hope to get him a place of one of the King's Rangers, for preserving timber in that country, which will

will give him a power and opportunity of making his subscribers amends. I hope your box reached Mr. Wood, and that you have heard from him. The 'Synopsis' will be finished, I hope, next month; there are two presses at work on it.

"I am going to Eltham, to see what product there is of our Carolina Seeds; when I was there last, a good number were up; and the weather having been since very seasonable, I hope to see them past their Seed-leaves. I expect there to find a letter from my Brother, he having left Venice 33 days. There is another *Ribes* shot up; so that one of the three, I hope, will flower and seed this Summer.

"The *Muscus elegans D. Dandridge* (or rather *Lichenoides)* will probably flower about this time. Dr. Dillenius has watched it once a fortnight this winter. It is known but in one place (in the wood betwixt Highgate and Hornsey) hereabouts; but, to his grief, the last time he was there, they had cut down the wood to make charcoal and small-coal, and have destroyed it; so hopes you will visit it in your parts.

"My Sister is very well recovered, and sends her humble service; she hopes to see you and your lady this Summer at Eltham, and that you will not persuade her Husband to leave her again this year. I am glad you are free from the gout, may you always keep so! I am dear Sir, your obliged humble servant, W. SHERARD.

"Dr. Boerhaave has printed Vaillant's 'Botanicum Parisiense;' that is, the Catalogue he used to carry out with him; and designs to publish his criticisms, &c. with noble cuts, in folio. The occasion is, young Dr. Jussieu was putting out a new edition of Tournefort's 'Plants about Paris;' and his brother having had a copy of Vaillant's, it is thought he will give the additions as his own, to prevent which the Doctor has published this as a 'Prodromus.' I will send you it by the first opportunity.

"Magnol's 'Characteres Plantarum' is published in 4to. but I have not yet seen it. I have sent to Paris and Holland for it."

"DEAR SIR, *London, June* 30, 1724.

"Your last of the 18th past ought to have been answered sooner, for which I beg pardon. I am glad your correspondence with Mr. Wood is so well settled, and hope to see something from him by your means. The 'Synopsis' will be finished in a week's time; there are in it two *Fuci* I should be glad to see, the one is the *latissimus Scoticus*, mentioned by C. B. the other Dr. Martyn told me of; he says it is called *Peper Dubesch.* Mr. More is now in England, but returns speedily, and promises to follow my instructions for the future better than he has hitherto. I heard lately from Mr. Chambers, and answered his letter last week; he staid for the *Ribes Arabum* flowering, which it will not this year; I expect to see him here in all next month. If Magnol's Characteres Plantarum be in Holland, I desired Mr. Chambers to buy one for you.

"I have received Dr. Tilli's 'Catalogus Plantarum Horti Pisani,' in folio, with 50 plates, and have wrote to send over

some

some copies. Signor Micheli, by the Grand Duke's order, spent eighteen months in assisting him, which has hindered the publishing his book, but it is now in the press, and I believe will be in two parts. He has sent me a half sheet to see the form, which is large 4to, well printed. I have 116 plates by me, which will be too much for one volume, so I think he will publish his 'Nova Genera' first. After these he designs to print his Voyages in Italy and Dalmatia, with a Critique on Barrilier and Boccone, which I should be glad to see. The Botanic Society at Florence have undertaken the new edition of 'Cæsalpinus.' My Brother has been returned above a month, in good health, and well pleased with his jouruey. I hear young Dr. Jussieu's 'Catalogue of the Plants' about Paris is almost finished. He talks of coming hither as soon as the Demonstration is over.

"I am, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 6, 1724.

"I have been neglectful in not answering yours sooner, and returning you thanks for the pot of Moor-game, which be pleased now to accept of. After seeing your letter to Dr. Dillenius, I was in great expectation of seeing the specimens sent by Mr. Wood, which I fear will be spoiled, if they come to your hands, being packed up with the roots sent to you; there are some amongst them I shall rejoice to see.

"Dr. Chambers told me he would write to you the first week after his arrival here, but did not do it till last week; he will be going to Hull in about a week, and says he will make you a visit, after being a little settled. Dr. Davies, at Oporto, desires of me to procure him two or three pounds of *Kenkerig*, the *Muscus Derbiensis tinctorius Raii*, which, I think, grows at Settle; I know not how to procure it from Wales.

"Next year an Appendix will be printed to the 'Synopsis,' with a plate or two, in which will be some corrections, as well as additions, several of which have been sent since the publishing of it. Pray is not the *Ribes Alpinus dulcis J B.* the same with the *Vulgaris dulcis Clus.?* They grow in the neighbourhood, and I suspect they are not different, though put in for two. My Brother talks of going to Leicestershire next spring, and leaving his wife there, and waiting on you, and going to Edinburgh, or where else you please. His Garden is in excellent state, ripe *Coffee*, ripe *Papaia*, *Ananas*, and a great number of Plants not to be seen elsewhere in England. I am, dear Sir, your assured friend and servant, W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 24, 1724.

"I received your last without date. I am sorry you can get no news of the plants from Mr. Wood; are they brought up hither by mistake? if I knew where, I would inquire. Dr. Chambers set out hence on Thursday morning, and I suppose may reach Hull to-night or to-morrow. It is our old friend Dr. Davies desires the *Kenkerig*; he is easy, though gouty, at Porto, and never designs to quit it for a colder climate.

"I have

"I have taken a house on Tower-hill, where I shall be glad to see you. I shall there have room to put my things better in order. I design next summer to range my Fruits and Seeds; if you have plenty of *Apium Scoticum*, the seeds will be welcome to me for specimens; the *umbelliferous* tribe being chiefly distinguished by them, I am the more curious in collecting that class. If next season you meet with *Glaux montana nostras Raii*, pray collect some seed; I should be glad to see it in a garden.

"Dr. Dillenius sends his service, with the new 'Synopsis.' There is also one I desire you will forward to Mr. Wood, with my service, and thanks for the designed specimens, which I hope he has more of. His additions will be very acceptable; and when he has any growing Plants for my Brother's Garden, I believe he may find to send them by shipping to London. I will send him some Seeds for Spring-sowing. I wish he would send a note of what he desires, and I could add some to it: be pleased to do the same for yourself. Your most obliged, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 5, 1724.

"I think there are more than two volumes of the 'Prosopopœiæ Bot.' and that I have a complete set in quires, which, if so, shall be sent to you. I am sorry you can hear nothing of the box from Mr. Wood; as to Plants or Seeds, he may send directly to me, by frequent shipping from Edinburgh. I expect the next week a box of dried Plants, and another of Fruits and Seeds, from Carolina, the ship being arrived at Portsmouth.

"The *Ribes fr. parvo* of Merret is different from the *Grossulariæ fol.*; the leaves, however, are considerably smaller than those of the *fr. dulci*. The seeds of *Carduus capitulis minoribus*, Merret, are much smaller than the common.

"I have not been at Eltham this month, but am just going down. We have had cold weather, but our Plants stand well, as I hear. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *North Bierley, Jan.* 7, 1724-5.

"Your last letter I received; and the most remarkable thing that has occurred here since is, that about the middle of the last month was brought to me *Lommia Hoieri*, called at Flamborough Head (about two miles from Burlington) *Whillocks*, where they breed in great quantities. This Bird was found about four miles from hence, and fifty miles from the sea; it was brought hither alive, very brisk, and in good feather. It was fighting upon a moor with some Crows. How this Bird came hither, or from whence, I should be glad to know. This Bird has very small wings, not proportionable to the size of its body, which makes its flight very short. This Bird lays one single egg upon the bare rock, of the size of that of a duck, of a pale blue colour, full of large dark spots. These are observed to come, with several other Sea-fowl, to their usual place of breeding about the end of May; and about the beginning of August both old and young remove from thence; not one single Bird of this kind being seen in Winter, before this that was brought to me, that

that I know of. It is observable that these Fowl never feed but in salt water. I have also had two of the *Lari* kind, which I never remember to have seen before in Winter, lately brought me.

"I have heard nothing from Mr. Wood since I sent him the 'Synopsis;' I am sure it was delivered at Newcastle according to his order. When I hear from him I will let him know that he may send any thing to you or your brother by sea very frequently, and, I believe, safer than by land. I am glad to hear that you have got a fresh cargo of Plants and Seeds from America; when you are at liberty, I hope you can spare me a few Seeds; either from thence or any other place will be acceptable.

"I had a letter about three weeks ago from Dr. Chambers; he acquaints me that he has sent part of my books by water to York, but I have had no account of them from thence. I hope to hear something of them this week, otherwise I shall be in some concern for them. He promised to send me a list of the books he has purchased for me, which I expect daily. My commission to him was pretty large, and the money he has received is considerable; I shall be glad to know what I have for it, for it is twelve months ago since my first bill of 300 guilders was paid.

"I am glad to hear that your Brother's Plants are in so flourishing a condition; one frosty night since I received yours surprised us, and has damaged some of my plants in the greenhouse. I am your obedient servant, RIC. RICHARDSON."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 20, 1724-5.

"On Friday last I sent a box of Seeds I received from Carolina, with a packet brought me by my Brother. I put into the box some Medals for Mr. Thoresby, such as I had left, and am now clear of them; I wish they may be worth his acceptance.

"The 'Prosopopœiæ Botanicæ' are not yet come in my way: I think they are in a chest of unbound books, which I shall soon send to binding, and if so, send them by some opportunity.

"My Sister returns thanks for the Oatmeal, with which she is well stored, having some of your former still by her.

"I wonder I hear nothing from Mr. Wood; had he wrote to me, I would have sent him a fine parcel of Seeds. I hope he has duplicates of the specimens that were lost, all which are wanting in my collection. Dr. Dillenius sends his service; he designs to put out an Appendix to the 'Synopsis' next Autumn, with what additions he can procure, and several amendments. He depends upon Mr. Wood's kind assistance.

"My Brother's Gardener has left him in a huff (which he will have reason to repent), and he has sent to Holland for another.

"I think I wrote you that Dr. Boerhaave had bought a large house and garden, on the left hand beyond the Harlaemer port, near Leyden, which he is very busy in planting. He desires of me all the assistance I can give him. This day I have put on board one of the sloops for him what Seeds and Fruits I received from Carolina, about 50 sorts of Trees and Shrubs I had from our nurserymen, with all the sorts of Willows I could procure at this season.

"In

"In the box you will find Mr. Chishull's Proposals for printing my Inscriptions, with several copied by himself and others. If any of your acquaintance please to encourage him, I will send you receipts under his hand. He is putting the first part into the press, and will print but a few more than what are subscribed for, no Bookseller being concerned.

"I hope we shall have the happiness of seeing you here the beginning of Summer; in Autumn I have promised Dr. Boerhaave a visit. I believe my Brother will return with you.

"Is there no contriving to see the *Subularia* of Mr. Lhwyd in flower, that its *genus* may be settled? how thrives it in your ponds? Writing to you is so pleasing to me, that I know not how nor when to leave of, but it is time to wish you health and happiness, and to assure you that I am, &c. W. SHERARD."

Copy of a Letter to Sir HANS SLOANE.

"HONOURED SIR, *North Bierley, June* 30, 1725.

"The beginning of last week I received your letter, and on Saturday after your generous and obliging present of *Lob. Icones*, and the two volumes of the 'Natural History of Jamaica,' for which I now return you my hearty thanks. By the little spare time I have had to inspect it since it came, I find it to be a very elaborate and curious performance, and worthy of so great an author; when I am a little more at liberty, I will carefully and with much pleasure read it over, and I do not doubt but it will fully answer my expectation.—I am very sorry you have been so unhandsomely used by my old friend the Consul *. I heartily wish you had acquainted me with your desire of seeing Breynius's collection before it was returned, or any thing the Consul had; for, as I was interested in desiring the favour of you to communicate to him several curious Collections of Plants, in order to carry on more effectually his Edition of 'Bauhinus's Pinax,' which you very readily and freely complied with, common justice ought to have obliged him to promote your design with the same zeal and friendship you did his, and I must take it very ill from him. If the weather continue to be fair, I think of taking a tour into the North next week; and, if I meet with any thing worth communicating to you, at my return you may expect to hear from your much obliged servant,

"RIC. RICHARDSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Tower Hill, London, July* 17, 1725.

"I designed to have acknowledged your last favour some months past; but being seized with a fever, it put me so backward in my business that I forbore writing to any of my correspondents. I designed to desire you to let Mr. Wood know I had received his letter (which I hope my Brother did), and that I had no other trouble to give him than the sending those specimens again he was so kind to send last year; but, thinking he might take it amiss if I did not answer his letter, I have done

* See Sir Hans Sloane's account of this unpleasant dispute, p. 282.

it

it this post. Hitherto the season has been so bad for Gardening, that I fear we shall save but few Seeds this autumn; however, I have wrote abroad to supply the defect. I have received some this week from Mexico, where I have settled a chargeable correspondence with Dr. James Stevenson. I sent him by the ship now in the Downs 23 books of Botany and Physick, published since 1712, that he left Europe; and in his letter just received with the Seeds, he writes for several others in Botany and Mathematicks, which I cannot send till next year.

"I have heard nothing from Mr. Thoresby. I have subscribed for you for the first volume of Mr. Chishull's work; the other subscriptions are not due till the first volume is printed, which is in the press. I shall have next week (the ship being arrived) some copies of the 'Hortus Pisanus,' in folio, with 50 tables, one of which I shall send you, with two pieces more of Monti in a short time. Dr. Boerhaave sent me word this week that he is busy this vacation in putting in order 'Botanicum Parisiense' of Mr. Vaillant, the tables being all engraved; and I believe he will publish his three classes of Plants *flore composito*, in Latin and French (as he has his other works), and I can furnish him with another class of the Dipsaceous tribe, never printed. The bad season, and being late of the year, will hinder my visiting him this summer. What news from Dr. Kingston? I presume you have received Sir Hans Sloane's second volume of his 'History of Jamaica.' Dr. Dillenius sends his service; he talks of going next week to Cambridge, and thence to see Dr. Massey at Wisbech. I am, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 23, 1725.

"I am really ashamed I have not returned you thanks for your letter and kind present sooner. I have spoke both to Dr. Dillenius and Mrs. Wansell several times, to put me in mind of it, and to remember me to send the 'Hortus Pisanus' the Friday following, but they have forgot, or I have been out of town. Yesterday it went by John Holesworth, with Monti's Tracts.

"I am sorry your Edinburgh expedition proved so unsuccessful; I scarce can hope to see all the specimens Mr. Wood sent, since they are so rare to be found. I upbraid myself to want any Plant that grows in our Isle amongst my collection.

"The *Senecio* you was so kind to send seed of, next year we shall know; I believe it is described. Pray consult Hist. Lugd. whether it be not that of *Myconi*. I had specimens in plenty formerly from Mr. Southerland of the *Pyrola Alsines flore*.

"I see by our news-papers we have lost Mr. Thoresby.

"Dr. Dillenius and I work continually at the 'Pinax;' but I cannot yet resolve you, when it will be ready for the press.

"I have by me 116 tables of Micheli; he has almost printed off his first volume; to help it forward, I sent him 20*l.* lately, which he has received.

"I expect Dr. Boerhaave will publish Mr. Vaillant's 'Botan. Parisiense' before Spring, and afterwards his three classes *flore composito*,

composito, which were published in his life-time in the 'Memoirs of the French Academy,' and his Pl. Dipsaceæ since his death, with his remarks on the 'Institutions of Tournefort,' and some other tracts he left. It is pity they should not be printed apart, the Memoirs being dear, and not to be had easily, especially separate volumes. The 'Hortus Pisanus' stands me in 15*s*. freight and charges at Custom-house reckoned. 'Monti's Tracts' I have several, being a present from the Author. I believe I sent you the Grasses and 'Monumentum Diluvianum' formerly, but I have to spare of them. I hear you design to take your Son * to Oxford next Spring, and then we may hope to see you; my Brother's Garden deserves a visit from so curious a person as Dr. Richardson. I am, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 12, 1725-6.

"I ought long since to have returned my hearty thanks for your present, which came well, and it is not long since we ate the last of them. I expect by first occasion proposals for printing Mr. Vaillant's 'Botanicum Parisiense' in folio, with a good number of plates, excellently well designed and graved. Dr. Boerhaave has been at the charge, which, he writes me, has cost him 2000 guilders. I have had from Paris the 2d edition of Tournefort's 'History of the Plants about Paris,' published by Dr. Jussieu the younger. There is very little in it new, though in two volumes 12mo, and worse printed than the first.

"I had a gentleman with me this week, recommended by Dr. Delaune, his name is Williams, who has undertaken to grave all the public buildings at Oxford, in large plates and different views; he is a near neighbour to Dr. Fowlkes, who, he says, is so well, that it is thought he will marry very soon; he goes every Summer to Snowdon, and I hope by his means we may have the *Subularia* in flower. I design to write to him, and beg you will do the same. Here is in town a gentleman, bred at Baliol College, Mr. Brown of Shropshire, just by Wales; he is the keenest Botanist I have met with, and knows most of the Plants in the 'Synopsis.' Dr. Dillenius has been a moss-cropping with him; he has an excellent eye. He brought up with him some Plants never found before in England, as the *Virga aurea* Matth. the leaves not at all serrated; *Pentaphyllum palustre fol. villosis*, &c. Pluk. *Filix Rhæticæ*, J.B. and an *Astragalus* I found about Smyrna, which is in Tournefort's Corollary. He is in orders, and is going home; he promises to go this Summer to Snowdon, and other parts of North and South Wales; I have desired him to call on Dr. Fowlkes, which he is proud of doing.

"It has been a terrible Winter for our Gardens, and doubtless much worse in Holland: you, Sir, too, I fear, have felt the bad effects of it. My Brother's gout has not yet left him, nor can he well expect it, unless he could keep out of his Garden.

"Sir Hans has been pleased to quarrel with me †, without reason, as every one thinks that knows his reasons for it. Patience!

* Rev. Henry Richardson; see p. 242. † See before, p. 397.

one

one paragraph in my Preface will shew it was not my fault, and save me a great deal of time and trouble.

"Dr. Boerhaave is busy in writing to all countries for Fruits and Seeds of Trees and Shrubs for his Forest (as he calls it); he has sent a man into Austria and Hungary, who, with Clusius in his hand, has brought him all mentioned by him. He takes the same cure for Spain and Italy, &c. If you meet with any Berries of *Juniperus alpina,* pray gather some for him.

"I shall be glad to hear the Succulent Plant you mention, flowers with you in Summer; as also from Mr. Wood, when he has gathered any thing for me. Dr. Dillenius gives you his service, and desires when you go to Malham, you would please to look for the *Orchis spicata* you mention to grow there as well as in Wales. I had a letter lately from Signor Micheli, who has sent me a great number of the Plants of the 'Hortus Pisanus,' which I wanted; he now says his book will be finished in April; he is the most exact man I ever knew. I sent him lately 20*l.* to help his work out of the press, and must take it in copies, which will be more than I shall know how to dispose of, considering I have got him subscriptions from all the curious here. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, April* 5, 1726.

"I fully designed answering yours on Saturday, but my Brother's coming to town, and taking me down with him, put it out of my thoughts; however I hope this will be time enough to give you notice that Mrs. Wansell sent on Friday last for you three pounds of Bohea Tea. It is the same she procures for my Sister and me, and hopes you will like it. She paid 12*s. per* pound for it, as we do, which is cheaper by three than it can be bought in the shops. This warm weather I hope will have its good effects on you, so that this may find you pretty free from the gout. I have put you amongst the subscribers of my list for the 'Botanicum Parisiense,' which will be time enough to pay for when the books arrive, as I do by others. I am glad to hear the *Subularia repens,* &c. is like to flower with you this Summer; I think I may call it so, and shall be much pleased to ascertain that genus. Not only Mr. Brown, but Mr. Brewer and Dr. Dillenius, design to visit Wales this Summer, but they will be too early for Mr. Lhwyd's *Subularia.* However I have given them orders to speak and encourage Mr. Evans to look after it.

"My Brother has received no seeds from abroad as yet, and last year gathered very few. Some are coming from Italy, which will serve for Autumn-sowing.

"Pray return my service to Mr. Wood when you write; I hope this year will prove more favourable than the last, that he may gather the specimens I desired. I shall be glad to see his additions and observations on the 'Synopsis.' Pray let me know as near as you can, the time we may hope to see you here. I am, dear Sir, your most faithful friend, &c. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, July* 2, 1726.

"Dr. Dillenius put off his journey to Wales in hopes of seeing you at the time you mentioned, but now despairs of

of that satisfaction, it being too late of the year to attend any longer, so designs to set out next week. I promised to be in Holland the first week of this month, but shall stay till I hear from you, which I beg may be by the first post, that I may order my voyage accordingly. Mrs. Allason goes to see her daughter in Lincolnshire, as soon as I am gone, but we will defer going if you are well, and give us hopes of being here speedily. I am, dear Sir, your affectionate friend, W. Sherard."

"Dear Sir, London, March 14, 1726-7.

"Though late, I return hearty thanks for your noble present.

"The building at Oxford is finished, and I have a draught of it; it was begun on my promise of leaving to the Garden my Bibliotheca et Penu Botanicum; and I design to do more for it.

"I have sent Dr. Boerhaave all the Trees and Shrubs he wanted, that I could procure him here. There are some few in your parts remain of his note he would be glad of.

"The 'Botanicum Parisiense' is all printed off, only wants Mr. Vaillant's life and his picture, which will be soon done.

"I fear Mr. Wood is a faithless Correspondent; his friends here complain he has put them to all the expences he could, and now they can hear nothing of him. What Seeds I brought from Holland, I gave to my Brother, who has sent me a packet for you, which was forwarded on Friday last.

"Young Dr. Jussieu (brother to the Professor), who has Mr. Vaillant's place, is come over, to procure Plants for the King's Garden; from hence he goes for Holland on the same message.

"Mr. John Martyn, who gave a College of Botany here last Summer to several young gentlemen, goes next month to Cambridge, whither he is invited by above 20 scholars. He carries on at the same time his College here; spending April, May, and part of June there; the rest of June and July here; August at Cambridge; and finishes here in September.

"Dr Dillenius has had a large cargo of dried Plants, from Wales and the Isle of Anglesea, sent by Mr. Brewer, Mr. Green, and his journeymen there; some Mosses in head he had not before; a new *Fucus* or two; several *Lichens*, Seeds of *Cistus fl. punicante maculata notato colamine*, that I found in Jersey; and some others, which he will add to his Appendix. My Brother writes me, this dry East and N. E. wind has done much mischief to his Garden; I suppose he means to the Fruit-trees now in bloom.

"I hope this will find you returned, and that your Garden has not suffered in your absence; at least that your own health is much improved by it, which I wish may long continue. Adieu! dear Sir, your most obliged, &c. W. Sherard."

"Dear Sir, London, July 14, 1727.

"I wish I had known of your not coming sooner, that I might have ordered my journey accordingly; I would have gone a fortnight sooner, that I might have been here again at your arrival. I shall embark this day, and will, God willing, be back in all August; so that, if you can defer your journey 10 days or a fortnight, I shall have the happiness of seeing you. Dr.

Dillenius set out this day se'nnight, and proposes to be here again a week before me. If I can serve you in Holland, a letter directed for me in Leyden will be acceptable. W. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, London, Aug. 5, 1727.

"This brings my thanks for two agreeable letters, as well as for your noble present of Wild-fowl, which came sound and well on Wednesday last; but the butter was all melted, and the carrier complained it had spoiled his pack.

"Dr. Dillenius has a close correspondence with Mr. Brown and Mr. Brewer, from whom he has received cargoes, and now expects what the last has collected this season; he goes soon for Ireland, as he says in his last. He will there find, besides Dr. Stephens, Professor at the College, another Botanist I never heard of till I saw his new book, 'Synopsis Stirpium Hibernicarum, sive Commentatio de Plantis indigenis Dubliniensibus instituta. Autore Caleb Threlkeld, M. D. Printed for the Author, Dublin, 1727.' It is a wretched piece. He falls foul on the Editor of the third edition of Mr. Ray's 'Synopsis,' Dr. Tournefort, and all Innovators in Botany.

"Your *Rubes Alpinus humilis, J. B.* seems only a variety; it grows as large in my Brother's Garden, but yours is smoother. I believe the *Hieracium* is Lawson's. The *Valeriana* seems by its bottom leaves to be *Valeriana montana subrotundo folio, C. B. Pr.*; the leaves are exactly the same as that I gathered on Mount Saleve by Geneva, where Mr. Ray found it also, and has described for new, *radice inodora.* I shall be glad to see *Betula Platanifolio:* the *Epimedium* cannot be suspected to be out of a Garden, being, I believe, a scarce Plant in most Gardens. If you happen to see the *Glaux purpurea, montana nostras Raii*, pray get a little seed of it, that we may see how large it will grow in a Garden. I have no good specimen of *Sideritis arvensis, latifolia, hirsuta lutea Raii*, and am not well satisfied about that Plant. Dr. Boerhaave will be very much obliged to you for the Northern Shrubs; he is entirely fond of prosecuting his design of collecting all the Trees and Shrubs it is possible. Besides Mr. Balland, Physician to Prince Eugene, who writes almost every post, the Prince of Lichtenstein has sent a Surgeon to him to be made perfect in Botany, and then he is to travel through Hungary, Transylvania, Poland, and Bohemia, at his master's charge, in search of Plants for the Doctor.

"As to Mr. Wood, I think you have answered rightly; his reputation is so bad here, he can procure nothing.

"A letter from Sig. Micheli is miscarried; however, I have let him know it, and expect to hear again in a fortnight. I believe it was to give me an account of his first volume being finished. I have by me above an hundred of his Tables, which I will send you next Friday, with the *Botanicum Parisiense*, which came ashore but this morning. Mr. Martyn, that has given a College of Botany this Summer at Cambridge, is about to print 'A Catalogue of Plants within a Day's-walk from London.'

"I am dear Sir, entirely yours, "W. SHERARD."

"DEAR

"DEAR SIR, *London, Aug.* 13, 1727.

"I wrote to you this day se'nnight in answer to your last favour, in which I told you, I would send the 'Botanicum Parisiense,' and Sig. Micheli's Tables, the next week, which I did on Thursday last, and hope will come safe to your hands.

"I had a letter this morning from Micheli, who writes me he has finished his book, and that 18 sheets are printed off, but he stays for the Plants he desired out of the third edition of the 'Synopsis,' which I have neglected sending him, but now got most of them together. When Dr. Jussieu was here, I gave him most of them I had laid by for Micheli. The title of his work is, 'Elenchus Plantarum rariorum Musæi Micheliani,' &c.: he says it shall be finished towards Winter; and that he has ready by him 'Catalogus Plantarum in Hortis Siccis Cæsalpinianis, unà cum Synonymis,' which he will publish as soon as the other is done. He designed a new edition of 'Cæsalpinus,' with figures of those Plants that are new in him; but, having inserted them in his own work, there will be no need to do it. I send him all he desires, except a few of which I have no specimens, he promising to return those I have no duplicates of: and no man is more exact nor faithful than he is, so that I only risk the danger of the sea; and in case of losing them, I must trouble my friends to make up my collection again.

"No news yet from Mr. Brewer, since he went into Anglesea, whence we suppose him returned, and at present searching the places you directed him to. I am, dear Sir, &c. W. SHERARD."

Dr. JAMES SHERARD* to Dr. RICHARDSON.

"SIR, *Mark-lane in London, Aug.* 4, 1716.

"I lately received letters from my Brother, Consul Sherard, in which he tells me that he designs to return for England next Winter, or Spring at farthest, in order to finish his 'Pinax;' but says that time, and perhaps too much generosity in imparting to others, has rendered his collection imperfect, especially of English Plants; and therefore recommends it to me to procure for him what rare and scarce English Plants I can meet with against his return; and particularly desires me to write to you, who, he says, he is sure will furnish me with what are most curious in the North. This assurance seems to intimate a former friendship, which I hope may in some measure excuse this freedom; and indeed the pleasure I take myself in things of this nature makes me the more ready to engage in this bold request; for of late the love of Botany has so far prevailed, as to divert my mind from things I formerly thought more material, and has put me upon making ex-

* Younger Brother to Consul Sherard. He was an able Botanist; one of Dr. Radcliffe's Apothecaries; and amassed a fortune of 70,000*l.* The University of Oxford gave him a Doctor's degree, and expected a legacy from him; but were disappointed by his dying without Will, Nov. 21, 1741, at the age of 72. See Memoirs of him, and his Epitaph at Evington in Leicestershire, in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 651-2.

 cursions

cursions into the country some distance from London, where I have met with a great many of Mr. Ray's Topical Plants upon the spot, and some few not known before to grow in England.

"I did design to have visited the North, and Wales, this Summer, but was prevented by Mr. Stonestreet's sudden death, who had promised to accompany me on that occasion, and in whom I have a great loss, being very much indebted to his friendship. Mr. Petiver and Mr. Rand have hitherto been so kind as to go out sometimes for ten or twelve days with me, but cannot conveniently leave their affairs in London so long as this journey may require. If it please God that I live another year, I hope I may then persuade my Brother, or some other agreeable friend, to undertake this voyage with me, that I may personally acknowledge your favours; and if any thing I have may be acceptable, or any way I can be serviceable to you, please to let me know, and you may be assured of my best endeavours, who am, with very much respect, &c. James Sherard."

"Sir, *London, Sept.* 11, 1716.

"I received last week your kind and large present of dried Plants, all in good condition. I have since perused them with a great deal of satisfaction, finding several I had not seen before, and am very thankful for them, as also for your most friendly offer of making a tour with us into the North and Wales. So good a Guide must be an extraordinary advantage, and save us a great deal of trouble, who are entirely strangers in those parts. I have many times lost my labour for want of one. Authors only mention Topical places in general, without giving any particular directions; so that it sometimes proves very difficult for a stranger to find a thing he perhaps may be pretty near unto; and this I have too often experienced: for the seeing of a Plant in its native place is to me one of the greatest pleasures in Botany. This alone has caused me to travel many miles; but the hopes of enjoying at the same time your assistance and good company has fully determined me to wait on you, God willing, the first seasonable opportunity of making this voyage; and I doubt not but my Brother will most readily join with me on so agreeable and delightful an occasion. In the mean time I wish I could be so happy as to procure any thing in these parts worthy of your acceptance; I should then beg your commands, that I might not only verbally acknowledge your favours, but have the pleasure of making at least some small return, though not suitable to the great obligations you have laid upon, Sir, &c. James Sherard."

"Sir, *London, Sept.* 27, 1716.

"I have made inquiry amongst my friends for some July flowers, who are so kind as to promise me some of what they have, and I hope some pretty good and new ones; but they do not advise me to send them till the Spring, about March they say, fearing the distance and a hard Winter may kill them. Indeed I do not understand any thing of this kind myself, so am willing to be governed by such as know better; and in the mean time I shall endeavour, as opportunity offers, to make some further addition

addition to such as are already promised me, and will not fail of sending them next Spring, in the best season and condition I can procure them in; who am, Sir, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"SIR, *London, April* 11, 1717.

"To-morrow I shall send you by Bradford carrier, a box of July flowers. I am assured they are very good. Those tied up in paper and bound with matting thread, I have procured from Chelsea Garden and other friends; but for all the rest you are obliged to the famous Florist Mr. Lloyde, to whom I applied under the favour of Mr. Rand, who has been also very kind in assisting me in getting all the rest, and helpful in packing up.

"I am disappointed of my Brother's company this Summer. He happened to come in a ship that had the plague in it, and was forced from Sicily, where he intended to have come on shore, and lay afterwards a long quarantine at Leghorn, which has broke his first measures; so has resolved to pass this Summer abroad, and hopes to see England the later end of the year.

"I do not certainly know whether I shall be able to come this Summer into the North and Wales; but I should be glad to know whether the journey can be performed in a coach, or whether I must bring horses; for my way of traveling hitherto has been in a light chaise with two horses; and my servant rides a third, to change or put to as occasion serves: but I am told that some parts of these roads are not passable for a coach; but, if I could hire horses in the country, to carry me through the narrow roads, to meet me at convenient distances, I had then rather come with my own horses than trust to saddle-horses, which are not used to journeys, and by this means I might sometimes ease and give rest to my coach-horses. Sir, I beg you will pardon this freedom; but, being entirely a stranger to those parts, am desirous of getting what information I can before I set out. You seemed to mention to me as if you had a design and intention to visit Wales once more: if you have determined it this year, I then beg you will please to give me leave to attend you, and I will certainly wait on you, either in Yorkshire first, or meet you at Chester or any other place, if it may be more convenient to go into Wales first, and afterwards into the North; but, if another year may be more convenient, and it please God to give us life, I will wait on you then, when perhaps we may have my Brother's company. Mr. Petiver has been very ill, and so broke, that I cannot hope for his company, neither can I yet fix on another companion, which is some disappointment to me. I should be glad to hear how the July flowers prove; who am, with great respect, &c. W. SHERARD."

"SIR, *London, June* 8, 1717.

"I received yours of 23 April last, which gave me account of your having received the July flowers. I am sorry we could not get them sooner to you, but hope such as recover will thrive with you, and prove pretty good ones, according to what I was assured they were. I had wrote to you sooner, but have been kept in suspense by Mr. Rand, who gave me some hopes that he would

accompany

accompany me into the North, but now has determined otherways, and cannot leave his affairs so long as that journey will require; and therefore I have, for want of a companion, laid the thoughts of coming this year aside, in hopes that next year may persuade my Brother to come with me, which will make the voyage more pleasant to me. I am much obliged to you for drying me fresh specimens of the Northern Plants; and, when my Brother is in England, I shall hope to have a Garden of our own, and shall then make bold to trouble you for such roots of the Northern Plants as you can procure with little trouble; and if I can in anywise be serviceable to you in these parts, please to let me know, and you may be assured of my best endeavours; who am, with very much respect, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"SIR, *London, Sept.* 14, 1717.

"I received the dried specimens of Northern Plants, all in very good condition, for which I am very thankful, and I hope next year shall be able personally to acknowledge the favours you have been pleased to do me. My Brother is now at Paris, but designs for Holland before he returns to England, so that I do not hope to see him till about Christmas. I have made an excursion to Bath and Bristol this Summer, when found all the Plants of St. Vincent's Rock; if any of them or any others that these parts affords may be acceptable to you, please to command them most freely from, Sir, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"SIR, *London, Sept.* 10, 1720.

"Your letter came to hand; and the box of Plants, extraordinary well packed up, yet I fear some may fail, though planted the next day; I will endeavour to treat them according to your directions. You are so good as to excuse the poor entertainment you found at Eltham; but I please myself with the thoughts of seeing you and Madam Richardson another year, when I hope you will meet with better accommodation, and you may assure yourself none can be more heartily welcome than you at all times will be when we are so happy as to enjoy you at London. I am, with great respect, &c. JAMES SHERARD.

"SIR, *London, Dec.* 24, 1720.

"I am very much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of me when estates are offered to sale. I have spoke to my Attorney, to inquire at Mr. Godfrey's office what is done in tithe, &c. of Bradford. If you can procure a particular of Houndworth, and find it is what you can advise me to treat about, I should be then very glad of your opinion about it; and be pleased to inquire who are the Lawyers concerned in the sale of these estates, for nothing to the purpose can be done with the Master in Chancery till there is some good understanding made betwixt my Attorney and them; when that point is settled, we may treat successfully with the Master. I could be glad a price could be fixed and settled, and then to go by consent through the forms of the Court, which would make much shorter work of it; for, according to the common methods, nobody knows when he has finished his bargain, which is a great discouragement

ment to persons who are to purchase in Chancery. I fear I shall give you too much trouble, having no other friend that I can advise with about them; but as these estates lie so near your own, I am in hopes you may pretty easily learn the value of them, and beg you will forgive trouble; and am, &c. James Sherard."

"Sir, *Feb.* 14, 1720-21.

"I had thanked you sooner for your last favour, but waited for this opportunity of writing with my Brother*. On receipt of the particulars, I immediately employed my Attorney to find out the persons concerned; which he soon did, but had for answer, that, by reason of the scarcity of money, they had both stopped the sale, and should not proceed till credit was better settled. The gentlemen concerned for Houndsworth shewed a particular, which made the estate come to 750*l. per annum*, and talked of great expectations when the estate is sold. We observed it contained a great number of tenants, whose holds were chiefly very small, which would give a great deal of trouble in collecting the rents; but did not hear they had power to treat or sett any value upon either of the estates. I am &c. James Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, April* 13, 1721.

"About a fortnight since, my Brother was so kind as to write you word how our credit and affairs go at London; which still continues so low, that I cannot think of disposing of any thing in the public stocks, whilst I have any hopes of their growing better; and then I shall presume to trouble you for your advice, in those estates you were so kind as to recommend to me for a purchase. My Brother received the Moss the next week after he wrote, for which he thanks you. The weather is now very fine, and shews us what of those Plants you was pleased to send in the Autumn still remain. I shall presume to send you an account of such of them as we have lost, in hopes that, if you have a plentiful stock, you will be so kind as to send them again, and I hope now that they are in growing circumstances, they may stand better with us. I am, &c. James Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, May* 16, 1721.

"I am very sorry to hear your illness continues so long. My Brother is not yet gone to France, but preparing all things for his journey. Mr. Rand is much better. On Friday last I sent a box by Mr. Hall, directed to you, filled with Gravesend and what other *Orchides* I could meet with; I fear they will not succeed after so long a journey. I chose such as had not flowered, in hopes they may yet flower, this or next year: if they go off you may command a supply of these or any thing else we shall be able to procure. If your *Aloe fl. albo odoratissimo* makes an increase, we should be glad to have it, either this or next year. I believe, if you can save any Seeds of the *Alsines* and *Cochlearia*, they may do better than the Plants. I am, &c. James Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *London, July* 14, 1722.

"I have made a voyage to Sheerness and the Sea-coast, which has prevented me from writing sooner. Boerhaave's Index is not

* This Letter inclosed one from his Brother, printed in p. 373.

vet

yet to be had. I thank you for the offer of a *Ketmia*, but not knowing of myself, am loth to give the trouble; perhaps it may be the same as you was so kind to send some Seed of. There is a plant amongst them that seems to be a *Ketmia*, but it will not flower this year. The *Ketmia* that you mention at Hampton Court and Chelsea, I have spoke to Mr. Rand to increase; ours was a cutting last Autumn, and I hope we may increase it next year, but Thomas says it is impossible this year. JAMES SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *London, July* 21, 1722.

"I did promise myself the pleasure of waiting on you in Yorkshire this Summer, and to have proceeded under your conduct into the North; and accordingly desired a relation in Leicestershire to buy me a horse fit for my riding; but last week I received an account that he can't meet with one as yet to his liking; and now I presume the season is too far spent to think of such an undertaking this year, and therefore must deny myself this enjoyment till a more proper opportunity offers. I shall make, with Mr. Rand, a short trip next week to the Coast of Sussex and Portsmouth; if we find any thing worth communicating, you shall be sure to hear of it; or if our garden affords any thing that will be acceptable, please to command it most freely from, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"I am very much pleased to hear you and the young Botanist* have had so good success in your late journey: you have found a great many fine Plants. If you have to spare of the new *Saxifraga*, I should be much obliged to receive a root or seeds of it; as also a recruit of the Plants, which you was so kind as to send formerly and we have now lost."

"DEAR SIR, *London, Nov.* 22, 1722.

"Last week I received yours, giving an account of the hamper with Plants. I delivered the *Laurustinuses* and paper parcel on Sunday to Mrs. Boon, and yesterday she sent her coachman to Eltham with thanks for my care of them. The *Calendula Æthiopica* we happened to have before, but I am not the less thankful to you for it. When my Brother's seeds come from abroad, I will be sure to put him in mind of you. He says the Durham Fir is *Pinus maritima minor, C. B.* and has been mistaken for a Fir by sending only the extreme shooting branches for specimens; for, if you observe the old leaves, you will find that two of them are joined together at the bottom, shooting out of one common ——— I cannot think of the name, which is the peculiar difference betwixt a Pine and Fir. Your much obliged, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Eltham, March* 19, 1722-3.

"I am sorry you have had so ill success with your Plants; if you will please to send me word what you have lost, I will endeavour to supply you with them again. We have had some loss ourselves this Winter, but in general have fared pretty well. I thank you for your kind offer of a further supply of the Northern Plants: what you sent last stand all very well, except the Ferns, which we

* Dr. Richardson's second Son, see p. 240.

fear

fear very much: they seemed to be sick when they came, and have never recovered; perhaps some of them may shoot again this Summer. *Cotyledon hirsuta* & *Nasturt. petræum, Johnson,* being annuals, never grew with us: if they make Seed, I fancy it would grow. *Acetosa rotundifolia repens Eboracensis,* &c. I never yet had it, but have *Elichryso affinis Peruviana frutescens, H. L. B.*; last year I did not know it by that name; it was given me by the name of the Jesuit's-bark-tree; I should be very much pleased to take a Northern journey with you, but this year I have got leave, and am determined to go again into France, &c. James Sherard."

"Sir, *Eltham, May* 3, 1723.

"This day I sent for you one box, containing such of the Plants you lost as I have yet a sufficient stock remaining with me. I have entirely lost some of them, but will endeavour to encrease the others, so as you may have them this summer. What is now sent, is numbered according to the last Catalogue. I have added one, *viz. Coma aurea Africana fruticans foliis glaucis, succulentis, digitatis, odoratis.* Boerh. Ind. James Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *Eltham, Feb.* 8, 1724-5.

"I send you a packet of Seeds; the greatest part of them I hope will be acceptable, for indeed I cannot remember what was sent you formerly, nor in my absence; the quantity of some of them is but small, having sent so many abroad this year that I have but little left, but will supply you another year with such as fail of growing; or, if there is any thing particular you desire at present, let me know, and I will endeavour to procure it.

"My Brother talks of going this Summer to Holland, and which way I shall steer I have not yet determined. I cannot go into the North nor West of England but on horseback, who am but a very indifferent horseman, and not provided with an easy one fit to carry me such a journey. Perhaps in the Spring I may find one somewhere, and then will let you know, in hopes I may be so happy as to see you again, and persuade you and your lady to see Eltham this year, where you will be always very welcome to Gardener's fare. James Sherard."

"Dear Sir, *Eltham, May* 3, 1725.

"I received the box of Plants, and hope most of them will stand well with me; but the *Cotyled. hirsuta* was all rotten; if it makes ripe Seed, perhaps that might grow. I thank you for your invitation and readiness to accompany me into the North; but my old Gardener having left things in the utmost disorder, and my new one not understanding much of my Garden, this pins me down, and obliges me not to stir from home this Summer. I hope another year I may have more leisure and a better opportunity to wait on you; and I please myself very much with the hopes you give us of seeing you next Spring at Eltham. I am sure no friend I know can be more acceptable and welcome to us, and I hope you will bring your lady with you; my coach can carry her backwards and forwards to London every day, or you may lie now and then at my

my Brother's, as occasion serves. My Brother has had an ill fit of a fever for about three weeks, he was with me all last week, and I bless God is pretty well recovered again. I heard lately from Mr. Wood, but have received nothing from him this year. I hoped he would have sent me some Seeds, having sent a great quantity to Chelsea this Spring. My Brother sent him a packet last year, and I sent another this year, besides what you sent him. I have wrote to him to send some against Autumn-sowing. I am, with very much respect, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Dec. ultimo,* 1725.

"I received your kind token of friendship, for which we are extremely obliged; and are very much pleased with the hopes you give us of seeing you next Summer at Eltham; where you will be sure to find a hearty friendly welcome, but I fear little in the Garden worth your acceptance, or that will answer the character you seem to have received of it. It is true I now make it my chiefest amusement, and am always adding small matters to it; but I have met with great disappointments this year by the unseasonableness of the weather, which has been such as to rot some plants in the ground, others have made no seeds, and such as did, I have missed gathering a great many through my own indisposition, which has confined me almost entirely to the house ever since the first of September. I had a little business that called me to London about a fortnight, which brought such a return of the gout upon me, that I have not been able to get on a shoe since. I cannot tell what to do; but must attempt something in the Spring, in hopes to recover a better constitution. I am glad to hear that you hold so well, and that your Northern journeys have succeeded so well with you. I believe riding would do me good, could I meet with an easy sure-footed horse, which would carry me safe and with pleasure, but such are very hard to be found. I thank you for your kind offer of sending me part of your Scotch Plants; whenever you think it a proper season they will be very acceptable. I shall see in the Spring how my stock of Northern Plants stand, and will then make bold to trouble you with an account of my wants. In the mean time, wishing you many happy years, I am, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Eltham, Aug.* 2, 1726.

"I had the favour of yours from York, and am sorry that it so happens that my Brother may probably be from home when you design to be in London. I know he had thoughts of returning in all August, and I have wrote to him this day to acquaint him with your intentions, in hopes it may hasten his return. And in case you defer your coming a week longer, I hope he may be come for England before you reach London, or at least we may prevail with you to stay with us at Eltham till his arrival. We have nothing that is inviting or diverting with us, except you can take pleasure in seeing a Garden full of weeds; if so, I can amuse you for some time, and I am sure we shall esteem it a great favour to enjoy your good company; therefore hope you have

have not fully determined to make so short a stay with us. If I knew when you would be in London I would endeavour to meet you there; and I shall be glad if you will please to order it so as that you may come to Eltham the same night. I thank you for your kind offer of part of Mr. Wood's Plants. When here, you will see my deficiencies. In the mean time I wish you a pleasant journey. Your much obliged servant, JAMES SHERARD."

"SIR, *Aug.* 20, 1728.

"I presume the public papers may have given you an account of my poor Brother's death; we buried him last Monday at Eltham, he desiring to lie where I thought to be buried myself. There is a ring at Mrs. Allison's, which she will deliver to any one that you shall order to call for it, which I beg you will please to accept of for his sake. He has left his Books and Plants &c. and three thousand pounds to be laid out in land for the maintenance of a Botany Professor in Oxford; upon condition that the University shall within six months after his decease settle a sufficient and perpetual fund for ever, for the fitting up and maintaining the Garden at Oxford, to the satisfaction and good-liking of his executors. But, in case of neglect or refusal of such settlements, he has left power in his executors to fix the said Library, &c. and the said Professorship in some other place, as they his executors shall think more fit and proper. He has nominated Dr. Dillenius to be the first Professor for life; but the choice of all succeeding Professors, and the whole directions and establishment of the said Garden, whether at Oxford or elsewhere, he has left it entirely to his executors; *viz.* my nephew Sir Richard Hopkins and myself. This will give us a terrible deal of trouble, and at last perhaps do nothing with the University: for it was the opinion of my Brother, and of most people that know the University, that they will refuse to make such settlements as are proper and necessary for maintaining and keeping up the Garden in a reputable state and condition; and if so, we have positive orders to fix upon some other place. My brother grew uneasy with the University, and repented himself of what he had done; but there had been so much said about it, that he was willing to give them the preference and refusal of it. Dr. Delaune, President of St. John's College, his last and only old acquaintance left at Oxford, when my Brother was last there, wheedled him out of an hundred pounds, which he borrowed of my brother, to be paid in a little time. The Doctor is since dead, and all his effects seized upon by a judgment which he had given to some friend; so my Brother's money is all lost; this vexed him heartily. I have now, I fear, tired you with so long a story, that I have no room to say any thing relating to the Garden, which must defer to another opportunity; only give me leave to hint one word, in respect to Mr. Brewer, who I fear is as troublesome to you, as he is tiresome to his friends here. Dr. Dillenius had two letters last week from him, which came inclosed to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. One of his

Chaplains

Chaplains inclosed them to Dr. Dillenius, and sent them according to the directions; and let the Doctor know that his grace could not imagine how the mistake had happened. Mr. Brewer writes, he designs for the future to send all his letters that way, in order to save the postage; but I hope he will be better advised, for there may be danger in such proceedings. Please to give my service to him, and tell him I have done all I can for his son; but in case he can do nothing for him himself, it will be to no purpose to send him abroad again. Excuse this trouble and freedom that I use, and believe me, Sir, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Eltham, April* 1, 1729.

"I should have wrote to you sooner, but was willing to see how the stock of Plants you was so kind as to send me last year stood; for the Winter has been so severe, that it has almost ruined my Garden. My Brother's affair at Oxford is not yet determined. We have agreed upon things in general; but are forced to have recourse to the Court of Chancery for sanction, the University not being able to give such security as my Brother's will directs. When ended I will give you an account of the whole. JAMES SHERARD."

"SIR, *Eltham, Aug.* 2, 1729.

"The box of Plants came all in good condition, except one of the *Cistus Lodens*, which is dead. I am very much obliged to you for these and many other favours, particularly your late visit at Eltham. We cannot as yet bring our affairs with the University to a conclusion. We are now told it cannot be heard till next term; so I have determined to go next week to Holland, in hopes to settle some small matters my Brother has left there unfinished, and return again in a fortnight or three weeks. JAMES SHERARD."

"SIR, *Eltham, May* 14, 1730.

"I ought to have answered your most obliging letter of 10th April sooner; but, as our case with the University of Oxford was to be heard before the Lord Chancellor some time this last Term, I was willing to wait till it was over, that I might give you some account how matters are like to go. It came on before the Chancellor last Saturday. We had no notice of it till Friday night about seven of the clock, when a messenger was sent to Sir R. Hopkins, who was out of town at Wanstead, who wanted the probate of my Brother's will, and told Sir Richard the hearing came on the next morning at eight of the clock; so he was forced to come to town on purpose the next morning, to send the probate, which was at his house in London; which he did, but had not time to speak with such as we had desired to be our Counsel. So the case was heard without any opposition; and is determined that the University shall give their bond to the Executors, that they will annually raise and pay, out of the profits of the University, the sum of 150*l.* to be employed in the annual maintenance of the Garden; and lay out presently 200*l.* to fit up the Garden and Library. And all other matters, relating to the choice of Professors, Statutes, and regulations of the Professorship and Garden, are referred to a Master in Chancery, to hear both parties,

parties, and make report to the Lord Chancellor, who will give further directions therein. But what will 200*l.* do toward fitting the Garden and Library, where every thing is wanting, and in a ruinous condition? No stoves, nor greenhouse, fit for use. And I have been told it will not cost less than 300*l.* to clean the Garden, and make the ground fit for service.—I am sorry your Garden has suffered last Winter, and more for your illness, which was the cause of it. I thank you for your kind offer of supplying me with your Northern and Welsh Plants.—I had determined to give my Garden to Oxford, in case the University would build proper conveniencies to keep and preserve them; but, if we find that their design is to get the Professorship and neglect the Garden, they shall not have one Plant, nor the value of one halfpenny from me. I know how far I am capable of serving them, which now entirely depends upon their behaviour and treatment with us; for, though they have got part of my Brother's estate, they cannot command mine without my consent. These thoughts made me not so very careful of my Garden as otherwise I might have been: however, I cannot say but that it is in a thriving condition, and in general I think, without vanity, the best that I know; for Leyden is very much fallen off, though I have sent them this year above 200 Plants that they wanted. If I have any thing you desire, it is at your service. I am, Sir, your much obliged and very humble servant, J. SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Eltham, Feb.* 4, 1730-1.

"My Gardener and his wife left my service the beginning of December; but he had been about taking of a house for some time before, and came only once or twice a week to see how matters were, so I have been as it were without a Gardener most part of the Winter; under these circumstances I must expect great losses, for I stir but little into the Garden myself. I have now got another Gardener, who I hope may do, but he has not been much used to things in my way. I thank you for your kind offer of what your Garden can supply me with. I shall see in the Spring how matters stand, and will then trouble you with a line. I shoud be glad of the *Linaria* you mention, and the *Hypericon Montis Olympi.* I am obliged to your son for offering me his assistance in Holland. As to Micheli, when I was at Paris in September last, I found his book there; so I took that opportunity to write to him, and let him know how much his friends in England were surprised, to hear his book was delivered out every where but in England. I desired to know when we might expect to receive it, and gave him directions who to deliver copies to at Leghorn in order to be sent to me for the several subscribers. I have lately received an answer from him, that he had given orders for copies to be sent to me at the beginning of the Summer, before he undertook his annual herbarisations, but at his return he found his orders were not complied with; but that now he had sent to Leghorn, not only for the subscribers, but also 24 copies more, which he desires me to sell for him,

him, and return the money in books. I have not as yet heard any thing from the Merchant at Leghorn, neither do I expect till they are shipped; but at their arrival I will be sure to let you know. If there is any thing particular that you desire of me, please to let me know, for indeed my memory grows very infirm. Dr. Dillenius says the second volume of 'History of the Cape' is in the press; so soon as it is out, will advise you of it. We cannot finish our affair with the University; they will not now stand to their own agreements with us, except we will give up our right of nominating the future Professors. JAMES SHERARD."

"DEAR SIR, *Eltham, Sept.* 18, 1731.

"I sent you word I expected Micheli's new work, which did not arrive till lately, and has been since stopped at the Custom house to have the books examined, so that I did not get them clear till about a fortnight since, when I was obliged to meet the Tuscan Envoy, to whom Micheli has recommended the care of this affair; as there have been charges attending them, he desires they may be sent to a Bookseller, and give public notice that the subscribers may have copies delivered, paying their proportion of the charges which attended the bringing them into England. Micheli has sent a list of only 17 subscribers, to whom he desires copies may be delivered, amongst whom my Brother is not so much as mentioned; and he desires that the rest of the copies may be sold, and the money returned to him in such books as he has sent a catalogue of. Now I find the name of 28 Subscribers in my Brother's book of memorandums, and that he sent him first 20*l.* and afterwards 20*l.* more, as subscriptions, and on the account of this work; but, my Brother being dead, he thinks nobody knows how matters stand betwixt them, and so would sink all the rest of the money he sent him. This gives some delay to the delivery of the book, for I am loth to break bulk till matters are settled; but so soon as we can get over these matters, I will be sure to send your copy, or deliver it to any person you shall appoint. I received lately a letter from Mr. Brewer, repeating a demand from me of some Plants he had formerly made me a present of, chiefly about the time that I got his son the favour of going Factor into the East Indies; but, upon his quarrel with Dr. Dillenius, he demanded them again, and desired that I would send them to the White-horse without Temple-gate; but still said, if I had a liking to any of them, I was free to keep them; and accordingly I sent my coachman to London on purpose with such of them as then remained alive, which were delivered at the abovesaid place, of which I send you now my coachman's certificate, who called at the same place about 9 or 10 days after, and found the Plants still remaining there; and may be there still for aught I know, for I never sent since to inquire after them. Some considerable time since, he sent me word, he had not received the Plants, and desired I would pay him what I thought they were worth. I sent him an account where they were left by his order, and how the case then stood; but now lately

lately he has wrote me two other letters on the same subject, and desires again to pay him for them: but, if he sends 40 letters more, I will return them all, for at this rate there will be no end of quarreling. I have done already too much for the family; and when I reflect on the pains and charges I have been at, the obligations I have laid myself under in order to serve him, and how unhandsomely I have been since treated, I cannot bear it without some commotion; it is with reluctance I say this: neither can he let my poor Brother rest, but must still have a fling at him. Your most obliged, &c. JAMES SHERARD."

"SIR, *Eltham, Feb.* 24, 1731-2.

"I had wrote you sooner, but had some affairs which pretty much engaged my thoughts. The Oxford business was then upon the carpet. We have had several meetings about it with some Physicians of London. We have now sent the University our final determinations, to which we think they can no ways object, but hope in a little time to lay the whole before the Lord Chancellor, in order to have the sanction of that Court in form, as to the nomination of all future Professors, which the University have so strenuously endeavoured to have fixed in themselves. We have concluded all future nominations and visitorial power shall remain in the executors during their lives, and afterwards in the College of Physicians of London. We have also appointed a Committee, consisting of the Vice-chancellor, the Regius Professor of Physick, the two Proctors for the time being, with the six Seniors resident upon the physick line, who are to take care of all things relating to the Garden; subject nevertheless to an inspection of the Visitors. We have excluded the Parsons from holding the Professorship. These are the chief alterations. All other matters were pretty near concluded on before, so that I hope we shall have no farther delays about it. I am sorry you have had so much trouble with Mr. Brewer. You have been very kind, and I think myself very much obliged to you. I hope I shall hear no more from him. You are always very kind, and ready to assist your friends. I have lost some of my Northern Plants; when I come to look them over, I will take the freedom of letting you know how my stock stands. In the mean time, if I have any thing that will be acceptable, please to let me know. I am sadly plagued with Micheli, he has sent me fresh Proposals for subscribers to another work; but I will have nothing farther to do with him, I wish I was well cleared of him. I have had 5 or 6 letters from him within these two months. I am sorry to hear you are so often complaining. I bless God, I hold pretty well. J. SHERARD."

"SIR, *Eltham, Dec.* 5, 1732.

"Dr. Dillenius has now finished his 'Hortus Elthamensis;' and I would take the liberty to make you a present of one copy if I knew how to convey it to you: it is a large book, weighs 16 or 17 pound. At the same time Micheli's book may come, which I thought Dr. Dillenius had sent you long ago; which please to excuse, he having forgot to inquire of you whether it should be bound

bound or not. Please to let him know your mind at Tower-hill, and by whom they may be sent, and he will take care of the whole. You will see that he has not studied either to adorn his Book, or my Garden; his chief care having been to improve and advance the knowledge of Botany. However, such as it is, please to accept of it as a token of friendship and gratitude, from, Sir, your most obliged and very humble servant, JAMES SHERARD."

"P. S. I cannot get clear of Micheli as yet. He now disputes the payment of the last 20 guineas, though I have the Merchant's letter by me which proves the payment at Leghorn. He also insists to have authentic copies of my Brother's books sent to him, which is trifling, for my Brother was no merchant, nor kept regular books of accounts. The letters do more than enough prove the debt; but he has all along acted like a knave. J. S."

"SIR, *Eltham, Nov.* 9, 1739.

"I fear you will think me long in answering your obliging letter, which came to hand the day I set out from Eltham in order to go to Oxford; but I left your letter with Dr. Dillenius's maid, and desired her to fetch the box of Plants from the carrier on Thursday, and to send it after me the next morning by the Oxford coach; which accordingly was done, and I had the box on Saturday in good condition, and all the Plants were there planted before I left that place. I had then the pleasure of seeing your son; who said, he would be sure to let you know that I had received your kind present, for which I thank you. I now employ my thoughts chiefly in establishing that Garden. I have already sent some of almost all my Greenhouse Plants; and next Spring design to send Seeds and Roots of such as grow in the common ground. The University has already finished one Green-house and Stove; and are building another, which will be finished in the Spring. They have also promised to build two Bark Stoves in the Spring; so that then they will have conveniencies to receive my Stove Plants, which I propose to send next Summer. The Greenhouses are built after the model of my own, which answers very well to the obliquity of the place; but we were forced to make two of them, for uniformity sake; for the old Portal is indeed a very handsome building, and we therefore were loth to destroy it, but kept it for a middle object: but there has been a very great mistake, in placing these Greenhouses too far from the Portal, which scatters the work, and spoils the prospect; and is entirely contrary to what the Vice-chancellor and I had concluded and agreed upon at Eltham; where, for our better guidance, we had draughts of the whole in perspective; but it was not the Vice-chancellor's doing, and what is done cannot now be altered. I am glad they go on so cheerfully. I hope next year to see things entirely settled, and the Garden pretty well furnished, though I cannot possibly send all my Plants in less than 2 or 3 years. Dr. Dillenius went with me to Oxford. I expect he will settle there next Spring.

"I am, Sir, your most obliged and very humble servant,

"JAMES SHERARD."

DR.



WILLIAM TALBOT,
Bishop *of* Durham.

Dr. WILLIAM TALBOT, Bp. of DURHAM,

the only son of William Talbot, Esq. of Lichfield, by Mary, the daughter of Thomas Doughty, Esq. of Whittington, in Worcestershire, was born at Stourton Castle, in Staffordshire, one of his father's seats, a little before the Restoration. He was admitted a gentleman commoner of Oriel College in the beginning of the year 1674, at the age of fifteen; and the year following performed remarkably well in a speech in the *Encœnia*. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 16th of October, 1677; and proceeded to Master of Arts on the 23d of June, 1680: after which, he entered into holy orders; obtained the rectory of Berfield, in Berkshire; and married the daughter of Mr. Crispe, an eminent Attorney at Chipping Norton, in Oxfordshire. After the Revolution, by the interest of his kinsman, Charles Talbot, then Earl of Shrewsbury, he was promoted to the Deanry of Worcester, on the 23d of April, 1691, in the room of Dr. Hickes, ejected for refusing to take the oaths to the new government. In June following, he was diplomated Doctor in Divinity, by Archbishop Tillotson; and, distinguishing himself in the pulpit, was more than once called to preach before the Queen. Upon the demise of Dr. Fell, he was advanced to the Bishoprick of Oxford, to which he was consecrated the 24th of September, 1699, with leave to hold his Deanry *in commendam*.

His Doctor's degree was recognised in the University soon after his coming to the See of Oxford.

On the accession of King George the First, he was made Dean of the Chapel-royal.

He held the above Bishopric till the year 1715, when he succeeded Dr. Burnet in that of Salisbury; and, upon the death of Lord Crewe, was translated to the Bishopric of Durham, on which occasion he resigned the Deanry of the Chapel Royal. In the year of his translation he was made Go-

vernor of the Charter-house; and in 1721, on the death of Richard Earl of Scarborough, the King appointed him Lord-lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County Palatine of Durham.

The Bishop made his public entry into his Diocese on the 12th of July, 1722, when Dr. Mangey delivered an elegant public speech of congratulation at Farewell-hall. He went directly to the Cathedral church to prayers before he entered his Palace, and pronounced his blessing from the Throne. He preached from thence on Sunday the 15th of July, and on the 4th of August visited Newcastle.

Bp. Talbot rendered himself unpopular by two measures which he pursued.

One of these was, a Bill which he brought into Parliament in February 1722, and which passed the House of Lords, to enable Bishops to grant leases of mines, which had not thentofore been demised, without consent of Chapters *.

Sir John Eden, being then one of the representatives for the County of Durham, strenuously opposed this Bill in the Commons; though it must not be forgot, that his fellow member, Mr. Hedworth, refused to give the tenants any assistance, or to join in the petition against it; however, the oppositions against it were held so reasonable, that the Bill underwent great amendments, which occasioned those who had the conduct of it before Parliament to drop it, and it did not pass. But many of the old Prebendaries of Durham soon after

* Spearman tells us that "this attempt alarmed the whole Nation, and a vigorous opposition was made thereto, particularly by the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and the copyholders and leaseholders of this County; for it appeared to them, that the Bill was calculated for the Bishop of Durham and his family only, and not for his successors, and to deprive the copyholders and ancient leaseholders of the mines within their inclosed grounds, which the Bishops of Durham have of late claimed. The copyholds are descendable estates of inheritance to the heirs of the Roll tenants."

dying,

dying, the Bishop had the opportunity of preferring many of his friends in their places; and thereby had a majority in the Chapter, to confirm such leases as he thought fit to grant.

Sir John Eden was greatly applauded by all the County of Durham for his conduct, and at his return from Parliament was met by 1500 persons, to congratulate his arrival. This occasioned the Bishop to call on his dependents and friends, to meet him on coming into the Bishopric; and a cavalcade was formed, by many gentlemen, clergymen, and others, on the 23d of January 1739, who attended him into Durham, with about thirty coaches in their train.

The other matter which hurt the Bishop's popularity was, his insinuating to the Dean and Chapter the room there was for advancing the fines on their leases; setting the pernicious example in his own.

In 1725, the Bishop visited the Dean and Chapter, and exhibited Articles. He continued in this See till his death, which happened at his house in Hanover-square, London, on the 10th of October, 1730. He was buried privately in St. James's church, Westminster.

Twelve of the Bishop's Sermons were published in 1731, in one vol. 8vo; in some of which he asserts the notion of Dr. Samuel Clarke upon the Trinity. He was strongly attached to that Divine; and has been heard to lament greatly, that he could not give the Doctor the best preferment he had in his disposal, by reason of his refusing to subscribe the Articles *.

He was of a magnificent taste and temper, which often run him into difficulties, his great revenue not being answerable to his expences, and his son was often obliged to extricate him from his embarrassments. After the decease of his first wife, who died without issue, he entered into a second

* Biog. Brit.—Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. II.

marriage with Catharine, daughter of Alderman King, of London, by whom he had eight sons and several daughters *. His eldest son Charles, in November 1733, was made Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and, on the 5th of December following, created Baron of Hensol in the County of Glamorgan.

It is remarkable of this Prelate, that in nine years time he disposed of all the best livings in his patronage, both his Archdeaconries, and half the Stalls in his Cathedral; and it has been hinted, that he did not come to this opulent See without submitting to a *douceur* of six or seven thousand pounds †.

The annexed Portrait of his Lordship is copied from a print of Vertue, after an original Painting, when he was Bishop of Salisbury.

* Those who lived to maturity were, 1. Charles, who became Lord Chancellor; 2. Edward, who was born in the City of Worcester, and bred at Oriel College in Oxford, where, after taking his first degree of Arts, he was chosen fellow, 30th Oct. 1712. He proceeded M. A. 14th Oct. 1714; and resigned his fellowship 10th Oct. 1715, apparently on account of his marriage with Mary, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Martin. He died in 1720, Archdeacon of Berkshire, having issue an only daughter, Catharine ‡. 3. Sherington, who, being bred to the army, became captain of an independent company of foot, afterwards Lieutenant-colonel, and thence Colonel of a regiment of foot, 17th Feb. 1747. He married a daughter of —— Midget, who died the 6th of Sept. 1749; and had issue two sons, William and Charles. 4. Henry, a commissioner of the Salt duty; who married, first, a daughter of —— Lloyd, by whom he had issue a daughter, Elizabeth; and marrying, secondly, Catharine, daughter of Sir Hugh Clopton, of Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, had by her, who died 17th May, 1754, no issue. The Bishop's daughters were, Henrietta Maria, married to Dr. Charles Trimnel, Lord Bishop of Winchester; and Catharine, married to Exton Sayer, LL. D. who, being bred to the Civil Law at Trinity Hall in Cambridge, became a fellow of that College, and an Advocate in Doctor's Commons; and, after his marriage, was made Spiritual Chancellor of Durham, and surveyor of his Majesty's Land Revenues, &c. He died Member of Parliament for Totness in 1731.

† Hutchinson's History of Durham, vol. I. p. 573.

‡ Of this celebrated Lady see Literary Anecdotes, vol. IX. pp. 766—768.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, Esq.

This industrious Antiquary was a Solicitor of respectability, at Barnard-Castle, in the County of Durham. His professional engagements occupied a considerable portion of his time; but he devoted his leisure hours to the pursuits of Literature.

Mr. Hutchinson principally distinguished himself by the publication of Three County Histories:

1. "A View of Northumberland, with an Excursion to Mailross in Scotland, 1776, 1778." 2 vols. 4to.

2. "The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham, 1785, 1787, 1794*," 3 vols. 4to.; a Work now scarce †.

3. "The History of the County of Cumberland, and the Places adjacent, from the earliest Accounts to the present Time; comprehending the Local History of the County, its Antiquities, the Origin, Genealogy, and present State, of the principal Families, with Biographical Notes; its Mines,

* In a Letter dated Nov. 14, 1793, Mr. Hutchinson informed the Subscribers to the "History of Durham," that after so long and involuntary a delay, in consequence of a late decision, which terminated an expensive suit, the sole property of that work reverts to me. The printing of the Third Volume will not be delayed after I have had delivery of the MS. and the sheets already printed off. I propose to make several additions to complete this volume (a project opposed by the late Printer and contractor); and that the same shall be richly embellished with plates, for which additions a very moderate price will be imposed. But the Subscribers will be severally left to their option, to take the addenda, or receive the promised sheets *gratis*."

† Mr. Hutchinson committed a great mistake, in printing by far too great a number of the "History of Durham" (1000 copies; only *twenty* of which were on Royal Paper). After all the Subscribers were supplied, and he had disposed of as many copies as he could find purchasers for among the different Booksellers, he had still 400 setts remaining; all of which I purchased from him at a comparatively small price. The market, however, having been already overloaded, after selling only a very few copies at the end of several years, 200 setts were actually converted into waste paper; and almost all the remaining copies were consumed, by a fatal fire, February 8, 1808.

Minerals,

Minerals, and Plants, with other Curiosities either of Nature or of Art. Particular Attention is paid to, and a just Account given of, every Improvement in Agriculture, Manufactures, &c. 1794," 2 vols. 4to.

In all his literary projects, but more especially in the progress of his "History of Durham," Mr. Hutchinson experienced the most distinguished and friendly assistance from the late George Allan, of Grange *, Esq.; whose services Mr. Hutchinson at all times most gratefully acknowledged †.

* This appears from a considerable number of Letters which passed between them; and which, by the favour of their respective sons, I have had an opportunity of perusing.

† Mr. Surtees, to whom the Publick at large, and the County Palatine more especially, are indebted for the most satisfactory account of its "History and Antiquities," after candidly mentioning his various Topographical Predecessors, thus concludes them:

"The list of Provincial Antiquaries cannot be better closed than with the name of George Allan, of Grange, Esq who, from a very early age, devoted himself with extreme ardour to the Collection of materials for a History of his native County. It would far exceed the limits prescribed to these pages, to mention all the topographical contents of the Library at Grange, which, besides Mr. Allan's own collections, contains the greater part of Randal's MSS. and a large portion of those of Gyll, Hunter, Mann, Hodgson, and Swainston—In 1785, Hutchinson published the two first volumes of his History of Durham, founded almost entirely on the copious materials preserved at Grange; and the third volume appeared in 1794. Of a work so generally known, it would be impertinent to give any character in this place. The Editor feels his obligations in every page to the labours of his Predecessor, as a constant and useful index to a vast mass of materials, which must have been otherwise arranged with double the expence of time and labour, from an almost chaotic state. He may, however, be permitted to observe, that Hutchinson's work was undertaken and carried on amidst the avocations of professional duty, and completed, under many disadvantages, under the severe pressure of a law-suit with the Publisher, and the certain prospect of a considerable loss, which the Author was ill able to sustain; circumstances, perhaps, more than sufficient to account for suppressed materials, for some deficiencies in style, and for not more inaccuracies as to matters of fact than usually attend a first effort.—The Editor has no such disadvantages to allege in excuse for negligence or error; his time has been uninterruptedly his own, his mind has been long exercised on the subject, and he has met with unsolicited support and attention from

He was also indebted to the Rev. Daniel Watson * for much friendly advice in the progress of that History, and several other literary pursuits.

In 1772, he was Author of "The Hermitage †, a British Story."

In 1773, he published "An Excursion to the Lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland;" and, in that year, he formed an intimacy with the celebrated Mr. Pennant, who, describing his *Northern Tour*, in his own "Literary Life," thus mentions their first acquaintance: "Moses Griffiths made numbers of drawings. My ingenious friend Mr. Grose honoured me with using several for his fine work of the Antiquities of England; and, I believe, Mr. Hutchinson of Bar-

from every quarter. He fully feels the responsibility which these obligations imply; and, as he feels that the work falls certainly short of his own conceptions, he cannot but fear that it may disappoint the anxiety of his friends, and the just expectations of the Publick. There are Authors at whose touch the barren withered tree of Antiquity shoots into magic blossom and golden fruit :—*aurea non sua poma.* The spells which the taste and erudition of a Warton or a Whitaker can throw over the darkest and dreariest landscape, may convince the reader, that

"Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

"The Author is indebted to the kindness of many valued friends for a large portion of the MS collections already in existence relative to the County. Under this head his first acknowledgments are due to George Allan, of Grange, Esq. M. P. for the whole of his late Father's Collections *, enriched by the MSS. of Randall, and a large portion of those of Gyll and Hunter."

* Rector of Middleton Tyas. Of whom memoirs may be seen in the "Literary Anecdotes," Vol. VIII. p. 334; and some of whose Letters accompany this article. See p. 428.

† This was, I believe, the earliest production of Mr. Hutchinson from the press; and it is marked with all the strong characteristics which afterwards distinguished him as an Author. A Friend jocosely observed, that it strongly reminded him of "Hurlothrumbo, or The Supernatural," a famous dramatic piece by Charles Johnson. "The *British Story,*" he said, "was the very *Hurlothrumbo* of Romance; and, like Johnson's performance, too, it contains some sentiments, and exertions of imagination, which would do honour to more rational and more regular productions." See *Monthly Review, XLVIII.* 320.

* For the "unreserved communication of this invaluable Collection," Sir Cuthbert Sharp, in his "History of Hartlepool, 1816," acknowledges his obligations to the Collector's worthy son, George Allan, Esq.

nard

nard-castle will do the same in his History of Durham. I commenced a friendship with that gentleman in this journey, in a most singular manner: I was mounted on the famous stones in the church-yard of Penrith, to take a nearer view of them, and see whether the drawing I had procured, done by the Rev. Dr. Todd, had the least foundation in truth. Thus engaged, a person of good appearance, looking up at me, observed, *What fine work Mr. Pennant had made with those stones!* I saw he had got into a horrible scrape; so, unwilling to make bad worse, descended, laid hold of his button, and told him, *I am the man!*—After his confusion was over, I made a short defence, shook him by the hand, and we became from that moment fixed friends."

Soon after this, Mr. Hutchinson entered also into a friendly correspondence with Mr. Grose; and a few of the Letters he received from both those excellent Antiquaries shall be annexed to this Memoir*.

In 1775 he published "The Doubtful Marriage†, a Narrative drawn from Characters in real Life, in 3 vols. 12mo‡; and, in 1776, "A Week in a Cottage, a Pastoral Tale;" and a Romance after the manner of "The Castle of Otranto."

In the same year he was the Editor, from the private press of Mr. Allan, of a small volume of Poetical "Remains," by his deceased Brother, Mr.

* See pp. 443, 447.

† "The greatest part of this Work is taken from original Letters. Other material incidents are founded upon facts; and no more is fictitious than that dress which the Editor esteemed to be necessary to bring the Narrative regularly forward to the public eye, in a natural chain of events. The barrenness of incident must be imputed to an adherence to the real succession of events which took place with the parties. The Editor's intention was, to deter young people from such marriages, by holding out to them *examples* destitute of fiction. The mode of publication was chosen, to gain access to *Circulating Libraries*; whence the youth of both sexes, in this age, obtain much of their reading; thereby to reach the eye of those to whom a grave moral essay would not approach." W. H.

‡ This was reprinted in 1792.

Robert

Robert Hutchinson *; illustrated by a Portrait of the Author, in the habit of an Under-graduate; an odd figure, drawn probably by himself. This little volume contains also some other Plates †.

"An Oration at the Dedication of Free Masons' Hall in Sunderland, on the 16th July, 1778, by Brother William Hutchinson," contains a modest and elegant Account of the Origin, Principles, and Conduct, of the Free Masons ‡.

* This gentleman, who had received an academical education at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, was intended for the Church, but never entered into holy orders. He held an official situation at Durham under Bishops Trevor and Egerton. He died in November 1773; and, sometime after that event, a Drawing which he had made of Bp. Trevor, with some particulars of his character, were communicated to the late Mr. Allan, who formed from it his memoirs of that worthy Prelate. Some traits of his friendly Correspondence will be found in a future page.

† Mr. Robert Hutchinson, whilst at Cambridge, etched many Plates; amongst which are, *The Academic Mac;* a Portrait of Lady Frances Sidney, the Foundress of Sidney Sussex College; another of *Mother Sheppard, Shoe-cleaner of Sidney College;* and several small etchings after the manner of Rembrandt.

‡ "An acknowledgment and adoration of the Supreme Being," says the Orator, "gave rise to this Institution; — the natural wants and infirmities of human life, very early pointed out the necessity of mutual aids — Free-masonry regulated these aids by religious principles. The consecrations of Places or Altars to the Deity, gave preference to the Science of Architecture: hence, Architecture became the basis of the Society. Free Masons are, therefore, traced from their attendance on Moses in the Wilderness to the present time, in regular historical order; and the different classes of brethren are accounted for in a rational and entertaining manner. The first character of a Mason, we are told, is Charity, the next is Truth. These are made known to the world: and as to the secrets and mysteries of the Society, they are consistent with the purest maxims of the Christian Revelation. As the Mason professes the derivation of his religious sentiments to be from contemplation and admiration of the Supreme Being in the wonderful work of Nature, it can be no matter of astonishment, says the ingenious Orator, "that men who had formed their original plan from Nature, should resort to Nature for their lessons of proportion and ornament to complete their lessons. The eye that was charmed with the fair sex — the heart that was conscious of woman's elegance and beauty, would instantly catch the idea from thence, and, fired with this favourite object, transpose the fair symmetry to the system he was studying. It was a natural transposition. Nothing

In 1785, Mr. Hutchinson very obligingly favoured me by the communication of several Letters and Autographs of eminent Persons who flourished early in the Eighteenth Century *, with the authentification printed below †.

In 1788, Mr. Hutchinson commenced Dramatic Writer; and, in a single week, completed the Tragedy of "Pygmalion, King of Tyre;" which he submitted to the perusal of his friend the Rev.

thing could be conceived more likely to refine the maxims of the Architect's design, who was touched with such passion and sentiment as Milton happily expresses it:

"On she came:——
Grace was in all her steps—Heaven in her eyes—
In every gesture, Dignity and Love," &c.

* Among these are particularly to be noticed the Letters of Dr. Gilbert Burnet (afterwards Bp. of Salisbury); which were, in 1739, in the possession of Mr. Warburton, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Gloucester; by whom they were given to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, but reclaimed by a Yorkshire Attorney, who was an Agent of the Wharton Family. See vol. II. p. 98.

† "Some few years ago, by accident, there fell into my hands a confused heap of papers, which belonged to the Wharton family. Such as were worthy attention I transcribed, as many of the hands'-writing were difficult to be read, for the easier communication of my friends. I selected the Poems into one book, and the Letters into another; and in this state both the originals and copy have remained with me unpublished. It has occurred to me, that some parts of this collection may be esteemed curious. If you think the books worth the carriage, I will send them up; and, if they are thought worth attention, you are welcome to publish any of them.—The first book consists of Letters, and Poems introduced therein, from Dr. Burnet to the Marchioness of Wharton, which give a light on those characters not publicly known. The rest of the collection in this book are chiefly political; wrote to Lord Wharton in the year 1706, and so to 1711, from the Earl of Marchmont, W. Fleming, Lord Sunderland, General Palmes, Lieut.-Gen. Rosse, with an account of the Campaign in 1708, and the returns of prisoners, &c. Lieut.-Colonel Gledhill, Lord Galway, Duke of Shrewsbury, Duke of Richmond, Young, Addison, De Foe, and several others. W Hutchinson."

Some considerable extracts from these volumes may be seen in the "Letters of Granger, 1805," p. 220—252; and several of the Letters are inserted in Gent. Mag. vols. LV. LXXXV. and LXXXVI.—The Originals were purchased, about 1775, in a beautifully ornamented chest, from a descendant of the Whartons.

Daniel

Daniel Watson; whose approbation induced him to write a second Tragedy, "The Tyrant of Orixa." Both these Plays were, through the friendship of Dr. Carr of Hertford, submitted to Mr. Harris, the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre; but neither of them was either acted or printed. (See p. 428.)

In the mean time Mr. Hucthinson adopted a hint given by Mr. Watson; and produced "The Princess of Zanfara, a Dramatic Poem;" which was also introduced to Mr. Harris by Dr. Carr in 1788, but without success. It was printed in 1789, and has been frequently performed at Provincial Theatres.

Besides the Works already enumerated, Mr. Hutchinson left in MS (ready for the press) "The Pilgrim of the Valley of Hecass, a Tale:" and a volume of "Letters addressed to the Minister, 1798, by a Freeholder North of Trent;" containing many judicious observations, on the British Parliament; the Church of England; Church Possessions; the Law; the Cultivation of Common Land; the Maintenance of the Poor; the Post-office; and the Stamp Duties. He left also a copy of his "History of Durham," corrected for a second Edition; and had prepared a Poetical Sketch of his own Life.

A very short time before the publication of the *Eighth* Volume of the "Literary Anecdotes," my worthy Friend George Allan, Esq. (on favouring me with the Portraits of his Father and Mr. Hutchinson) took notice of the latter gentleman's "faculties, though at a very advanced age," being "perfectly equal to the business of his profession:" but, before that Volume was actually finished, Mr. Hutchinson was released from the cares of life, April 7, 1814, at the age of 82; having only two or three days survived his wife, whose age was 78. They were both buried in the same grave.

Three daughters survive; and one son, to whom I am obliged for the communication of the Letters of Mr. Watson, Mr. Pennant, and Mr. Grose.

Extracts

Extracts from Letters to Mr. HUTCHINSON, by the Rev. DANIEL WATSON, and Dr. JOHN CARR.

"DEAR SIR, *Middleton Tyas, Feb.* 19, 1788.

"You were never more mistaken, I assure you. Instead of exclaiming 'Is the man mad?' I was not at all surprized. The first piece I saw of yours was Historical — the remark I made upon it to Mr. Allan was this: 'This friend of yours cannot keep to the easy narrative; his imagination perpetually runs away with him into apostrophe and blank verse; and his style in some parts, how well soever it may suit a Dramatic piece, becomes in the Historian *Prose run mad.* What unforeseeing Demon made you an Attorney, I know not. Sure I am, he mistook your *forte,* though not your interest; Parnassus being a very bare pasture. I read 'TheDeath of Pygmalion' (for that ought to be the title) the afternoon I received it. The next step I took, you may think not much to the purpose; it was reading it to my women, to see what effect it had on their passions. I was much pleased to find theirs were more interested than my own had been. You pay me too great a compliment by submitting it to my judgment. In the course of next week I will set about making a sheet of remarks upon it, but shall not by any means alter a syllable in the MS.; and, if I am not able to do the part of a severe and just critic, assure yourself of the kind offices of an honest man and a friend. I give you the trouble of this in the mean time, that you may not suspect the MS. is thrown aside and neglected. I think, so far as I can yet judge, it merits a very different treatment.—But is it possible it could be the effusion, as you call it, of one week? If so, set your imagination to work on *horror* and *pity*; and, if *love* be necessary, take it in too. Your subject, any of the West India Islands belonging to the English. Your *Personæ,* a rascally Captain of a Ship in the African trade, two more rascally and barbarous Planters with their white servants, a Negro Prince and Princess, a faithful Negro of each sex, faithful from connexions in early life in their native country, an insurrection as tragic as you can make it; the Prince, the Hero.

"Do not suppose I am saying this to amuse — very far from it; I was never more in serious earnest; and, if you have time, and will set about it, I shall think myself obliged. Such a piece would be well timed, and would do infinitely more towards promoting the great cause of humanity now on the *tapis,* than any thing that has been written on the subject. Managers indeed are ill to deal with; but on such a subject, at this time, I think they might be induced to take it. Do not read 'The Royal Slave,' for fear of having your own imagination warped, and for fear of your insensibly mixing the language with your own.

"Yours, very truly, D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Middleton Tyas, Feb.* 23, 1788.

"The Address to Old Ocean is well conceived, and well written, except

except *shake thy laughing side*, which is too bold a metaphor. And you may, perhaps, find a better epithet than *surly* for Chaos."

After a long Letter of similar remarks and corrections (all of which Mr. Hutchinson *adopted), Mr.* Watson *proceeds*:

"Had my poor friend Sterne been alive, I should be better warranted in saying the performance will do you credit. I will, however, on my own judgment, take upon me to say, it can do you no discredit in the closet. Have you any friends in London who have interest with the Managers? Much depends on this, and on a fair copy in a plain hand; not an Attorney's, like this. If you shew it to any other, I desire you would keep my remarks to yourself. But, indeed, I do not know any one, my friend Carr excepted, who has a taste for compositions of this kind. His assistance I can easily procure you on a more legible copy.—A Letter from George* to-day, with a very good account of his father at Bristol. His appetite much better, and he is much amused with the Antiquities, &c. of the place. I wish he may not take cold in hunting after them in damp Churches; and it is a wonder to me he took none in travelling through a country not fit for any other inhabitants but Frogs and Dutchmen, in visiting Lincoln and Peterborough. D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Middleton Tyas, March* 13, 1788.

"I thank you for your expedition. I entertained not any expectation of hearing from you sooner than next Saturday. How rapid your pen! how fertile your imagination! I read it first myself, then gave it to my wife; whose remark was, 'that you had had Tom Southerne in your head;' and, after returning me yours, retired to her own room, to read Tom; and told me in the evening 'that Hutchinson was the better Poet.' 'How, my dear?' 'First, in point of language; and secondly, in making his *Personæ* speak in character. In Oroonoko, they have all the same ideas; and their habits and modes of thinking speak them all of the same country.' 'Bravo! Dolly. I will read it again, and then I will dispute the matter with you; for I must not give up Tom Southerne, if it was but for the sake of his Prologue.'—There is no contesting with women. I was obliged to come so far into her way of thinking, that, if yours can be well supported with *Stage-trick*, as Tom's always has been, and is to this day, it would just now more affect an audience. Nor do I see many epithets that are improper. The winding up is too like Oroonoko indeed; and, for fear of that, I wished you not to read it; though I had neither read nor seen it for many years, yet I retained so much of it, that I was afraid you might retain more. I wrote to Hertford about 'Pygmalion;' and at the same time acquainted my friend there, that you had promised, at my request, to try your Muse on the Slave Trade; and begged his good offices, as an honest Critic, on the former or the latter, as would be most agreeable to him; adding, that you would esteem it as no ordi-

* The late Mr George Allan, whose father was then at Bristol.

nary

nary obligation, and I should consider it as a favour done to myself. If he is not in London, as I think he is not, I expect his answer very soon; and when it comes, you shall hear from me. All I shall say more at present is, that of these two, I think the younger brother the better gentleman.

"Now for our friend at Bristol, whose account of himself is such as rejoices us all. I have had two Letters lately. In the former he says, 'Hutchinson ought not to be let loose into the wild fields of imagination. He is a better Antiquary, and has already begun to transcribe Horsley.' Is this true? Why give yourself such unnecessary labour? The old text would do well enough. In the latter Letter he talks of visiting some Druidical scenes, and of a visit of 4 or 5 days at Bath this week, on Mr. Vane's invitation. — He also mentions your conversation at Grange. Do you really think *old James* begins to think he has gone too far *? I wrote thus to him the other day, and sent my son Horace with it to Grange.

> "A Letter, not from your grandson, whose modesty would not permit him to write himself, but from one of his friends, has given me such satisfaction, that I cannot resist the pleasure of communicating it to you. There were no fewer than sixteen arguments brought against his question, and he took off twelve of them; when the Moderator dismissed the combatants with these words: Domini Opponentes, satis et optimè disputâstis: Tu autem, Domine Respondens, non sine magno acumine ingenii satis et optimè disputâsti; et in hoc tuo certamine, tui primus ordinis, tantum exemplum industriæ præbuisti, ut non solùm de me, sed de totâ Academiâ laudem maximam merearis.'
>
> "As he was the first Fellow Commoner that ever appeared in such a character, the School was astonishingly crowded — above 200. The compliment paid him was equally great and just, and the honour he has received will not soon be forgot. I give you joy of it, and am, &c.

"What effect this will have, is uncertain; or whether any; yet one would think it would be grateful to his pride, if to no other passion. It gives the poor father great joy; and as it is the only incident of a pleasurable colour he has had for a long, very long time, I trust the tide is turning in his favour. D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Middleton Tyas, March* 18, 1788.

"A Letter last night. My friend Carr will be glad to see the Tragedy; and to act the part, not only of a friendly critic, but will try his strength with Harris, brother to Harris the Manager of Covent Garden, to bring it on. He observes, no time is to be lost, lest the people be set a-gaping at some new object, when

* Mr. George Allan's father. This alludes to some family misunderstandings, which were afterwards happily adjusted.—The old gentleman died in the January following.

the

the Slave Trade grows stale. Will you give me leave to send it by the coach, and let it take its chance? Your name will be concealed to all but friends. Tell me immediately by sending a line to Greita Bridge. There is no time to make the alteration you proposed. A much better judge than I am is reading it just now, but your name is concealed. I write in haste, to save the post. The Doctor asks, if Mr. Hutchinson's Muse gives him time to eat his dinner. Yours faithfully, D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Middleton Tyas, April 2, 1788.*

"If I can judge by my own feelings, you will perhaps already expect some account. But that would be unreasonable; for, owing to your own son staying so long at York, it was not put into the Mail-coach so soon as I sent it, and even at last not by him; so that Dr. Carr cannot yet have formed any judgment. I write this merely on account of what I suppose your feelings must be; and that you may not be too sanguine, I send you the sentiments of a friend of mine, to whom I communicated not only the *Personæ*, but a sketch of their characters; informing him, that I could not write in theatrical language, but had prevailed on a Friend* to undertake it, who had performed in one week, what, I thought, if supported with half the stage-trick that had been and was still employed for Oroonoko, would do him great credit. His words are,

> "I perfectly see into your plan; it resembles that of Oroonoko so much, that the Managers would at once reject it, however well written. This would undoubtedly be the case, if there was no other resemblance than that of the Prince and Princess to Oroonoko and his wife. But, besides this, there is a fellow slave, friend to the Prince; there is a rascally Captain, a villainous Governor, an insurrection; indeed the whole *Dramatis Personæ* of the one is similar to the other, as far as the tragic characters are concerned."

"Do not let this discourage you. My friend has been unfortunate, and is sore with what he thinks the ill-treatment he has met with from the Managers. His 'Hecuba' was damned, in spite of Garrick's friendly endeavours and great expence in dresses, &c. to save it. His 'Heraclidæ,' which the late Mrs. Allan of Grange sent for because she knew it was written by a friend of mine, fared no better. Indeed all he has written shared the same fate; and owing to the same cause, the Greek chorus, which nothing can make him abandon. They all please in the closet; but neither his, nor Mason's, nor any body's on the Greek plan, has yet succeeded on the stage. I still am of opinion myself it will do you credit, if the *Managers* can be but *managed.* Turn out how it may, your name is concealed from every body but Dr. Carr, and Mr. George Allan at Bath; and it shall be concealed till you give leave to have it known. Nor shall it cost you any thing, as it was obligingly written at my request.

* This friend was the Rev. Robert Potter.

this

"This moment a Letter from Dr. Carr. It is too long to transcribe; I will make a parcel of it, and send it to your son, who will find some means of sending it to Barnard Castle. You will see I have the Doctor on my side, and I hope he will continue on my side after he has compared it with Oroonoko. I did not write a syllable on the blank leaves, but filled a sheet with remarks to the Doctor; and the few passages he has taken notice of in his Letter are those I remarked on. As soon as I hear from him again, you shall hear from me. In the mean time I give you joy of his good opinion. He is a good judge. There is a want of delicacy in my sending you his Letter; but you will make no improper use of it. Yours sincerely, D. WATSON."

"To the Rev. Mr. Daniel Watson.

"DEAR SIR, [*April* .. 1788.]

"I have lost no time in sending *the Princess* to London, from whence, if the report prove favourable, as I hope it will, you shall immediately know it. I have made no alteration whatever, reserving my observations till I see the work again. Mr. Hutchinson's genius has not been cramped by reading Aristotle; and therefore his being able to write a Tragedy in a week is the less wonderful. The elder Warton has remarked, 'that no great work has ever appeared, in any age or nation, after the rules of composition have been once established.' If this be true, as I incline to think it is, it is a misfortune to a Poet to be loaded with Greek and Latin; though learning to spell may not be any incumbrance to him. Some of the names of the *Dramatis Personæ* might be altered for the better. Why, for instance, is the Governor called Leonidas? Not surely from any resemblance to the Spartan Leonidas. Pembroke is characterized as a Puritan, and spoken of or to as 'a pale Puritan.' This is like the childish spite of a Sectary. I could point out many passages, which, in my opinion, shew true genius.

"The idea of Hope having escaped to Heaven seems to be exactly in the middle between sublimity and bombast, and may be allowed to either as the wader feels himself disposed. Voltaire, no very good judge of the higher kinds of Poetry, after describing the greatness and riches of a character who was reduced to a low station, advises the reader to tremble at the thought of being happy. This being recited in the hearing of Dr. Anthony Askew's Greek; the Greek exclaimed, 'I come from the country of Homer! Homer has no such boyish conceits'."

"I think with you, that the African prays in a different manner, but have no doubt of his being much in the practice of divination, but whether by horoscope I cannot say. I think Pembroke's operation with the lancet no bad thought, which Mr. Hutchinson has borrowed from diamonds being concealed in the human body for less pious purposes. On the whole, the business of this Drama, though exhibiting few situations entirely new, is conducted in a manner that shews the Author possessed of judgment as well as fancy; and I wish him success with all my heart.

heart. With respect to the exhibition doing good, I have to observe, that the Publick are already of your opinion with regard to the Slave Trade; but the Ministry are not, and will not be moved by Theatrical representations. I have forgot Oroonoko, but will read it anew on this occasion. I think the simile of the Bull very well adapted to the speaker, though that alone is not a sufficient reason for retaining it, as nothing indelicate should be admitted on the Stage; but that objection does not seem to apply here. I must leave off. Yours ever, J. CARR."

Rev. DANIEL WATSON to Mr. GEORGE ALLAN, [*April* . . 1788.]

"I wrote to Mr. Hutchinson, in a parcel to Mr. Zouch, to tell him, not to be mortified that his Tragedy cannot come on. Harris is no judge, take my word for it. And now that Mr. Hutchinson will have time, I have no doubt but it may be made a good thing; and I have requested Dr. Carr's severe friendship on the blank pages. D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *August* 23, 1788.

"Your Letter distresses me. If any thing you can propose for alleviating our friend's distress of mind by a meeting, I will meet you in any place. His son and a young gentleman of Trinity, both schoolfellows with my poor young man now in his grave, dined here this day fortnight. As Mr. Zouch dined here along with them, the young gentleman had no opportunity of talking with me on business. He wished that I would write to his father, fearing he may want the help of a friend to keep his spirits in a proper key. I wrote that moment; but have not had a word in reply. In this perturbed state of mind, you will not wonder if I can have made no remarks on what you have obligingly lent me.

"I have hastily run over the two Tragedies; and, so far as I can judge from so hasty a reading, I pronounce the Eastern one infinitely superior in point of composition. As to fable, plot, characters, &c. I can yet say nothing But why are you in such haste with that you mean for the press? Might it not be as well to defer it till the town fills? In spite of Harris and Mrs. Siddons, I still have a *penchant* for that piece. All their objections are, its likeness to Southerne's. The truth is. it has hardly any other likeness but in sentiment, in bringing Southerne's to remembrance; and *meo periculo*, I pronounce it to be in every respect superior. Whether Harris and Siddons are as good judges of what will do for the closet, as they are of what will bring grist to their own mills, I have my doubts. I should rather think they are not. And whether you should call it a Tragedy, or a Dramatic Discourse, or Poem on the Slave Trade, I know not how to advise. For your own interest, I could wish that title adopted which would most catch the public attention, and not to give any idea of its being ever offered to the Stage. Try if you can find out, or recollect, under what title Mason published his *Caractacus**. You may, by turning to the Universal History,

* "Caractacus, a Dramatic Poem, written on the Model of the antient Greek Tragedy; by the Author of Elfrida, 1759."

find African names enough for your *Dramatis Personæ;* and may see just enough of African mythology, as to save you from the lash of the Critics, which would be severe enough, if they should find your Africans talking like Greeks and Romans. Where any ideas of that kind have escaped you, I will endeavour to mark them. Dr. Carr, I think, said something of the structure, as to *prosodia.* Of that I can be no judge, having no *lugs.* I will, however, run up some remarks, and send you them very soon, and wish it was in my power to give you more essential proofs of my esteem and regard.—But, in the mean time, do not fail to tell me what you would propose with respect to our Friend. 'His affairs sit heavy on my mind. I do not know much of the world; but, from what I do know, the many aukward and distressing circumstances, coming thick one upon another, are beyond any thing I have heard; and I never think of them without putting up a secret prayer for fortitude of mind in our Friend. Believe me truly yours, &c. D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 25, 1788.

"I am in a hurry; but, as you request two penny-worth, I sit down to give it you, while my wife is dressing, in order to accompany me to Sir William Chambers, who is on a visit to his daughter Mrs. Milbanke. They ran away with my daughter on Saturday, and we dine to-day on invitation. You would see in the papers, that Sir William was a *bearer* to poor Gainsborough *; and I suppose you know what his connexions have been, with Dr. Johnson, Baretti, &c.; and that he is honoured with the private conversation of our gracious Monarch on works of taste.

"If I can find a proper opportunity to introduce your Dramatics, assure yourself I will not omit it; but it will require some delicacy: he is a man of true politeness, but, at the same time, wears the appearance of a man of form. The latter is discouraging. Yours truly, D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 10, 1788.

"Till the moment I received your Letter, which was this morning, what you said an age ago about a Dedication had escaped me; and as to a motto, there is not the least trace in my memory that you ever named it till now. The first line that struck me was Virgil's

'Nos, animæ viles, inhumata infletaque turba,'

as expressive of the *despised* and distressed Africans. The next thought was, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' *viz.* the seal on the Letter of thanks wrote to me by the Chairman of the Society in London. This seal your Frontispiece, and above it Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν, quoted by St. Paul in his speech at Athens, from Aratus, a Poet of the Apostle's own country two or three hundred years before. Turn to the xviith chapter of the Acts, "Hath made of one blood," &c. "We are his offspring," &c.; and judge yourself of the propriety of these five Greek words for the motto, along with the seal, representing the Negro in chains; a copy of which, for Bewick to cut in wood, you may borrow of

* At Gainsborough's Funeral.

Mr.

Mr. Tunstall. Nay, you need not trouble him; he presented one by Wedgwood to my daughter for a bracelet, which you may have. I cannot this moment think of any thing better.

"As to Dedication, I know not what to advise. You yourself, and no other person whatever, must determine on the person to whom you pay the compliment. There is a Mr. Hutchinson, to whom you wished to pay a tribute of thanks for a present made you of a dial, I think. Is he a man of taste, or reputed such? This to be considered in the first place, for sake of propriety. A man would not act the part of the late Provost of Queen's College, who dedicated Barbarini's Poems to old Hasell of Dalemaine, who could not read a line in them. All that could be said for the impropriety was, that Hasell had been his benefactor. As to Mrs. Siddons, she read the Poem, and commended it. But was it to yourself? I should think her as proper as any; and see only one objection, and that is, an inference that the world would immediately draw from it—that it had been offered to the stage, and rejected. This one would wish to avoid. You have no connexions at Rokeby: if you had, Mason is adored there, and would, on account of his fame, be a most proper patron.

"Which of the great folks in the County of Durham, the Subscribers to your History, is a man of taste? Fix on your man, and then think of what you are to say to him. His rank, manners, mode of life, connexions, &c. are all to be considered; what he may not blush to accept, and what you may not blush to offer; and yet nothing personal *in* him, nor *to* him; but your own gratitude and reverence in general terms, and so short as not to exceed an 8vo page. But there is such real difficulty in writing a Dedication, that, were I in your situation, I should prefer a plain ascription, as of your 'History' to the late Bishop*. If, however, you prefer the former, pray send me one, and I will give you my opinion of it, and any assistance in my power, though, I own to you as a friend, you do not want it from me or any body; for you write well, better than any body I know, considering the haste you make; and you have nothing to fear but from too warm an imagination.

"Though I may seem to have forgot you, I have not. I have been thinking of an old home story for a Tragedy. Johnny Armstrong of Gilknock-hall, with his fourscore men, was tried by the March Laws, and acquitted. Lord Wharton and the English returning from Court on one side of the Liddell, Johnny and his men gallantly returning to Gilknock-hall on the other. A party of the English, vexed at Johnny's acquittal, crossed the river, seized him, kept him a prisoner, and afterwards lodged him in Carlisle Castle. Johnny's men's spirits were raised, marched silently to Carlisle, and, with scaling-ladders, rescued their master. Johnny and his men began again their old trade, of robbing the English Border, and driving away the cattle. *Bess* thundered against the King of Scotland, and demanded the prisoner. Johnny's plea, that he had been acquitted by the laws

* Dr. John Egerton.

 of

of his country, would have availed him at Edinburgh, but for the dastardly spirit of Jemmy, who durst not remonstrate to Bess; but, to pay his court to her, invited Johnny to Edinburgh by a Letter in his own hand, with the Royal promise of safe conduct, and, without trial, hanged up Johnny and his men. What a dastardly soul was Jemmy! what gallant souls were Johnny's men! It is possible you may meet with the old ballads on the subject: if not in print, some old people may still sing,

'There lives a man in Westmorland,
Johnny Armstrong they do him call,
Who has no lands nor rents coming in,
But keeps fourscore men within his hall.'

"Westmorland is the name of the Duke of Buccleugh's country, the Scotch classic land. Home stories, at a proper distance of time, are more interesting than distant scenes. It was from the old ballad of Gil Morrice, that Mr. Home took his Tragedy of Douglas. And it was from some old songs and traditional stories that he took the siege of Berwick, where Lord Winton commanded the garrison, and two of his sons in a sally are taken by Percy, who erects a gallows, and threatens Lord Winton to hang up his sons, if he does not immediately surrender. In the struggle between paternal feelings, and what was due to his country, his wife, called Black Bess of Pinton, bids him preserve his honour, they are young enough to have more children, and Percy hangs the two sons. For fear of disobliging the late Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. Home was advised to alter this Tragedy, and make it the siege of some place at a distance, Aquleia I think. I will send *the African* to Mr. George Allan's this week Believe me, dear Sir, truly yours, D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 24, 1788.

"How I expressed myself, either to you or Mr. George Allan, I know not; carelessly enough in all probability. But sure I am, I meant to convince you of my sincerity; and that, if in my remarks I had taken great liberty, it was my head, not my heart, that was in fault. I am sorry for the anecdote of my Friend, nor have I ever seen those traits that indicated such a mind. But, if he is a better physiognomist, he knows that Socrates was a devilish surly looking fellow, and that Archbishop Tillotson had the look of a butcher, and that *fronti nulla fides.* To this list I could add my Uncle Tickell, no mean Poet, who had a placid look, and yet was as waspish a cur as you would wish to meet with. I think what you purpose will do very well; or,

'To Granville Sharp, Esq. Chairman to the Committee;
and to the Society, instituted in 1787,
for the purpose of effecting the Abolition of the Slave Trade;
this small Tribute is most respectfully inscribed, by, &c.'

"But, in this case, you will be under a necessity of presenting a few copies, which ought to be on a better paper, and gilt on the edge. Perhaps *one* may do, to the Chairman; for I see the Committee

Committee consist of 25; not one of whom do I know any thing of; but it is probable you may yourself, as you are a *Durhamite*, and he is a son of the late venerable Archdeacon Sharp, and a brother of the present Archdeacon. If you do not, your Durham connexions may enable you to make the present with greater propriety. But, if I had had any idea of your coming at the Precentor*, I should have recommended your dedicating it to him. You know he is a Dramatic Writer; and I can add, that he recommended the cause of the poor Africans from the Pulpit, and accompanied it with 20 guineas. A dramatic piece, rather than any thing historical, would take best with him. My friend whom you name, might with justice call him ugly; but his mind is not so. In point of composition, if he has a fault, it is being so correct as to let the fire evaporate. I know nothing that has been wrote on the conquest of Wales, but the finest Ode any age has produced:

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
'Confusion on thy banners wait!'

"In this Ode you'll meet with enough for your fertile imagination, to make Edward a savage, and the Druids holy and venerable characters. But, rather than consult the *Historians*, I could wish you to be in the *old Chronicles*. The latter have more of the marvellous. Ask Mr. Harrison, if there are any Legends on the subject in the Durham Library; or perhaps Mr. Tunstall may have some. You may, I dare say, send *Pygmalion* to Dr. Carr. I will, however, name it to him in a post or two; therefore send it as soon as you please, and have opportunity.

"In looking over your Letter since I wrote the above, I see you ask, Would it not strike the publick, if addressed to 'the Society?' I own I think it would; and be more likely to make it sell than the other way. I hope you have contrived some new names for *Personæ*. Some of them were very improper, as Dr. Carr remarked.

"I give you joy of a better account of the King. It is a critical time, God knows.—On Sunday sen'night, after waiting an hour in expectation of the Prayer by public authority, the following was run up before Church, and read that day: in the afternoon came the Prayer from London.

"O merciful God, who knowest whereof we are made, for in thy book are all our members written, look down, we beseech thee, with an eye of compassion, on thy afflicted servant, our gracious Sovereign, whom, for wise purposes of thy moral government, thou hast visited in mind as well as body. Teach us to consider from hence how soon, without thy protecting hand, our strength fails, and all our thoughts perish. Behold his subjects of every denomination and persuasion, from the highest to the lowest, in this day of their distress, crying unto thee on his behalf, and joining in prayer with his disconsolate Queen, the Prince of

* The Rev. William Mason, Precentor of York.

Wales,

Wales, and all his sorrowing Family. *Let in a beam of thy heavenly light, to dispel the clouds and darkness in which his mind is wrapped up;* and restore him to that composedness as in the months and years that are past, when thy candle shined upon his head, that he may again walk into thy holy place, where his devout attendance on public worship has been an edifying lesson of piety. Spare his precious life, for his own sake, his family, his subjects; that all may be blessed with a still farther display of his exemplary virtues, till he die, full of years, and full of glory. But if, for our manifold provocations, and particularly our neglect of public worship, thou hast otherwise determined, grant that party spirit may not go forth, like an angel of destruction, to disturb the peace of the world; but that the Son may be blessed with the same wise and honest Counsellors, that have contributed to render the Father the best beloved of Kings, and his subjects the happiest of people. O great and good Giver of health, who art also the Author of Peace, and Lover of Concord, hear and regard these our earnest prayers, we humbly beseech thee, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate."

"On Thursday I wrote a Sermon, on the Interposition of Providence, and the duty of having recourse to him when threatened with calamity; and, after instances of sacred story to my purpose, ventured on Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth before the Battle of Agincourt. None better knew the movements of the human heart; and what was in character, therefore, was proper as matter of fact. Yours truly, D. WATSON."

Mr. WATSON to Mr. GEORGE ALLAN.

"DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 11, 1789.

"You are going to Barnard Castle. What follows relates partly to you, and partly to Mr. Hutchinson:

"Mr. Hutchinson's two Tragedies came by the coach, without any letter or note whatever. From attending Mrs Whitehill's wedding, and other business in this great town, I really have not had leisure to bestow a proper attention to them, but discern at once the same spirit and fancy. I send them this morning to one of the Managers for his opinion. I thank you much for a sight of your admirable Prayer. *Cedite, Lambethi Scriptores.* J. CARR."

"This compliment, from so good a judge, has flattered my vanity to such a degree, that I know not whether I may not be tempted, if I have time, to transcribe the Prayer, for the use of Attorneys. Tell Mr. Hutchinson, that a letter from my old friend, the unfortunate Author of Hæcuba*, and I know not how many more Tragedies, informed me, on New-Year's day, that he had obeyed my commands in stepping forth for the Africans. It is, however, uncertain whether he will step forth; for his words are, that the brat is born, but he is doubtful whether to make a public spectacle of it; and he flatters me with wishing I know not what; mere words without meaning:

* Mr. Potter. See p. 432.

and

and if he has still stuck to the Aristotelian or Horatian Rules, it will be damned like all his others. Yet he is a good scholar, a genius, and truly clever; but more attached to the Greek Chorus, if possible, than Mason himself. D. WATSON."

Mr. WATSON to Mr. HUTCHINSON.

"DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 23, 1789.

"I am so far from thinking the Greek words a profanation, that, when placed near the shackled African, they are a Scripture confirmation of the truth of what he is speaking. But, if you are in any doubt, instead of Acts xvii. put these four letters at the end of the line, ARAT.; or, it may be better to give the Poet's name at full length, ARATUS. But there is still a better motto, i. e. more apposite to the African, in this speech of St. Paul to the Athenians. 'Hath made of one blood all Nations for to dwell on the face of the earth.' You will easily find the Greek of it. Take which you please. These tend to prove that all men are brethren.

"As to the Latin line, it will not do, on account of the word *inhumata,* for I never heard that our planters omitted to bury their slaves. Having no index, I cannot readily go to the place in Virgil, but I think the whole sentence runs thus:

'Scilicet, ut Turno contingat regia conjux,
'Nos, animæ viles, inhumata infletaque turba,
'Sternamur campis.'

Which is a complaint, that the peace of the country must be destroyed by blood and slaughter, rather than the Prince should be disappointed in his expectations of marrying the Princess. From the context you see the line would by no means be a proper motto for your Poem. It is not material; for, when I named two, it was to give you your choice, not that both were to be made use of. As to the manner of placing it, above or below, you have a much better taste than I have. I would observe of the Address, that *effecting abolition* is not English, *an* or *the* must be between them. Nor do I like *their most obedient humble servant.* I would say no more than *by the Author.*

"I know no other way than by annexing the Errata to the end of the Poem. If it is sent up hither, I will correct the press errors as carefully as I can. I wonder you had not the proof sheets sent you. A long list will betray a secret, that it is *not London printed.* Yours truly, D. WATSON."

Dr. CARR to Mr. GEORGE ALLAN.

"DEAR SIR, *Port Hill, Feb.* 2, 1789.

"I have this moment received, from the Manager of Covent Garden, Mr. Hutchinson's two Tragedies, with this opinion:

'I have read both these Tragedies with much attention; and, in my opinion, neither of them would succeed on the Stage: yet they give me reason to think, that the ingenious Author will some time or other produce a much better.'

"Pray give me your advice, whether you would have me offer them to any other Manager, or return them to the Author, who

is, as Harris says, 'certainly very ingenious.' In this opinion of Mr. Harris I entirely concur with him; though, by the bye, I have not the highest opinion of *his* critical acumen.

"My acquaintance with Mr. Harris's brother induced me to send the Tragedies to him, in preference to any other Manager. What shall I do with them? I wish with all my heart I could be any way instrumental towards making Mr. Hutchinson's poetical merit better known. Your much obliged, J. CARR."

"SIR, *Hertford, March* 4, 1789.

"I have not been favoured with a single word from Mr. Hutchinson, and therefore do not think myself at liberty to offer the Plays to Colman, or the Drury-lane Managers. A friend of mine, who is no incompetent judge, has just read them, as I had done before, with much pleasure. I shall not attempt to point out any little inaccuracies, as they cannot fail of being observed by the Author on a revisal. Yours, &c. J. CARR."

Mr. C. WHITLOCK * to Mr. HUTCHINSON.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, 1789.

"You rebuke me with great justice. I am truly conscious of having merited; therefore submit myself patiently, and am truly sorry. I could say a great deal in my excuse, but will not lessen the obligation I wish to experience in your forgiveness. I rejoice to hear you have not stopped in the pursuit of Theatrical writing, nor shall your bantling want any thing in my power to foster or rear it. I have this day wrote to my brother Kemble, (who is now Manager† of Drury Lane); requesting, in the strongest manner, that he will particularly interest himself in the success of your piece. He, Sir, is a scholar, and a man of strict honour, in whom, I do not scruple to say, you may confide; and, I may say, it is going at once nearly to the fountain-head, as every business in that Theatre is now conducted by him. Have taken the liberty of saying, that you will immediately send up the MS. for his perusal (this I thought would save time); and begged he would seize the first moment, not only to peruse, but, if possible, to bring it forward; and I doubt not he will interest himself in it. I do not know any circumstance would give me greater pleasure than to hear of its success, and having the opportunity of performing it to a Newcastle audience. In the course of a month I hope to shake your friendly hand. Mrs. Whitlock too will pay her respects to you; but, as we shall bring our family this journey, it would be too much to make the Grove *a home*. My best wishes wait on Mrs. Hutchinson.

"With great truth, I am respectfully yours, C. WHITLOCK."

* Many years Manager of the Newcastle and Chester Theatres, and much respected. His wife was sister to Mrs. Siddons; and was by her introduced on the London Stage, where she was not successful; but was an excellent Actress on the Country Boards.

† Mr. Kemble had, in 1788, succeeded Mr. King in that department.

Mr.

Mr. Robert Hutchinson * to Mr. George Allan.

"Dear Sir, [1771.]

"I here send you a rough draught of the mantlepiece at Langley Hall, as there were some errors and omissions in that transmitted to you by Mr. Gyll, which had escaped me in viewing it through a glass, but which, upon having recourse a second time to the original by the help of a ladder, I have rectified and supplied: though after all, from the awkwardness of the situation it stands in for viewing it, and from the shortness of the ladder which I procured for that purpose, I dare not venture positively to affirm that it is entirely free from any mistake. I also inclose you a draught of an antient silver seal, the original of which is now preserved in the town chest of Barnard Castle. Your explanation of the inscription on the former, and of the cross, &c. on the latter, will be a very acceptable present to Sir, your most obedient servant, Robert Hutchinson."

"Dear Sir, *Durham, Aug.* 27, 1771.

"I should before this time have acknowledged the favour of yours of Sunday morning, but was in hopes I should have been able to have sent you the sketches and inscriptions at the same time under one cover; but I have, by various accidents, been prevented from completing them. In your letter you mention that several of the Masters of Sherburn Hospital have been interred in the Chapel of that place; but I find only the monument of one, and him I am not certain of, viz. '*Leaver*;' for his Christian name is not *Ralph*, but *Thomas* †. This inscription, as it will have some little drawing with it, I shall send at the same time as I send the View. As to the other Master who is supposed to have been buried in the above Chapel, namely *Machon*, I could not find his monument; but the inscriptions on the tombs of his wife and family ‡ I herewith send you, copied from the originals within the pale of the Altar. The names are covered by the rails.

'........ pia Conjux Reverendi Viri D'ni Johannis Machon,
hujus Hospitalis Magistri,
Ob^{t}. 28 die Sept. anno Domini 1673.
'........ Filia perdilecta Reverendi Viri
Johannis Machon, hujus Hospitalis Magistri.'
.... Femina, Virgo,
Candida, casta, proba, et nullo non carmine digna.
Ob. anno D'ni. 1671, æt. suæ 27; et hic requiescit.
'Thomas Machon §, Filius Johannis Machon,
admodùm doctus, pius Concionator,
Capellanus illustrissimi Principis Ruperti,
Obiit 27° Feb. æt. suæ......'

* Of whom see before, p. 424.

† Thomas and Ralph were successively Masters.—This Tomb, and a West View of Sherburn Hospital, both by Mr. R. Hutchinson, were engraved for Mr. Allan's History of the Foundation.

‡ Mr. Randall says, "John Machon buried 16 December, 1679. Ex Registro pertin. ad Hospitale de Sherburn. No Epitaph."

§ This name is discovered by the opening of the gate.

'.... Uxor

'........ Uxor Thomæ Machon generosa,
orta ex nobili familiâ Robertorum et Sheldenorum,
hic sepulta jacet.
Obiit 24 Decemb. anno Domini 1669."

"There are three or four tables of blue marble, which lie between the door of the Chancel and the Altar, which have formerly had inscriptions on them, and probably cover the remains of some of the Masters; but they are now totally obliterated.

"The Baronage I received very safe. It is a work I have long wished to see; but it gives me double satisfaction when accompanied with your very ingenious illustrations, and the decoration of the very curious collection of Prints with which you have interspersed it. With great regard, &c. R. HUTCHINSON."

"SIR, *Durham Castle, Sept.* 5, 1771.

"The Drawing of the Hospital* I have executed in the best manner I was able in the time; but the building, not being very extraordinary, cuts no great figure. Leaver's monument * I send likewise herewith; and I return the sketch of Bp. Hatfield's Monument. My time has not yet permitted me to do any thing in the way of finishing that I have begun; but, when occasion shall offer, I will not forget it. R. HUTCHINSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 29, 1771.

"I have of late had so many different engagements, that I have not been able to fulfil the promise I made you, of sending you a drawing of Bp. Hatfield's Monument. The sketch you were so kind as to send me seems, in most respects, to be very accurate; but there are two or three small mistakes in it, which I should like to rectify in my Drawing; I mean in the particular of proportion: but this I cannot do without finishing my own Drawing from the Original, which I have not been able to do, as my time is so much taken up with other matters when here. The sketch I return herewith; and am, &c. R. HUTCHINSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Barnard Castle, July* 17, 1772.

"I have, at my leisure hours, since I have been in the country, entertained myself with making some small collections of the Antiquities of Barnard Castle; and happening to be talking to my Brother the other day upon that subject, he told me he had some time since lent a paper containing some curious matters relative to that place to you; but that he imagined, by intermixing it with other papers of a like nature, you had forgotten to return it. If you can meet with this paper, I shall take it as a particular favour if you will inclose it to me at Barnard Castle; and, if you have any particulars regarding the College founded there by Richard Duke of Gloucester, or know where any thing curious connected with the History or Antiquities of the above-mentioned place is to be met with in any printed books, the information will be gratefully received by

"Your very much obliged servant, R. HUTCHINSON."

* This view is engraved, with Leaver's monument, both from Mr. Robert Hutchinson's Drawings, for Mr. Allan's History of Sherburn Hospital.

"DEAR

"DEAR SIR, *Durham, Sept.* 8, 1772.

"I have looked carefully over your very accurate transcript of Mr. Horsley, and have completed the inscriptions, &c. which I found omitted. I have likewise sent you two Drawings of Barnard Castle Antiquities, which are thought to be curious, especially the Font, the characters upon which have given great scope to conjecture. I fully proposed doing myself the pleasure of waiting upon you, but I am advised by my Physician to forbear going out of doors *. I was much obliged for the book you sent; but, notwithstanding the excellence of it, I have not been able to decypher many of the Rokeby Inscriptions by it, as their chief difficulty arises from the mutilation of the stones, and not from any conciseness or abbreviation in the words or characters. I beg leave to conclude with assuring you how great pleasure I receive at executing your little commissions, which are always very pleasing tasks; and heartily desire you both to continue them and your friendship; which will ever be esteemed as an honour and a happiness to your much obliged and very faithful humble servant, R. HUTCHINSON."

MR. PENNANT to MR. HUTCHINSON.

"SIR, *Downing, Dec.* 26, 1773.

"I most truly lament the unhappy news you sent me, and sincerely condole with you on so great a loss. Notwithstanding your worthy Brother † was but a new acquaintance, permit me to mingle tears, as I am truly sensible of the pleasure and advantage his friendship would have been to me.

"Accept my best thanks for your kind offer. If you can inform me of any thing relating to any part of the places on the road through Wierdale to Bishop Aukland, and from thence to Barnard Castle, that has not yet been noticed, I shall esteem myself highly obliged. Should ever you visit these parts, I shall be extremely glad to shew you what is worth notice; being, with best wishes for you welfare, sir,

"Your obliged and most obedient servant, THOMAS PENNANT."

"SIR, *London, April* 18, 1774.

"I must now trouble you with the acceptance of your obliging offer, respecting information about the Antiquities of such parts of your County which I have visited. It seems quite new ground, therefore many anecdotes may be expected from it.

"I give a list of places I have visited, and shall be very happy to receive brief accounts of things untouched by Camden; both respecting the Antiquities and remarkable events, founders of Houses or Castles, of Tombs, and of the history of those whose

* This excellent young man died in the following year.

† Mr. Robert Hutchinson; see the foregoing Letters.

memory

memory they mean to preserve; the value of the Bishoprick, its number of Manors; the Tenures, if any thing very singular attend them, and the like.—Can any estimate be made of the whole value of Ecclesiastical Preferments in the Bishoprick? what of the Prebends and Canons of Durham singly.

"I shall ever be happy to see you in Flintshire, or serve any friend of yours travelling that way; and am, &c. T. PENNANT."

"SIR, *Downing, May* 21, 1774.

"I cannot express the high sense of the favour you have done me by the instructive and ample communication of what relates to your County. All will be of singular use; part in the Second Volume of my publication of this Spring, the rest hereafter; not in making any Addenda to Camden, but in the Tour of last Autumn, from which any future Editor of Camden may take any thing that he may have omitted. I do not meddle with Pedigrees, but shall be glad of any anecdote of such persons whose pictures or monuments exist in places I have visited; or who have been the founders of Houses, Castles, &c. A bare abridgment of Cromwell's instrument, &c. for establishing an University, will be acceptable. The drawing of the tomb is very elegant, but my notes mention angels at head; also the same, sustaining altars at the feet. Please to excuse this remark, as I dare not engrave any thing but what is complete. The drawing of Barnard Castle is excellent. The Priest is curious. I shall be very happy to have some account of Bradley-hall. I think it a most curious place, and worthy of a plate. I have a fine view of it. Pray can you say which of the Bulmers lie (cut in wood) at Brancepeth? — Any thing that occurs to you worth notice will be most thankfully received. Should your curiosity lead you this way, I shall be always happy to shew the sense of the favours done, Sir, your obliged, &c. T. PENNANT."

"DEAR SIR, *Downing, Aug* 21, 1774.

"Your very obliging favour found me on my return from a little voyage last week to the Isle of Man, where I past an agreeable and active week. You please me much by your fresh intelligence, which shall in due time be properly acknowledged. It gives me great pleasure to think I can have it in my power to gratify you in any thing. You may depend on a set of the octavo plates, taken on quarto paper, at Christmas. I cannot execute my design before, as the plates, I imagine, must be re-touched. To obviate any reflection of my designing to impose on the publick my third edition by omitting these plates; I advertise, that who will may have the octavo plates on quarto size (at no gaining price to me), if they will leave their names with the Booksellers; for, after the first impression, I cannot think of troubling myself with a continuation of the annual supply. T. PENNANT."

"DEAR SIR, *Downing, Nov.* 4, 1774.

"It is with great pleasure I have read your Tour to the Lakes; and do assure you it will be of no small use, if ever I publish that

that in which we had the *rencontre**. Permit me, as a Naturalist, to beg, in your next edition, you would correct in p. 74, line 1, 'which last is a kind of fresh-water herring,' thus: 'which last is a species of Trout not uncommon in Alpine Lakes†.'

"I have not been quite idle last summer, having passed some time in the Isle of Man, and was furnished with vast materials by the Gentry, which I mean to fling together in form of a voyage. With much regard, dear Sir, &c. T. PENNANT."

"DEAR SIR, *Downing, Nov.* 22, 1774.

"I shall with great pleasure overlook the new copy of your Tour. As to advising you as to your conduct with the Booksellers, it is past my power. I run the risque of my own publications; and, had I the skill of a Scottish Author, should get largely: but the London Booksellers got by my last two volumes above a thousand pounds; and poor I, my travelling expences. Ask enough for your copy, that, when they have beaten you down, some reward for your labours may be left.

"Permit me to hint a few corrections to be made in your first edition:

"P. 36. Pembroke family. Read, "of George-Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; his lady, and his daughter, afterwards Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery."

P. 173. "Traces of Ambleside's Antiquity not now to be found." There are larger traces in the meadows below the town. See my Voyage, p. 36.

P. 177. Alas! that Mr. English should make such havock in that sweet Isle! He had not possession when I was there.

"I am most unwilling to give you any trouble; yet drawings of any Antiquities will be of use. Staindrop and your Town I shall lug into my next publication; therefore any hint will be welcome. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c. T. PENNANT."

"DEAR SIR, *Great Ealing, April* 24, 1778.

"I am obliged to you for your kind intention; and, in consequence, called on Mr. Johnson, who totally denied any sort of connexion with you, or any knowledge of your Book. I called also on Wilkie, who knew as little of the matter. The walk was a long one for no purpose.—I accept your gift with pleasure, and must beg your acceptance of my Welsh Tour as soon as you tell me where it may be left. Be so good as to rectify the above mistake by return of post, for my stay is very short.

"I most cordially wish you success in all your agreeable publications; and do assure you, I shall always look on them with an unrivaling disposition. I have no right to monopolize your Tour, nor any pretence to the compliment you pay me. I have made a very full journal of my travels through the Northern Counties, and am unwilling to bind myself from publication; therefore, let us proceed friendly, and each continue master of their own intent. I remain, with best wishes, &c. T. PENNANT."

* See before, p. 423.

† See *Pennant's* British Zoology, Vol. III. p. 267, where it is described under the name of the *Gwiniad*.

"DEAR

"Dear Sir, *Great Ealing, May 2, 1778.*

"I am sorry that Johnson should give us so much trouble. He referred me to Wilkie, who treated me with great civility. I inclose a note for my Tour. Be so good as to order yours to be sent by the Chester coach. I made a very large Tour in the Autumn of 1773, over many of the Northern Counties, but am uncertain about the publication. I heartily wish success to yours; and am, dear Sir, &c. T. Pennant."

"Dear Sir, *Downing, Oct. 13, 1778.*

"You must think me very ungrateful, in not thanking you sooner for your kind present; but be assured it never reached me till last week. I have read it with great pleasure; and am obliged to you for the candid manner in which you speak of me, and treat our differences of opinion: such conduct is worthy a gentleman, and a fellow creature. I hope you will pursue your plan with the whole County of Durham, which will give real pleasure to, dear Sir, &c. T. Pennant*."

"Dear Sir, *Downing, April 30, 1779.*

"I am extremely happy in being of the least use to you. As to censure, you should despise, and let it pass in silence; nor ever please the malevolent in shewing they can give you a moment's uneasiness. I hope soon to hear of the publication of your Second Volume, which will give me much pleasure.

"I have, in true domestic felicity, great occasion to rejoice that my distant rambles are at an end; otherwise there is no country I should visit sooner than the North, where I have received so many civilities. I go on with my Tour in North Wales; and, if possible, will give a continuation of it by Spring next. With best wishes I am, dear Sir, &c. Tho. Pennant."

"Dear Sir, *Downing, Feb. 25, 1780.*

"I thank you for your kind remembrance, and am sorry that at this time I have no return, unless these first etchings of Moses†, who will soon become very skilful, and, in Natural History, my sole Artist. Give me leave to say, that I have by no means checked my ardour for Literature. It is as strong as ever; witness (was you here) the volumes I could shew. But I must leave off travelling, it being incompatible with the renewal of my domestic felicity. A work I patronize for the ingenious and worthy Mr. Cordiner puts me off from publishing any thing of my own this Spring, otherwise I had matter ready. My Welsh Tour will certainly go on, and at least part appear next Winter.

"Be so good as to favour me with an order for your book, which I shall esteem as a pledge of your friendship.

"I hope you will by no means be deterred from completing your Northern Tour.

"We have had our Petition. It has not the warmth of yours. I thought it sufficient to require œconomy, and abolition of use-

* "Mr. Pennant, in his Letter to Mr. Allan, says, "If he would forbear moralizing, the Work would be excellent. — ***** is unmanly, and cruel: readier to censure, than to point out merits." W. H.

† Moses Griffithes.

less

less places, which will do good; but to disturb Government with other matters, would be now very wrong.

"I beg you to return my best compliments to Mr. Allan, who is an idle fellow. I am, dear Sir, &c. T. PENNANT."

"DEAR SIR, *London, April* 5, 1780.

"Permit me, as due, to send my most hearty thanks for your agreeable present, which is now before me. As far as I am able to read *here*, it affords me true satisfaction, and makes me wish, if the same is not incompatible with your interest, that you would pursue the work through the remaining Northern Counties, as you proposed. Never mind cavillers; merit always outlives their attempts. With best wishes for your success, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant, T. PENNANT."

Mr. GROSE to Mr. HUTCHINSON.

"DEAR SIR, *Kingston, April* 21, 1778.

"I return you many thanks for your Book, in the perusal of which I promise myself a treat, being tied by the leg at this place with the Surrey Regiment of Militia, in which I am Captain and Adjutant. I rejoice at hearing you propose prosecuting your Work.—Any Drawings in my Collection you may command. I have one or two unpublished ones, of Holy Island, and Bamborough Castle; several of Bothall Castle; a very large View of the Bishop's Palace at Durham; another of the Cathedral, viewed from the West; variety, both out and inside, of Warkworth Castle; one of Midford Castle; the antient Church at Alnmouth, several views of Skiddaw, and Keswick Lake; a View of Cockermouth Castle and Bridge; Carlisle; with a vast quantity in Yorkshire; Pierce Bridge; and Whitby. Indeed, more than I can at present recollect.—I thank you likewise for the Prints you was so good as to order Godfrey to give me. As I am a Collector of English Views: they were very acceptable, as would a set of the small ones, if you could conveniently spare them. In return, I shall be happy to accommodate you with any of mine. One thing indeed is a little against me; which is, the unconquerable negligence and want of punctuality in Mr. Hooper, who is otherwise a very honest man; but he has caused me to break my promise in these matters oftener in a year than I should otherwise have done in my whole life.—If I can be of any use in promoting the sale of your book, and you will point out the way, you may depend on my best endeavours. I am, dear Sir, &c. FR. GROSE."

"SIR, *Kingston, Feb.* 10, 1779.

"Permit me to return you many thanks for your book, which came to hand only last week: how long it had lain at Mr. Hooper's, I cannot discover. I fear it has made me appear very ungrateful; but such is the confusion of that house, that it is

next to a miracle I had it at all. I am, and indeed have been for near a year, tied fast by the leg, to the drudgery of the Drill, endeavouring to teach a parcel of awkward and vicious boobies their right hands from their left, without being able to steal one hour for the pencil. I am vastly happy to see you have taken Northumberland under your protection. It is a fertile field for the Antiquary, and was very carelessly reaped by both Wallis and Pennant. I promise myself great satisfaction from your book, which I have not yet had leisure even to skim over. I have had lately an opportunity of seeing a third set of Northumbrian and Durham Drawings. Mr. Grimm was down with Dr. Kaye*, and made above an hundred sketches. Among them are Raby Castle; Prudhow; the Ruins in Holy Island; Dunsterbrough; St. Cuthbert's Cell and Monastery, with his Coffin in the Fern Island; Hartlepool; Jarrow; Monk's Wearmouth; Hexham; several Views of Durham, Finchale, &c. &c; divers Views in and about Newcastle, Warkworth, Alnwick; in short, every thing that is curious, in the different places through which he passed. But, it is with regret I mention it, the Doctor has absolutely forbid his communicating copies of his Drawings to any one; an injunction, in my mind, not consistent with the general liberality of the Doctor's temper and character.—If I can be of the least use to you where I am, your commands will make me extremely happy. As I do not exactly know your address, I have enclosed this under cover to my friend Mr. Allan; and am, with most sincere acknowledgements, &c. FR. GROSE."

"DEAR SIR, *Kingston, Surrey, March 27, 1779.*

"Would to God your information respecting the Surrey Regiment had been true! Nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure than to be ordered to Northumberland; there is a hospitality and openness of manners in the North, not to be found in the South or West of this little Island. I have often wondered that places so little removed from each other could differ so essentially, not only in manners and customs, but even in mental propensities and dispositions. I am happy to hear you are making Collections for Cumberland. I have some very accurate drawings of Keswick Lake, the Bridge at Borodale, Skiddaw, Saddleback, Cockermouth Bridge and Castle; with divers others; which I will touch up, and send by the first safe opportunity. My military business is not over agreeable, though it is what I have been accustomed to from fifteen years of age; but, after a certain period of life, a man grows out of humour with trifles. I have a Company, am Adjutant and Paymaster.—These, you may guess, do not leave me much leisure, especially as our Regiment consists of 800 men, all raised in the purlieus of London. —My Continuation goes on slowly.—I, however, mean to finish the volume.—I liked the Isle of Man so well, that I should be happy to pay it another visit. I believe I made near Fifty

* Dr. afterwards Sir Richard Kaye, Dean of Lincoln, &c. &c.

Drawings

Drawings in it more than I published. Mr. Pennant proposed writing a History of it, and for that purpose obtained many papers from the Inhabitants. I wonder where it stops, or why? Doctor Kaye, the new Prebendary of Durham, took Mr. Grimm down with him this summer, when he made a great number of Drawings of all the Antiquities of that Bishoprick. I do not know whether you are acquainted with Mr. Bullman, of Sheepwash. He is a very ingenious man, and has a number of Drawings taken on the spot, of most of the Antiquities about him.

"I shall at all times be happy to hear from you, or to execute any commands you may have; and am, dear Sir, &c. FRANCIS GROSE."

"DEAR SIR, *Rochester, Oct.* 3, 1780.

"I was favoured with yours of September 20, and should be happy to send you the Drawings I mentioned; but cannot hit on a safe conveyance, the best of the Drawings in question being far too large to convey in a letter or trunk. Perhaps you may have some Friend in London, to whom I might send them. Do let me know by return of post.—The Views I have are, one very accurate prospect of Keswick Lake; one of Skiddaw; Cockermouth Bridge and Castle; Saddleback; Druidical Stones called the Mare and her Foal, &c.; with some others fit for vignettes. These I could send in a frank, and will do so in the course of a post or two. I have but one condition to make, which is, that you will not engrave any of them, if they do not immediately answer your purpose; as I can assure you I shall not take the rejection in dudgeon.—Nothing would give me more pleasure than an order to march Northward.—I must beg the honour of being inserted among your Subscribers. FRANCIS GROSE."

MR. GEORGE ALLAN and MR. WM. HUTCHINSON.

"SIR, *Dec.* 10, 1774.

"This morning I had a Letter from my friend Mr. Grose, wherein is the following paragraph:

> "I will be much obliged to you to give the Gentleman's memory a little jog, who was so kind as to promise me the View of Finchale; at this time it would be doubly acceptable. I shall engrave Durham Cathedral as a Frontispiece to my Third Volume."

"If you have made this Drawing, I shall esteem it a great favour to send it, that I may transmit it to Mr. Grose. I beg the favour of you to lend me the Drawing you have of our late Bishop *, which I will carefully return. You promised me copies of your Brother's etchings †. Believe me, I shall set a high value on them.

"I am your obedient servant, GEORGE ALLAN."

* Bishop Trevor; see it in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 241.
† These are now extremely scarce, and consequently very curious.

"DEAR SIR, Barnard Castle, Dec. 13, 1774.

"I propose to send the Drawing for Mr. Grose next Thursday. The small size he publishes in, occasioned me some delay, as such small work hurts the eye very much, and prevented me sticking close to finish it sooner. I wish it may please. I will also send you the Drawing of the late Bishop, which you will return to me. I failed in my attempt of a copy: a second effort may be more fortunate. In a former Letter you inquired if I had seen Wetherell Cells at Corby: I did, was in them, and had their dimensions. I describe them in my addition to the Excursion, intended as a Second Edition. I would have sent you the Drawing of the Written Mountains; but it was in my book, which has been some time in the hands of Mr. Randall, who was so obliging (though I was not his pupil) as to offer himself in the most friendly manner to revise my Work, by which I shall be stripped of those irregularities which fall from a rapid pen, and which give such offence to the Reviewers. Perhaps he will be so kind to me, as to illustrate some of the Inscriptions— that on the Mountains I found decyphered by Mr. Horsley. I think myself greatly obliged to you for the Charter. I long to see a part of your Work given to the publick; and be assured it would flatter me greatly to assist you with the pencil. Mr. Vesey took home with him last Sunday the Plates of my Brother's etchings with orders to throw off half a dozen impressions for you. A head of Alexander, from the British Museum, etched by him, I will send you on Thursday, as the Plate was given by my Brother to some one in Cambridge. W. HUTCHINSON."

"DEAR SIR, Barnard Castle, Dec. 19, 1774.

"The little work I give to Vesey to print is a Novel, founded on facts arising in this country. I beg your perusal of it, and corrections; for I find it so difficult to correct, that I often throw by my papers in great vexation. The Book with Mr. Randall you shall certainly see, and I thank you for your remarks on Wetherell Cells. When you see the Work, you will judge what materials in your possession may embellish it, and for which I shall be grateful. If you chuse to engrave the Bishop, you are very welcome; it would become a lasting memorial of my poor Brother. I will send you a copy of the *Hermitage*. You will find four correct Drawings of Bridekirk font in my book; I have seen none equal to them. I intend, if possible, to make a drawing of my late Brother, and throw off a few copies of some little Poems I find among his papers, to distribute among his Friends. W. HUTCHINSON."

"DEAR SIR, Jan. 16, 1775.

"I was at Durham last Saturday fortnight, when I brought your MS. home with me, but have been from home all last week, or I should have run it quite through before this; however, have got as far as Hexham, so that I am near the end of my journey, which shall be finished in a few days. I have taken the

the freedom to correct some few repetitions of words, and added some remarks. You mentioned printing some little pieces of your Brother's; as I told you before, it would give me pleasure to do any thing in remembrance of him. If short, I will undertake the Work for you; if long, I have not time. Vesey is long in getting his types. I have seen the title-page for your 'Week at a Cottage.' Pan's head and pipe has been engraved exactly the same by Mr. Pine, as the head-piece to Virgil's Second Eclogue, explained in Montfaucon's Antiquities, vol. I. p. 176.

'Pan primus calamos cera conjungere pluris,
'Instituit.' "GEORGE ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 27, 1775.

"You may depend on receiving your MS. the next month. I wrote up to London about engraving the Bishop's Picture. Twenty quarto pages in Poetry I will make little of; therefore, favour me with the Work: it will be some amusement for me when the days grow longer. GEORGE ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 15, 1775.

"Vesey got his types last week, and, I believe, is now composing your first sheet. I long to be at work with your Brother's Remains. You will please to copy them with the drawings, as you design them; only consider that the Plates must be printed after the letter-press work, and not before.—Mr. Grose begs, if he can be of any service in inspecting the Plates of your intended Tour when engraving, that you will command him, as I told him of your intention.—When here, you promised me a copy of the information you had transmitted to Mr. Pennant relating to this County. I have had a letter from that gentleman with some general queries, which (*inter nos*) I look upon as Angler for the Bishop. Your obedient servant, GEORGE ALLAN."

"SIR, *Feb.* 27, 1775.

"Herewith I send you a proof of the first sheet of your Brother's Remains, which I am extremely sorry I have it not in my power to print in a *quarto* size, as you have drawn the Plates with that intention; but I want several things for this purpose in *my little press*: therefore, must be under the necessity of doing it as this proof. I do not suppose your Plates are yet engraven; and they must be reduced to the size of the Work. You will please to let me know whether this meets your approbation, that I may get them taken off, and what number you would have; also, that you will write a line to Vesey, desiring him to take them off at his press, mine being too small: the charge will be a trifle. I cannot see any objection to putting your Brother's name at length. Your obedient servant, GEORGE ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *March* 6, 1775.

"I had answered part of Mr. Pennant's Letter, so far as relates to Tyne Bridge and Brancepeth, before I received yours. We differ in some things, which I will explain when we meet.

You have placed the tenure that is now performed for Sockburn to the Pollards, which is wrong. I see you have made drawings of the tombs at Brancepeth; if you have them loose, I shall be much obliged to you to lend me them to take copies.

"The Engraver asks ten guineas for the Bishop's head: could I be sure of reimbursing myself the expence, I would order it immediately. I would print a short sketch of his Life along with it. Favour me with what your Brother penned; and I will be weaving up some short Life, and will venture to order it to be done immediately. GEORGE ALLAN."

"SIR, *March* 13, 1775.

"I send you a proof of the last sheet of your Brother's Works. You will observe there would fall two blank pages, which I have filled up by an old Ode of mine, that I did the last year I left Scorton School. But I see it must be pulled out, as the last page (as an outside) must remain blank; therefore, will fill up the 9th page with two short Epigrams; or, if you have anything instead thereof, let me have them. You will please to look over the sheet; and, if any errors or corrections, remark them, as I shall get it printed off this week. I heard Vesey had printed off a proof, and sent you, of the 'Pastoral.' I got one, which I corrected in many places. I will revise every sheet, and he may send it to you after. G. ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *Barnard Castle, April* 2, 1775.

"When you see the enclosures I fear you will think I trespass on you too much; and yet I hope, when you read the piece, you will think it wrong not to insert it in the little Collection.

"I trouble you with the drawings to send to Bailey, as you was so kind as to offer so to do. I send with them a Portrait, which I should be glad to place with the Title, as a Frontispiece, if it could be done for three or four guineas; but the *enormous sum* of ten guineas for the Bishop's is not to be endured. I do not know but one might sell a hundred of this effigies if well executed. The Drawing was made at my office desk, sitting opposite to the window; in which position, you will see, it looks much more delicate than in any other light; and this must be observed to the Engraver, as the grain on the paper makes false shades in any other position. I beg to know your ingenuous opinion of the *likeness* and the *workmanship*, if you approve it. I again offer my service in your County of Durham Work; if you would embellish it with Portraits, which I may copy. W. HUTCHINSON."

"DEAR SIR, *April* 3, 1775.

"I am sorry to tell you that it is not possible for me to print the Poem of Auckland Park along with the other things. By reason of the length of the lines, it can be done no otherwise than in quarto. I will with the greatest pleasure imaginable compose the whole over again in that form, and make all in quarto; there will be only the loss of a few quires of paper, and printing off the two sheets, which cannot be many shillings. As

you

you are inclinable to be at the expence of the engravings, I could wish to make the print suitable; therefore will begin setting Auckland this week. I will soon overrun the whole again. The engravings shall be sent to Bailey to-morrow night. I make no doubt but he will do them justice, for his own credit. He shall contrive to get an estimate of your Brother's Portrait (which is really very like). I think it will be done for three guineas, and not less. I remember once applying to Miller, a famous Portrait Engraver, to do me the picture of a young lady from a miniature; and he asked three guineas and a half. Your drawing is very fine: only I think you have not filled him up sufficiently over the shoulders; he appears rather too thin. Collyer is now at work with Bp. Trevor. I am working up his Life, in which all your Brother's account will be inserted. You are very obliging in your offer to assist me with your pencil; I probably shall trouble you soon. I send you a proof sheet of the Barnard Castle Charters; if you can illustrate them by any notes, pray do, and they shall be printed: I mean, the modern names of places therein described, and what are now known by your Town-fields or Moor. Take your time herein. I was obliged to break up my press for letter; therefore the whole to set over again.—The inclosed proof will convince you I work with pleasure on this subject. Your obedient servant, GEO. ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 9, 1775.

"I send you a new proof of your Brother's Poems for your approbation, which I mean now to finish off before I begin any-thing else. The sheets that have the Plates on them I mean to leave to the last, and you will please to consider where you mean to get them done, as the print should be sent to the copper-plate press whilst damp. I dare say they can do them tolerably at Newcastle. Send me the two Plates (proofs I mean), that I may leave sufficient space for them in setting the pages; I believe I rather pinched in the last. Have you not a proof of the last sheet I set, containing the Songs? I should be glad to have it back. I am going to Durham on Saturday, to receive my legacy under Randall's Will*, being all his MSS. and many of his printed books. If you have a spare copy of the new engraving of your Brother, send me one. I shall be obliged to you for any thing in the printing way for the two young Printers I have set forward here. I am, your obedient servant, GEO. ALLAN."

"SIR, *Dec.* 6, 1775.

"A few days after I sent you the first proof, I heard you were gone to London; therefore went on with the Work, which I am glad merited your approbation. Before Christmas I expect to have the whole finished. I really think, had we Bailey here a day, we could manage to take off the Plates at the same time the sheets are printed. Christmas week will be an idle one; can

* The Rev. Thomas Randall died Oct. 25, 1775. See Mr. Allan's character of him in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VIII. p 287.

you

you and he spare a day, and take a bed with me then? Consider this. I had a letter from Mr. Pennant* last month, wherein he assures me 'that he will not publish the Inscription in Hexham Church; desires his compliments to you; and that he will think himself obliged to you for two setts of the Plates to your Tour on paper the size of his, as he means to enrich a copy of his own Tour, and bind it up for himself.' Pennant desires me to accompany him from Kellopehead, and point out all the observations there, and on Alston Moor, Weardale Chapel, Stanhope, Wolsingham and Bradley Hall, till he is lodged at Auckland Castle. This is a part of the country I never was in; if you can give him any anecdotes, he will gratefully acknowledge the favour. Was your 'Cottage' ever finished? I wish for one. I saw proofs of Lanercost and Athelstan Abbey in Sanderson's shop at Durham last week. I shall turn beggar in the same strain for these with Mr. Pennant. The Plates of Glynd and Mount Carbon are really well executed. Collyer has not yet sent me a proof of the Bishop. I am inclinable to have his monument in Auckland Chapel engraved by Bailey to annex to the Life. This we will talk over when we meet. GEO. ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 8, 1775.

"Mr. Pennant's inquiry after your furnishing him with materials of this County, puts me in mind to ask you one question, which I have had some time in my thoughts. You see by my little Tour my mode of describing and superficially running over the Antiquities of places. Would it in any wise break in upon *your own plan?* or would it be disagreeable, *in any manner,* that I should make this County a future object for a descriptive Tour? Be ingenuous, and treat me as a friend, with *undisguised sentiment,* and not with courteous phrases; for I will never set my foot towards such a scheme without your *consent,* and, indeed, without your *assistance.* Such a work as I should attempt would be no more than Prefatory, or so, to the laborious and extensive plan you would pursue. You see my description of Barnard Castle, for which I had most materials, was very superficial. Mr. Randall and you enriched it exceedingly: but that shews you what my design would be. I shall, when at leisure, hope for your sentiments. I will order Vesey to deliver you a copy of the 'Cottage.' You will permit me to beg your acceptance of every little thing my pen has or may produce, without cost to you; a small acknowledgment for your favours, and being marked by you as a gift by the Writer will give me great pleasure. Pray how will the last proof of my Brother's Poem be suited to Auckland Park? I was under some concern about that, as I wished them to stitch together. I am, Sir, &c. W. HUTCHINSON."

"SIR, *Jan.* 30, 1776.

"I received your present safe, and think the Print of your Brother very well done. Collyer absolutely assures me of finish-

* Literary Anecdotes, vol. VIII. p. 729.

ing

ing Bishop Trevor in a month. I send you a botched copy of the little Poems, to convince you all is done but the sheet with the Plates, which is all ready for taking off, would but the weather permit, but there is no such thing as doing it at present.

I have not heard from Grose these six months before yesterday, when I answered his Letter, and mentioned your request of a Drawing of Alnwick. Proposals are out for a Plan of Sunderland, and the two Weremouths. I believe I have secured the Engraving for Bailey. Shall have the Drawing, for him to estimate the expence. I have only a single sheet more in matter to add to Sherburn; and then you shall have a complete copy, or any thing else I have. I am, yours, &c. GEORGE ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 11, 1776.

"As the frost is now gone you will expect me to finish your Brother's Remains, which I shall most certainly do this next week, and think we can manage the Plates too. I told you I wrote to Grose lately, and therein inclosed him two impressions of Glynd and Mount *Carbon*: this morning I heard from him*.

"If you can communicate any thing on these queries to me against Friday, I will transmit them under cover to Mr. Grose. He would be pleased with impressions of Athelstan and Lanercost, if you have a couple to spare. I had almost forgot to tell you he incloses a proof of Finchale, which I imagine is from your Drawing. If any errors, note them, and I will transmit them to be corrected before the Plate is finished. G. ALLAN."

"DEAR SIR, *March* 4, 1776.

"I have not yet had time to peruse the Tour. I shall make a similar return very shortly. This day I sent you the MS Life of the late Bishop, which you will please to peruse, and settle for the press; but I must beg the assistance of your pen in filling up the blank with a description of his person, which, I am confident, you can draw very well. I would gladly get this committed to the press, as Mr. Collyer assures me of having the Print in a fortnight's time at the furthest. I observed your Advertisement in the Papers, which I cut out, and transmitted to Mr. Pennant. This morning I heard from him, wherein he desires me to return you many thanks for the order sent him for your Plates. He has begun his Tour of 1773; and has 'left a great gap for the road from Alston Moor down Weardale to Auckland, in hopes he shall be favoured with Notes of the several Towns and places on the road.' This is a question he asked me once before; when I told him I was a mere stranger to that part of the country, having never been that road. If you can furnish him, pray do: he will return the compliment gratefully. His Book will appear by May.—I cannot think it will be possible to get Grose's Plates for the purpose you design: however, you may give him an asking.—I find it is not possible to get the little Plates of your Brother's Poems rolled off here clean. I shall therefore print off the first pages, and forward them to Newcastle

* See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VIII. p. 695.

as desired. I have been long in expectation of seeing Bailey here, thinking he might instruct a little: however, I had a Letter from him to-day, wherein he tells me he will be at Darlington shortly, to prove his Plate of Darlington, as his own press is so small. If he cannot instruct in the other, I will postpone the sheets no longer, but send you them. Have you seen the late Bishop's Monument in Auckland Chapel? If you have, I wish for your description thereof, to place at the head of the Inscription. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, George Allan."

"Dear Sir, *April 22, 1776.*

"I have this minute received your Northumberland Tour, which I will look over with attention the first opportunity, and use the freedom you desire. Inclosed is a proof of the Bishop's Arms; but you will excuse my using it, as it is so much inferior to the other engravings. Lambert has given me a beautiful design, which I have sent to Bailey.

"Our worthy Prelate * is a good man, and ever ready to encourage merit. I am happy in his acquaintance, and owe him many obligations as a brother Antiquary; and dare say he will not refuse the honour you solicit. If you should apply to him by Letter, pray make use of my name and compliments.

"I have applied to the Record-office here for some papers, which are promised: had I met with the least scruple from the Officer to oblige me therewith, should not have hesitated a moment in writing to the Bishop for his mandate. My zeal begins to wander. You will be surprized, perhaps, when I tell you the few printed sheets sent you are all my own hand work in every respect. G. A."

"Dear Sir, *Barnard Castle, July .. 1776.*

"I have lately received from my sister a valuable Manuscript Poem of my late Brother's. If it be not too great a trespass, would be glad to add it to the rest. Was in hopes of seeing the Bishop's Life by this time. When you can run through my Northumberland Volume, would be glad to have it returned, to add some Notes and Remarks lately acquired. W. Hutchinson."

"Dear Sir, *Monday Morning, 1776.*

"I have got your Brother's Poems printed off, except the sheet whereon the Plates fall, which I defer till Bailey comes, when we may probably manage both together.

"I have not yet had time to run quite through your Tour; as far as I have gone, I read with pleasure and much satisfaction. You once mentioned a similar jaunt through this County; whenever you begin it, be assured of every anecdote in my power to contribute. You have made great progress in your Etchings. I wish I could do the same, but my eyes grow weak, I dare not attempt it. I think you work all with the same needle; in many places your strokes are too fine, and shew no shade; but this you will soon correct. I am thinking of some little design by way of a head-piece to the Bishop's Life. Can your genius afford a sketch? Suppose only it be a Mitre above his Arms, with a Pas-

* Hon. and Rev. Dr. John Egerton.

toral

toral Staff and Sword saltierwise thrown aback of the Shield, as emblems of his Spiritual and Temporal power? Geo. Allan."

"Dear Sir, *June* 19, 1776.

"Above is the copy of a Letter I received from Mr. Grose this post, which you will please immediately to answer. If you order the drawing any where, please to thank him to send any thing he has for me along with it. Yours in haste, G. Allan."

"Dear Sir, *April* 15, 1778.

"A thought has this minute occurred which I hope you will approve. As you have made great use of Mr. Wallis's Book *, I would recommend you to present him with yours *gratis*, it would be kindly accepted. He has merit, but unfortunately has not been rewarded; and I doubt his circumstances are too narrow to spare fifteen shillings. He lives curate at Billingham. G. A."

"Dear Sir, *Nov.* 16, 1778.

"I attribute my success greatly to the materials you so liberally furnished me with. I shall for the future avoid all moralizing, and look upon Mr. Pennant's remark as a singular mark of friendship. I have not yet got to Newcastle, and doubt I shall not be able to see that place before our next Commission-meeting, the 26th. I am greatly in want of the Arms of Sir John Hussey Delaval, to engrave as an ornament or head-piece to the Dedication, which, by Mr. Saint's application, I have the liberty to prefix to the Work; and will give it, with the Second Volume, in a loose sheet, to bind up with the first. W. Hutchinson."

"Dear Sir, *Sept.* 26, 1779.

"I send you an etching of the curious Altar at Bowness, and a copy of my Address at Egleston, &c. But I fear it is so barren you can pick nothing from it.

"I have many an hour in the dark, as well as by day, thought about our project for a History of this County, and have brought my mind to two *certain determinations*: That the Work must be complete and revised, and well weighed before any part is put to the press: and that it will not be possible to compile it till all the materials are classed on the respective heads, before any writing is composed at all touching it. To this end I have stitched up books for every letter in the alphabet, to collate into; and thus, having gathered all the evidence and ground-work, the instances will arise to the eye in an immediate succession and order, by which the mind will be furnished with that series of events, which must fall in the narration. This is the method I pursued in the other Works; and to do it any other way, will be writing and re-writing for ever, and without a determined point to end at. I will therefore go through the two books I have of Randall's MSS, Leland's Collectanea and Itinerary, and Tanner, in that way, and return you them; and so, by your permission, proceed with such other books as you are pleased to furnish me with. I

* The industrious Historian of Northumberland; whose finances were unfortunately far below his merit.—See some Memoirs of him, and several of his interesting Letters, in the Literary Anecdotes, vol. VIII. p. 758.

perceive

perceive it will be necessary to see some authorities in the Oxford and Museum Collections. I shall not grudge the journey, as I am bent on the pursuit. Your obedient, &c. W. HUTCHINSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Barnard Castle, March 6, 1784.*

"I return you the printed sheets, and also the copy. I cannot find fault with any of the corrections; only it seems as if Mr. Watson's trouble and yours would be much greater than you surmise; and that, when the Work is finished at this rate, it will be much of Mr. Watson's* composition, though not compilement. Mr. Watson seems to mistake me vastly: he should be set right. The printed sheets he first reviewed were printed by Saint three months ago, and what he last saw was done by Hodgson the other day. I have ordered a thousand copies, Twenty of which on Royal Paper. W. HUTCHINSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Barnard Castle, March 7, 1784.*

"I send you some more of the MS. which I have revised. In the future progress I shall do the same, which will be attended with an erasure of much redundancy of phrase, and, perhaps, save Mr. Watson and you a great deal of trouble. I presume Mr. Watson will not make his good offices a topic of conversation† where he visits; if he should, it would be highly mortifying. I hope to hear from you, so as to enable me to send to Newcastle to complete the Address there. W. HUTCHINSON."

Mr. GEORGE BROOKS‡ to Mr. WM. HUTCHINSON.

"DEAR SIR, *Aukland Castle, Aug. 15, 1785.*

"I see by the Prints that you have given to Mr. Dew, that your Engraver has made a mistake in setting the Mitre in a plain ring instead of an Earl's Coronet, as the Bishops of Durham have always borne their Mitre. It appears on the authority of the ancient Garter Rolls of Parliament, and other Records, that the Bishops of Durham formerly bore a plume of feathers issuing from their Mitre; a distinction that, Mr. Brooke of the Heralds'-office says, he sees no reason for discontinuing. I am, &c. G. BROOKS."

Mr. HUTCHINSON TO HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

"The materials for this publication having greatly increased since I presented my Proposals to you, and the press-work running beyond the bounds of Two Volumes, I have found it necessary to close the Second Volume at the Parish and Hospital of GREATHAM; highly favoured by the attention you have been pleased to shew, I beg you will do me the honour to accept at half-price (viz. 10*s.* 6*d.*), the remaining part of the Work, which comprehending many of the most valuable Plates, will make up a *Third* Volume. The press is proceeding with all possible dispatch, and the Plates are finished.

"I am, with great gratitude, and the highest respect, your most obedient humble Servant, W. HUTCHINSON."

* Rev. Daniel Watson; of whose goodness of heart see repeated instances.

† Of this there was not the least shadow of danger.

‡ Secretary to Bp. Egerton. See Literary Anecdotes, vol. VIII, p. 364*.

Dr.

Dr. Thomas Hutchinson* to Mr. G. Allan.

"Dear Sir, *Knaresborough, Sept.* 2, 1793.

"I shall be obliged to you to purchase for me, as low as you can, the Collection of Birds, &c. provided they are in *good preservation.* The Roman Urn shall be sent you; also a few shells, which I hope will arrive safe, with many apologies for the trouble I give you. Your faithful servant, Tho. Hutchinson."

"Dear Sir, *Mayville, Harrogate, Sept.* 20, 1793.

"I am much obliged to you for the information of the sale of Birds; but have been at so much expence of late in adding to my Collection, that I must beg to decline purchasing. Mr. Gordon informed me yesterday, that the Beetles are upon the road; he intends one for me. I have the pleasure to inform you that I the other day purchased a gold penny of Henry III. It was plowed up nigh Ravensworth. Pinkerton says, there are only two gold pennies of this King that are known: one in the possession of Mr. Hodsol†, the other of Mr. Solly, R R R R £.30. T. H."

"Dear Sir, *Knaresbro'. Jan.* 8, 1794.

"I am much obliged to you for your trouble and attention respecting the Birds. They were incomparably well done. I have inclosed you a drawing of the Urns found in a Tumuli at Dewelcross, about two miles and a half from Aldborough; some tradesmen's tokens, and the drawing of a Bronze, found in removing a part of the City-Wall at Aldborough last year. T. Hutchinson."

* A Physician of great respectability at Knaresborough and Harrowgate. He was elected F. S. A. in 1793. He issued "Proposals for publishing by Subscription, Four highly-finished Engravings in Aquatinta, of a very singular Animal, called the Frog-Fish of Surinam, in South America, where they are called Jakjes." — This is an Animal whose singularity claims our attention. *Linnæus* calls it *Paradoxa* in his Systema Naturæ, p. 212; and quotes the former edition of that Work, where it is called, *Lacerta cauda ancipiti, palmis tetradactylis fissis, plantis pentadactylis palmatis abdomine ventricoso.* Both the Natives of Surinam and Europeans call these Fishes *Jakjes.* They are cartilaginous, of a substance like our *Mustela,* and exquisite food: are formed with regular vertebræ, and small bones all over the body, divided into equal parts; are first darkish and then grey: their scales make a beautiful appearance.—There is no specimen in the *British* or *Leverian* Museums, or in any private English Collection, except those of the late *Dr. Fothergill* and the Publisher. The Plates will represent the *seven* gradual changes it makes from a Frog to a complete Fish." [I saw one in the Museum at Leyden in 1803. G. A.] Dr. Hutchinson died in March 1797. In the course of many years experience, he had made a number of acute observations on the nature and efficacy of the Harrowgate waters. In other respects he was a man of taste and literature; had made an extensive collection of specimens of Natural History, and possessed a well-furnished Museum, which was ever open to the inspection of the Virtuoso and Antiquary.—The taste of collecting Prints and Portraits for illustration was then comparatively in its infancy. Dr. Hutchinson's collection contained in the whole 958 Prints; amongst which, those selected by Mr. Sykes Mr. Allan valued at 1s. each; and the whole remainder, several of them by Albert Durer, at only 3*d.* each. The collection was sold piece-meal at Harrowgate; and the Museum was disposed of by lots in the following Summer.

† Edward Hodsol, F. S. A. an eminent Banker in the Strand; and well known as a skilful Collector of Coins.

"Dear

"Dear Sir, *Knaresbro', Jan.* 21, 1794.

"Our friend Mr. Pearson* informed me that he had some time since sent you some Portraits. As he has not heard from you, is afraid you have not received them. On my return from Coxwould I dined with Mr. Smith of Brafferton, who informed me that you and Mr. W. Hutchinson are going to publish a Second edition of Burton's Monasticon; and that he would endeavour to procure for you, of Mr. Pearson, the Register of Biland Abbey, which he believes is in Lord Fauconberg's library. T. Hutchinson."

Dr. T. Hutchinson's Widow to Mr. Allen.

"Dear Sir, *Malton, Aug.* 4, 1797.

"The first letter I received from Mr. Sykes† surprized me much. He said, he understood the price of the Portraits from Mr. Allan was *twelve guineas*; he, therefore, desired I would give orders to have them immediately forwarded to him at Newcastle. I informed him of the mistake, as *twenty* was the price put upon them. His second Letter was to say he declined the purchase of the whole at that sum; but that he would give *ten guineas* for those he selected out, 205 in number. In the intermediate time Mr. Thompson‡ had offered *fifteen guineas* for the whole, which has also been declined by my Brother, as he thinks they ought not to go for less than eighteen. One of the volumes I know to be of value; a *guinea and a half* it cost, and a good deal more was offered for it immediately after: I mean the Painters. At present I suppose they will rest where they are. J. Hutchinson."

Rev. Daniel Watson to Rev. James Topham.

"Dear Sir, *Middleton Tyas, Dec.* 12, 1786.

"The gentlemen of Yarm pay me too great a compliment in requesting my advice in founding a Sunday School, as I understand Mr. Marwood § has established one in their own neighbourhood. Mine, you know, is only in a country village, and is a small trifling business to what may be hoped for in a market-town. However, if the steps I took to begin one here, can be of any use to the gentlemen of Yarm, they are heartily welcome to them. Long before Sunday Schools were thought of, I gave my Parish-clerk two guineas a year for getting his scholars into the school on Sunday mornings, teaching them the Church service, and taking them along with him to Church. Last July I preached a Sermon on the benefit of Sunday Schools, recommended a subscription for beginning one, and offered to take the lead by giving three guineas more. Not a soul offered a shilling: nay, I was told it was throwing money away; and that it would be better laid out in forming an association to prosecute and hang the old ones—which, it was said, was going to the root. To which I only replied, that hanging the old ones, was doing no more than cutting off the rotten branches; but to

* Late Archdeacon of Cleveland. † Now Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.
‡ Then M. P. for Evesham. § Late of Busby Hall, Cleveland.

go

go to the root of the sin and wickedness now complained of, was to make the young ones wiser and better than their fathers.

"After waiting six weeks, and finding no encouragement, I preached another Sermon on the subject, and gave notice in the Sermon that a School would be opened the Sunday following at my own expence.—I send you the Rules and Orders I laid down, as near as I can recollect; but, as I am sole director, having received very little assistance, I would advise the gentlemen in Yarm to form a Committee of such a number of subscribers as they think proper, who will judge how far these may be suitable to a market-town. The method they took at Darlington was this: A gentleman was desired to write a short Address to the inhabitants, and cause it to be handed about the Town the day after the Minister had preached on the benefit of Sunday Schools, and given notice for a vestry to be called on the subject. If the gentlemen of Yarm choose to follow the same method, you may pick up that address (it is not larger than a good hand-bill), get it printed, striking out the word Darlington, and putting in that of Yarm, and send it about the town the day after you preach on Sunday Schools. It is possible Mr. George Allan may have a copy of it. I have agreed with the two masters here at the rate of three guineas a year for every twenty children; and I think no master or mistress ought to take more than thirty. As books are an expensive article, I am obliged to go the nearest way to work. I give them spelling-books, which contain short lessons of one, two, and three syllables; the inclosed Catechism, of which I got 3 or 400 printed at Darlington; the Church Catechism, broke into short questions and answers; and the New Testament. Instead of Bibles, which would come too high for me, I give them my own "Dialogues, or Historical Catechism." And though I wrote it as a present for young persons when leaving school, and going out servants or apprentices; yet, as it contains the most remarkable transactions recorded in the Bible, and comes so much cheaper, I think it answers the purpose perhaps better; for I by no means approve of children being put into the Bible to read it straightforwards, but order the masters to make them read such chapters as are put down at the end of each Dialogue. I have no interest in the sale of it; for, after getting a sufficient number to distribute in my own parish, I gave the property of it to Hodgson and Charnley in Newcastle. And I am told Lady Darlington and Mrs. Vane have sent for six dozen (5*s.* a dozen), for the Sunday Schools at Staindrop.

"To be as frugal as I can, all the books I give are only to be made use of in the School, and the children are not allowed to take any of them home, except the 'Short Catechism.' D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Middleton Tyas, Feb.* 4, 1787.

"Your account of the success of the gentlemen in Yarm towards founding Sunday Schools, gives me great pleasure; and most sincerely do I wish they may see the good effects of their well-meant charity. My two schools go on very well so far. I have sent to London for near three pounds-worth of books, half

half of them Common-Prayer-books, which are to lie in the schools between Sunday and Sunday. I got twenty Testaments, and forty Spelling-books at first setting out. Bibles I cannot yet afford to buy. Mrs. Raby Vane has made a present of a hundred Common Prayer books to the Sunday schools in Darlington.

My late worthy neighbour Mr. Kay* has left near 10,000*l.* to the College where he was educated. His charities were great, but secret. I have been employed by him to give 20*l* to one object. Let *his works praise him in the gates.* Yours, &c. D. WATSON."

"DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 8, 1791.

"No need to make any apology. That you have succeeded so well in so few years, and by your own merit have procured a comfortable situation, is matter of pleasure to me, that abundantly pays for any little thing I could do for you at first setting out. Your father and mother came to dine with us in September, both Joe and Horace † being with us. The former could only stay a month. The latter is still here. Admiral Milbanke gave him preferment in the Navy; but, on the Convention taking place, it was not worth his acceptance, as there is no chance of rising in time of peace. And we now hope he has got his fling over, and will live upon *terra firma,* though nothing yet turns up for him. As you have plenty of time, and books may any where be procured for such as like them, I make myself sure you read a good deal; and that, instead of paying court to Squires, they consider it as a favour when you dine with them. This advice was given me in early life by a very good and wise man, and I have never had any reason to repent having followed it.

"The new Rector ‡ of Croft has lost his wife; a real loss indeed. I was a bearer, and felt sensibly for him and six children. I think his Lincolnshire preferment was better than Croft; but it being near Durham, was an inducement for the Bishop's Chaplain to make the exchange; and, should the Bishop recover, there is little doubt but he will get something in that Church. In the mean time he has an offer of something in Lincoln. Talking of great preferments, puts me in mind of Curates. A friend of mine has some years had a 40*l.* Curacy, which he writes he must give up at May-day, his Rector meaning to do his own duty. They will part upon the most friendly terms. He has desired me to look about for him. I can find none in this country. Can you find one in Lincolnshire? Do, *et eris mihi magnus Apollo.* All here unite in every good wish for your health and prosperity, and believe me, &c. D. W."

"DEAR SIR, *May* 26, 1797.

"I thank you for your inquiry after my lads. We had a Letter from Joe, announcing his better health, and the honour of addi-

* The Rev. Thomas Kay, M. A. Senior Fellow of University College, Oxford; of whom more hereafter.

† Sons of Mr. Watson; see the Literary Anecdotes, vol. VIII. p. 339.

‡ Rev. Edward Bowerbank (of Queen's College, Oxford; M. A. 1765; B. D. 1775), previously Rector of Buckden, Huntingdonshire, and Chaplain to Bishop Thurlow

and

tional preferment bestowed upon him, that of Registrer and Secretary to the Court of Appeals. His business is, to examine the witnesses; which, he says, he can do almost as easily in their language as his own; and to register the decisions of the Court. He calls it a respectable employment, and hopes it will be a pleasant one to attend the Circuit; and he retains his rank in the Army, along with this place, and that of Malabar Translator; so that, if he keeps his health, he is richly provided for: and, thank God, Horace goes on as a Merchant, has an assistant in his counting-house, and full employment. He has hitherto been equally industrious and cautious; and great need is there of caution to a general Merchant in these critical times. May Heaven bless him with success! But, alas, my dear good woman continues very weak. D. W."

"Dear Sir, *June* 14, 1797.

"We are sending to-day to Grange to inquire after Miss Allan. My daughter wished to have gone herself; but, alas! she cannot leave her poor mother, who continues in a very weak state indeed. May Heaven restore her!—If, out of six, I have made choice of an improper Curate in Mr. ——, I have nobody to blame but myself. I desired him to read aloud in our sitting-room. His voice is not strong, but he read very deliberately; and I could perceive no impediment whatever. His moral character is such, that, if his conduct is answerable to it, it will preach every day. And a very good judge has told me the other day, that he is a good Classic. If he is such, he must have a taste for Polite Literature, and be a reader. This will be some comfort to an old man in an evening, who has nobody to amuse him on such subjects. I am astonished that, in such a populous place as Darlington, the Booksellers should not have had a large demand for such penny and two-penny things as I ordered. Both the Booksellers and the Hawkers have a large allowance. The subscription is a very large one for printing such pieces, by some of the most respectable characters, with the Bishop of London at the head of it. Your good Bishop too is a Subscriber to it. As gloomy an aspect as things wear, we ought not to despair. There may be many thousands that have not bowed the knee to Baal. Nor ought we by any means to impute it, as you do, to unrewarded merit, in this age in particular. That merit has not been properly attended to, has been the complaint of individual sufferers, as they thought themselves, in all ages, is true enough; but chiefly in Republican governments, in which this very complaint has brought Revolutions, not at all to the ameliorating the condition of the subjects; and the complaint has still continued. Let us leave to God the government of the world, and each discharge his duty according to his talents. My duty has been, to do all I could with the lower orders; but with so little success, that I have often secretly wished John Wesley would have come amongst them, to rouze them from the sleepy spirit of indifference as to a future account. The many hundreds of colliers, keelmen, and manufacturers in and about Newcastle, are

orderly

orderly and regular in their conduct, and attend the Church service, or that of the Meeting-houses, twice every Sunday. Forty years ago it was not so. Who brought about this reform? John Wesley. And it gave me great pleasure all this winter to observe a still silence in the streets; and that families who dine at four and five o'clock on other days, dine at half-past two on Sundays for the sake of their servants. I suppose you must have read Gisborne; an excellent book, and worthy so excellent a Christian Philosopher as he is, both in profession and practice. I hope Wilberforce's book will do much good amongst the higher orders; though some may, perhaps, think that he looks too much towards the Methodists to propitiate the Deity for us. I read it with great satifaction, and am told that Hannah More has superintended the second edition of it. That excellent creature deserves a statue of gold; but her reward will be more lasting in Heaven.—I have had a present from my friend Miss Portia Young, sister to Sir William, of a large octavo; consisting of a selection she has made from the Divines of the last century, and from others in this; with a well-written Preface. You see from this instance there are ladies of rank who are serious. D. WATSON."

Rev. JAMES TOPHAM to GEORGE ALLAN, Esq. M. P.

"DEAR SIR, *Darlington, Jan.* 19, 1814.

"I have sent you, as required, a few of our late Friend's Letters; and am fully persuaded it will be highly gratifying to read the good intentions of so worthy a friend. Their contents are well established in my heart, and shall never depart from thence till death deprives me of their remembrance. JAMES TOPHAM."

["When the two first of the foregoing Letters were written, Mr. Topham was Curate of Yarm, in the North Riding of Yorkshire; whence he removed to the Curacy of Broughton, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire. He was afterwards translated to Darlington, and has been Sub-curate of that large parish, containing a population of 10,000, for more than 20 years, on a stipend and fees never exceeding 100*l. per annum.* He was educated at Scorton School; and published a Thanksgiving Sermon, and some small tracts on the Sunday Schools, none of which can be properly the object of criticism. He is a pious and well-meaning man, and has brought up a family in a most respectable manner. His eldest son is now at St. John's College, Cambridge; the second a Lieutenant in the Royal Marines; another serving his time to an eminent Surgeon. He has also a daughter, the youngest child; and the mother is living.—The young man in the Marines, I have been informed, has made his father a present of 500*l.* received as prize-money, which enables him to support the elder brother at College. Could the Lord Chancellor or the Bishop of Durham be persuaded to present Mr. Topham to a living in a village of 200*l. per annum,* I am satisfied he would not envy the Archbishops; and it would be a good deed, for he is really unequal to doing the duties, and presiding over a parish divided into Sectaries of every possible discordant denomination." G.A.]

Brief Memoirs of Edward Capell, Esq.

(Written in 1790; but left unfinished,)

By the late Samuel Pegge, Esq. F. S. A.

The Writer of the following Minutes, for he is not master of regular biographical information, was led to them by the very transient and disrespectful mention that is made of Mr. Capell in the "Biographia Dramatica* (Second Edition, 1782)."

The cold manner in which he is there treated as an Editor of Shakespeare; the small credit given to his erudition; and the suggestion that he was in circumstances merely above want, by virtue of the post of Deputy Inspector of the Plays, are insinuations which seem to have been designedly brought forward to depress him in the opinion of the world. The Editor, it is plain, thought Mr. Capell was living when he wrote the ill-natured account of him published in 1782, though (in his Additions and Corrections) he chose to find out that he had died in 1781. I do not lay this account to the charge of the Compiler of the "Biographia Dramatica;" but rather consider it as a guiltless *subornation*, and that the Memoir was dictated by a party inimical to Mr. Capell—"*Delenda est Carthago.*"—But, before we comment, let us see the text. The short Memoir in the "Biographia Dramatica" runs in these words:

"Capell, Edward. This gentleman appears to have been of the county of Suffolk, and received his education at the school of Bury St. Edmund's.

* The "New Biographical Dictionary, 1785," twelve volumes, 8vo. is not more favourable to him; and is partly copied from the above account, and partly from the Reviews. S. P. 1790.— The account of Mr. Capell to which Mr. Pegge here alludes (as is also the more detailed Memoir by Mr. Chalmers, in the late much-improved Edition) was taken from a criticism (undoubtedly by Mr. Steevens) in vol. XLIX. of the Monthly Review; and those who wish to investigate the merits of Mr. Capell, as an Editor, at a small expence of time, may be referred to the other volumes of that Review in which his Works are characterized, and to the Critical Review, vol. XLI. and LVI. See also the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VIII. p. 540; vol. IX. pp. 425, 662.

In the Dedication of his Edition of Shakespeare to the Duke of Grafton he observes, that his father and the grandfather of his Grace were friends; and to the patronage of the deceased Nobleman he owed the leisure which enabled him to bestow the attention of twenty years on that work. He was Deputy Inspector of Plays, a situation of some profit; and died Feb. 24, 1781. He (with the assistance of Mr. Garrick) altered one Play from Shakespeare, which was performed at Drury-lane, viz. [*Antony and Cleopatra*, Historical Play, 8vo, 1758. Since his death, his *School of Shakespeare* has been published, in three volumes, 4to. 1783 *."]

Mr. Capell was born at Troston, near Bury, in Suffolk, June 11, 1713. He was descended from the Capells of that County, but from what branch of them the Writer cannot say with precision, though it became collateral before the family was ennobled, and therefore was not in the entail of its honours, as some have imagined. This has been acknowledged by Mr. Capell, for an affectation of this kind of pride was not among his foibles †.

The Father of the gentleman before us was a Clergyman, and held the family living hereafter mentioned; and, I presume, was a younger brother, and became heir to his elder brother, for he enjoyed a considerable patrimonial estate, which afterwards devolved to Edward his eldest son; while the living, with a younger brother's fortune, went to Robert the younger and only brother of Edward.

Edward had one brother, Robert; and three sisters, Hester, Dorothy, and Anne. He had an uncle

* The quotation is here given as it is incorporated in Mr. Jones's Edition of the "Biographia Dramatica, 1812." EDIT.

† Arthur Capell was created Lord Capell of Hadham, 1641. Henry, his second son, was Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Charles II.; created Lord Capell of Tewkesbury, anno 4 William and Mary. Arthur, who succeeded his father Lord Capell of Hadham, was created Viscount Malden and Earl of Essex 1661, with limitations, which did not take place, the present Earl being a lineal descendant from the first Earl.

of

of the name of Maddox, who was a Clerk in the Lord Chamberlain's office under Charles Duke of Grafton. This was probably on the mother's side.

Edward was, I think, of Catherine Hall, though he left his MSS. and Books relative to Shakespeare to Trinity College *. His brother was a Fellow (a Senior) at the time: but that was not the reason of such bequest. The former College was, in his opinion, too obscure a place for such a deposit; for nothing but his industry could exceed his vanity.

More than twenty years of his life were spent in preparing the Text of Shakespeare for the press. He must at the same time have attended to his Notes, Glossary, and the "School of Shakespeare," which he did not live to publish; though not more than two or three sheets were left unprinted; so that, in fact, 33 years of his life were absorbed in these Works †: for he did little else; though he preserved the languages in a more or less degree to the last. He was no mean classical scholar, and to the dead languages had added the French and the Italian; the last of which was necessary to him in his post of Deputy Inspector of the Plays, including the Operas, which were sent to him untranslated.

* "In the Critical Review, vol. XLIX. is a list of his MSS. and printed books, which he gave to Trinity College, Cambridge; and, from a note on one of these, there is some reason to suspect that he was, in a considerable measure, the author of a defence of himself, entitled "A Letter to George Hardinge, Esq. on the Subject of a Passage in Mr. Steevens's Preface to his Impression of Shakespeare, 1777," 4to; unless, indeed, the gentleman to whom the Letter was attributed, the Rev. Mr. Collins, was disposed to flatter him beyond all reasonable bounds, and at the expence of his own sense and taste." *Biog. Dict.* 1813, *vol. VIII. p.* 201.

The Letter-writer asserts, that Mr. Steevens, who decried Mr. Capell's "Illustrations," dishonourably condescended to avail himself of the critical labours of that Rival Editor.

† "If it be true, as we are elsewhere told, that he transcribed the Works of Shakespeare ten times with his own hand, it is no breach of charity to add, that much of a life that might have been employed in more valuable purposes was miserably wasted."

 The

The offices of Inspector and Deputy Inspector of the Plays, &c. were erected in consequence of an Act of Parliament, 1737, which allows no Plays to be performed without the license of the Lord Chamberlain *. In the first of these posts William Chetwynd, Esq. was placed; and in the second Edward Capell, Esq. both presented by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain, in whose patronage they were †. On the decease of Mr. Capell, the Earl of Hertford, then Lord Chamberlain, conferred the post on James Trail, Esq.; though in the year 1782 it was abolished, in the general reform that took place in consequence of Mr. Burke's Bill ‡.

Mr. Capell held likewise, under the Lord Chamberlain, the place of a Groom of the Privy Chamber, in which he was likewise put by his Grace of Grafton §, 1745, *vice* John Parsons, Esq. and in which also he was succeeded by Mr. Trail. The nett produce of these two appointments was, *communibus annis*, very nearly worth £.300.

It was to these two appointments that Mr. Capell alludes in the Dedication of his Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, wherein he tells Augustus-Henry, then Duke of Grafton, that — "Your illustrious

* For the manner of licensing Plays before this Act passed, see the "Biographia Dramatica," art. Massinger

† Mr. Chetwynd died in 1778, and was succeeded by John Larpent, jun. Esq. on the appointment of the Earl of Hertford. This Mr. Capell justly thought a hardship, taking it in a manner for granted that he should succeed Mr. Chetwynd, as Lord Hertford usually favoured the appointees of the late Duke of Grafton, having married his Grace's daughter. But Mr. Capell, who did not ask it, was passed over. It is but justice to add, that Mr. Larpent never solicited Lord Hertford for the post, and was surprised at the offer of it, voluntarily made by his Lordship.

‡ A composition is allowed for it to Mr. Trail for his life.

§ In this year, as Mr. Capell informs us, shocked at the licentiousness of Hanmer's plan, he first projected an Edition of Shakespeare, of the strictest accuracy, to be collated and published, in due time, "ex fide codicum." In 1768 he "set out his own Edition, printed at the expence of the principal Booksellers of London, who gave him 300*l.* for his labours.

Grand-

Grandfather* vouchsafed to call mine his friend, and always spoke of him with pleasure: he honoured me early with his patronage, and to him I owe the leisure that has enabled me to bestow upon this Work the attention of twenty years."—It may be asked, what was Mr. Capell's Vocation from which the Duke's favour withdrew his attention? I answer, the Bar, to which he had been called, I presume, with a view to the practice of the profession of the Law. These appointments, added to his patrimonial estate, or at least his expectations, gave him that *otium cum dignitate* which enabled him to pursue the bent of his inclination. No one can judge of his abilities as an Advocate, though I should not suspect they were considerable; so that his Grace of Grafton was not only his Patron, but, perhaps, his best Client.

It cannot be allowed that Mr. Capell had any *genius*, by which I mean wit or invention; for nothing original is known to have been written by him. Once indeed he shewed to a friend a bald, ill-written, and unpointed Epigram, leveled at his persecutors, which he himself chuckled at as a happy thought†. Neither had he any tincture of what is called *taste*. He had not even pretensions to the intermediate rank of an Antiquary (for he held them rather in contempt), though he of necessity met with so many passages in Shakespeare relative to ancient customs and manners. These he seems to have overlooked in search of various readings, for which I need but refer to his Notes, wherein he is much more busy in comparing Editions than in elucidating his Author. He is so far rather a Commentator on the old Editors than on the Poet himself; a task hardly worth the pains of a German Grammarian, considering how loosely Shakespeare has been printed in the first impressions. Dr. Zachary Grey gives into it a little; but Mr. Capell, it

* Charles, Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain 1742—1757.
† Printed, it is believed, in the St. James's Chronicle.

must

must be confessed, adheres to it in the most frivolous instances. The Poet wrote with so little regard to posthumous fame, that even the first Quarto publication, which appeared in his life-time, one would think (from the careless manner it seems to have been edited) hardly underwent his own correction, at least with any tolerable degree of attention. Had it been otherwise, subsequent copies could scarcely have suffered so much mutilation, and called forth so many Commentators. The Second Edition (the *first Folios* as they are called) were, no doubt, mangled by the fanciful wantonness, or ignorance, of the Publishers. Thus much for Mr. Capell's Notes: —but as to the Text, I confess to think it as faithfully given, if not more so, than by any of his antecessors, or contemporaries.

The passages which he has *restored*, by transposition of words, lines, and even speeches (though I think he has overlooked some that still want it) have rendered the Author more intelligible, and his own Edition most eligible to read, by those at least who would wish to see the Poet in his native dress.

He piqued himself, and not without some justice, in having purged and reclaimed his Author's Text; insomuch that, being complimented with the title of the *Restorer of Shakespeare* by a Literary Peer (I think Lord Dacre) he was known to have wept whenever he read the Letter. His vanity, it must be allowed, was a little aided in this weakness by the irritable state of his nerves, occasioned by a sedentary and secluded life. This appellation was the *maximum* of his wishes;—the misfortune was, that it was said in a private Letter, and not to the world, with which he was undesignedly at war.

I do not know that ever he wrote any thing to draw down the indignation of the world upon him: but his contemporary Editors are represented as inimical to him, and as having thrown out insinuations to his prejudice, though he was a harmless Editor of Shakespeare, who religiously prayed to die in the service, at the

the hazard of his literary salvation*. Certain it is he sought no profit; for Tonson's property in the Author prevented it, and the expence rested solely on Mr. Capell †.

Mr. Capell's style, it cannot but be confessed, is turgid to a great degree; and every trait of him, be it found where it may, betrays a fondness for singularity, which prevailed over him in every thing. His Introduction to the Dramas of Shakespeare is a sample of his manner of writing: the very type of the Work is pedantic, by his avoiding the compound letters where he can: and, I believe, the paper was made on purpose, without the wire-mark. His Notes, &c. being printed in columns, has frequently obliged the compositor to divide monosyllables contrary to all rule, which had been avoided by long lines:—but this would have been doing like other people. When asked why he did not print the Notes under the Text, he urged deformity of his page, and thought it was more agreeable and convenient to read the text in one book, and the notes in another. That is as every one shall judge for himself: but how is it to be done in the case of the Work before us;—while the pure text came out 1768;—the Notes to Nine Plays, together with the Glossary, not till 1774;—and the rest of the Notes, with the "School of Shakespeare," in 1783. Here, according to Mr. Capell's idea, is an interval of fifteen years before the Text and the Notes can be read in concert.

This place affords an opportunity of remarking Mr. Capell's liberality on occasion of his publishing the first part of his "Notes and Various Readings." This was done in one thin volume (price 16*s.*)

* Mr. Capell was severely treated by more than one of his contemporary Commentators: there was a determination among them not to suffer a Brother too near the Throne; and Mr. Capell had not fair play. But the contending parties are now all removed; and impartial Posterity will appreciate their several merits and pretensions very justly.

† Mr. Capell had only a few copies allowed to give to his literary or intimate friends.

quarto,

quarto, and was intended to have been succeeded by another volume of Notes, and a third Volume containing what he, not improperly, calls, the "School of Shakespeare," or an Exemplification of such Novels, Romances, Histories, &c. from whence the Poet formed his Plays, both Tragic and Comic.

This first volume, if I mistake not, he sold to Messrs. Edward and Charles Dilly, in the Poultry, his publishers: and the fate of it shews the Author's disinterestedness; for, on finding it had little or no sale, he re-called the impression, as far as he could, and *repaid* the balance of what had been the original consideration for the unsold copies; reserving this first volume for a re-publication with the other two, a circumstance attended with an immediate loss of some hundred pounds.—Mr. Capell was then advised to reprint the three volumes by a moderate subscription, which was entered into, and Proposals were further insinuated among the friends to whom he was known, and by whom he was patronized, without his name appearing. The subscription was three guineas for the whole, with a deposit of one guinea, which was lodged with a banker till, by publication, the whole became demandable. This event he did not live to see accomplished, and thereby perhaps avoided still greater mortification than he before experienced. The subscription was respectable, though not numerous*. This, however, he did not regret so much as the inattention of a Friend (not to be mentioned) who had given him the most flattering hopes, through his personal interest, of a long list of names, which eventually amounted to very

* To this encouragement, and Mr. Capell's perseverance, the Publick are indebted for three quarto volumes, under the title of "Notes and Various Readings of Shakespeare; together with the School of Shakespeare, or Extracts from divers English Books that were in Print in the Author's Time; evidently shewing from whence his several Fables were taken, and some Parcel of his Dialogue. Also farther Extracts, which contribute to a due Understanding of his Writings, or give a Light to the History of his Life, or to the Dramatic History of his Time."

few.

few. This, I say, did not weigh with Mr. Capell, so much as the Work not appearing so soon as he expected, for want of a competent number of names; and, I doubt not, embittered some of his latter hours: for, had the subscription equalled the pride of his expectations, he has been heard to say, that, at all events, "he was prepared to lose several hundred pounds by the publication."

His attachment to the Work was so great, that, as appears by his Will, he charged his personal estate with any and every expence that might attend the publication after his decease*. As he had received subscriptions in part, his honour now came in aid of his vanity; which, it must be said, was of superior consideration, great as the latter might be.

Mr. Capell was a personable, well-made man, of the middle stature, and had much of the carriage, manners, and sentiments of a gentleman.

The Bust prefixed to his Notes and the "School of Shakespeare," was taken, I presume, when he was in the meridian of health; for it conveys nothing of his

* Heads of Mr. Capell's Will:—To his sister, Hester Sheldon, widow of Rev. George Sheldon, of Boxford, in Sussex, 30*l.* for life; same to another sister, Dorothy Wretts, the wife of Ambrose Wretts; to his servant Anne, the wife of William Field, an annuity of 20*l.*, to his servant John Edwards, an annuity of 20*l.* if they be living with him at his decease; real estates to his brother the Rev. Robert Capell, of Stanton, and then to his nephew Capell Loft (by his sister Anne, deceased), for life, in general tail; remainder, failing issue, to the Rev. Arthur Willis, late of Jesus College, Cambridge, in fee; to his niece Christiana Loft, 700*l.* Reduced Bank Annuities—and to another niece Olivia Loft 700*l.* New South Sea Annuities; Hastings, and the furniture, to be sold in aid of the personal estate; to the four executors 100*l.* each; to Thomas Pemberton, his godson, 100*l.*; to the poor of Stanton, 20*l.*; to the poor of Troston, 10*l*; to each of his servants living with him at the time of his decease, a year's wages; to Martha Wood, if living with him at his decease, his wearing apparel, and wearing linen. His chambers, furniture, books in them, printed or manuscript, and other papers, bound or unbound; copy-right and interest in his Notes and Various Readings of Shakespeare, and the School of Shakespeare (the whole expence of printing, not before paid, to be defrayed out of his personal estate) to his Residuary Legatee, Mr. Capell Loft.

features

features in profile to those who only knew him in the latter part of his life, when he was much afflicted with a scorbutic humour, which shewed itself so much in his face, that his features became coarse, swoln, and disguised. When he was a young man, both at College and at the Temple, he was a professed beau, and much inclined to gallantry, as well as gaiety in dress. He "knew where the *bona-robas* were *;" and his constitution, from the nature of those infirmities which carried him off, suffered ultimately by these *inamoratas*. These circumstances he has been heard to declare to his intimates, in those few moments when he gave way to freedom of conversation, and openness of heart.

During the time that he was so immersed in Shakespeare, he secluded himself in great measure from the world, admitting very few people to an audience, and these were such as could talk about Shakespeare themselves, or had patience to hear him on the subject:—but he that strenuously opposed his opinions was forbid the court. If you had sufficient address to hear him prose about various readings, transpositions of passages, &c. you might preserve yourself tolerably well in his graces:—but it was labour and sorrow, for he was *all over Shakespeare*. He used to frequent the evening *conversazione* at the Bishop of Lincoln's (Green)—and afterwards at Dr. Heberden's; but it is said that the share he took in them was not the most agreeable, from his being too *opiniatre* and dictatorial. When he left off attending these Attic evenings, he became almost an anchorite.

There was once much intercourse between him and Mr. Garrick; for I may not call it intimacy, as two men of such predominant vanities could never coalesce for any long time. When they happened to flatter each other, they accorded tolerably well; but the least slight on either side put things out of tune. He has been heard to say, when Mr. Garrick was not in favour, "that he spoke many speeches in

* Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Shake-

Shakespeare without understanding them:"—meaning, I presume, not according to his (Mr. Capell's) text. There was once a moment, but from what degree of duplicity on the part of Mr. Garrick I know not, when Mr. Capell cautioned a friend, in the manner of Pontius Pilate's Wife, "never to have any thing to do with David Garrick; for, depend upon it, he will deceive you." This was at the close of Mr. Capell's life, when he was, as it were, determined to have the last blow, and when his peevishness, and dissatisfactions, perchance, at feeling himself of no consequence, entirely had soured a disposition that was naturally upon the fret, and easily fermented.

It is matter of no surprise that one who had affected so much refinement should fancy himself a man of taste. Painting, and Musick, I think, he was equally a stranger to; he might, for the sake of Shakespeare, like Poetry; though he was not perhaps, generally speaking, a competent judge. As he must shew a taste in something, he chose Architecture, and built a house on the faith of his own skill in that Science, for which he paid exceedingly dear, to the great disappointment of those who succeeded to his fortune. This house was placed in a situation of all others the most uninteresting to a man of taste, who looks for diversity of prospect, lawns, groves, rivulets, &c.; for it was close to the sea, at the dirty Port of Hastings. Here was he so much cramped in the scope about his house, that he was obliged to hire several adjacencies, or pay for them "inch-meal." This whim cost him by his own account, and he was not given to exaggeration, near £.5000—and, lamentable to tell! did not after his decease produce much more than £.1300. Here, for the last twenty years of his life, he passed his hours from May till October, equally unknowing and unknown, for he was of too haughty a spirit to associate with the inhabitants, and too much an humourist to be sought for by the neighbouring gentry. At first indeed he used to make morning visits

to

to the Earl of Ashburnham and the Bishop of Chichester (Sir William Ashburnham, who had a patrimonial seat in the neighbourhood); but even these wore away, and he became at last as much a Hermit at Hastings as in his Chambers in the Temple *.

When he came to town in October, for the ten years preceding his death, nothing but the most urgent business could draw him out of doors. He was, however, exceedingly temperate in his diet, eating sparingly of simple things, and chiefly white-meats, and drinking no wine, except one glass if perchance any one was allowed to partake of his little repast. He was prudent, not covetous;—expensive he could not be, though he was always neat in his dress to the last, which was as plain and simple as it had once been gaudy. Having never seen his house at Hastings, I am entitled to say little of it, but that it is now a lodging-house; a circumstance which could he have foreseen, he would, no doubt, have pulled it down, and not left one stone upon another. The spirit of nicety and refinement, however, prevailed in it so much during his life-time, that when a Friend (a Baronet) called upon him in a tour, he was desired to leave his cane in the vestibule, lest he should either dirt the floors with it, or soil the carpet. No one but himself was permitted to stir his fire, or snuff his candles; and to remove and misplace the most trifling thing in his room was a heinous offence. Thus, while he mistook literary industry for genius, he thought preciseness was a proof of a refined understanding;—long habit had changed the latter into a humoursome particularity and peevishness, which drove his friends from even making him elemosinary visits when he really wished and begged for a little company. He died Jan. 24, 1781, æt. 68 †.

* In 1768, when the first volume of his Edition of Shakespeare came out, he lived in Essex-court; from whence he removed to Brick-court, where he died.

† He was buried, with his brother Robert and sister Anne, at Fornham All Saints, Suffolk; but has no epitaph.

HENRY

HENRY ELLIS, Esq. F. R. S. Governor of GEORGIA.

I gladly embrace this opportunity of introducing the following authentic particulars of a very worthy character; and the rather, as a paragraph extracted in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 533, from a publication attributed to Governor Thicknesse, indirectly conveys an erroneous impression. Accuracy being my primary object, I feel considerable obligation to the gentleman whose name is subscribed to the present article.

"Henry, second son of Francis Ellis, of Monaghan, Esq. was born on the 24th of August 1721. In early youth, owing to juvenile wildness and high spirit impatient of paternal authority exercised with ill-judged severity, he forsook his father's house, and was for some years lost sight of by his family. The chief part of this period he appears to have passed at sea. A reconciliation then took place with his father, who afterwards promoted his pursuits in life, finally leaving him the whole of his considerable fortune, with the exception of a few immediate legacies, and subjecting certain lands (at the death of Governor Ellis) to the payment of six thousand pounds bequeathed to charitable institutions *. This sum it has been my lot to pay, as executor of my uncle, and inheriting from my grandfather the lands thus charged. He died at Naples on the 21st of January 1806.

FRANCIS ELLIS.
Lansdown Crescent, Bath,
28th March, 1816."

* To the Monaghan County Hospital three thousand pounds, and three thousand to Mercers' Hospital, Dublin.

Sir

Sir GODFREY COPLEY * to T. KIRKE, Esq. Cookridge.

"*March* 4, 1702-3.

"Your old *Philosopher* is gone at last, to try experiments with his ancestors. He is dead, they say, without a will; had only a poor girl with him, who, seeing him ill, went to call somebody; and he was quite gone before they came. Thus departed the great *Dr. Hook.*—We are told there is like to be a great promotion of *New Peers,* which signifies not much to you nor me.

"The Duke of *Marlborough* went this morning for Holland, and the General Officers are going after him. G. COPLEY."

ROBERT WALPOLE †, Esq. to ROGER GALE ‡, Esq.

"SIR, *June* 11, 1719.

"The bearer, Mr. John Moody, was a Surveyor of the Leather Duty in our country, and acquitted himself very faithfully and diligently in the execution of his office; but, by the alteration of the management of that duty, was dismissed, and has ever since been unemployed. I beg leave to recommend him to your care and favour, and that he may be employed again in some manner; either in the Leather Duty in particular, or in the Excise in general, as you shall find proper and convenient. His friends are such as I would gladly oblige; and shall think myself indebted to you for the service you shall do him.

"I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant, R. WALPOLE."

REV. DR. JOHN JOHNSON § to DR. Z. GREY.

"DEAR SIR, *Hurworth, July* 20, 1738.

"You may justly blame me for not acknowledging the favour of your last, but it went to Durham, and lay there whilst I was prevailed upon to go to Ledstone, to perform a great operation upon the great and good Lady Betty Hastings. As it was a case of great difficulty, and great importance, for it was not only saving a life which has done so much honour to Religion in general, but to the Church of England, and her Clergy, in an exalted

* This worthy Baronet was elected F. R. S. in 1694; and died April 8, 1709; leaving to the Royal Society a small annual sum, to be given as a premium for the best communication to their "Transactions;" which, after some time, as a more liberal gratification, was converted into a gold medal, of about the same value, which is still continued.

† Afterwards Sir Robert, Prime Minister, and Earl of Orford.

‡ At that time a Commissioner of Excise.

§ This worthy Divine was Curate, in 1700, to Mr. Bruce, Vicar of Middleton Tyas, Yorkshire. He had not an University education; but was admitted, in Brazenose College, Oxford, Jan. 13, 1721, to the degree of B. C. L. by diploma; and June 16, 1726, to that of D. C. L. He possessed a knowledge of Surgery, and attempted many difficult cases; in one of which succeeding with Lady Clayton (wife of Sir William Clayton, afterwards Lord Sundon), one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, by her interest at Court he was appointed Domestic Chaplain to Caroline then Princess of Wales; and by King George I. was presented to the Vicarage of Manfield, in Yorkshire. He obtained the Ninth Prebend in the Cathedral of Durham, Jan. 18, 1726; and had also the Rectory of Hurworth, on the presentation of Charles Pinkney, esq. Dying possessed of that living, Oct. 14, 1761, aged 84, he was there buried.

manner;

manner; besides, thousands are supported by her great and extensive charities. If her Ladyship had miscarried, all this must have fallen to the ground, by reason of the Statute of Mortmain, she depending upon settling all by her will; but that act broke all her Ladyship's measures, and now she has all to settle by deed enrolled, and that at least a year before her death; and whilst I was striving to save her life, at the same time I thought it my duty both to press and help forward the other, for fear what a year might bring forth: but this was so delicate a point at this critical juncture, as put me under great difficulty, both in respect of her Ladyship's ability to fatigue in such affairs, and lest it should raise fears that I apprehended danger. But, I bless God, I have been the happy instrument of completing the cure, and of putting the last hand to all her generous and charitable benefactions, which are surprisingly extensive, as will appear when they are made public. This important affair took up all my time and thoughts; and I flatter myself that you have so great a regard for the occasion as to excuse my not before this acknowledging the favour of yours, and the great obligations I am under for the favour you have done my son; and shall be glad of every opportunity to testify my gratitude in a more substantial manner, than by words and writing; being, dear Sir, your most affectionate brother and very humble servant, J. JOHNSON."

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. WILLIAMS*.

"REVEREND SIR, *Jan.* 30, 1734-5.

"I have the favour of your Letter by your servant. My Lord Dupplin † is just gone from me to speak to Sir Michael Newton, and see what else he can do. I shall take all the care I can not to neglect any thing. I assure you I am most heartily determined to serve you to the utmost of my power ‡. I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most obedient faithful humble servant, OXFORD."

"REVEREND SIR, *Dover-street, Feb.* 3, 1734-5.

"I have received your Letter, and have obeyed your commands to the utmost of my power. I wish I could have done better, I hope you will have success. Nothing is wanting on my part. Your servant is kept longer by not being able to meet with people; and Mr. Edwards, who is very industrious for you, keeps him for a letter. I refer you to Mr. Morgan's letter, my time being short; and am, with true respect and esteem, OXFORD."

"REVEREND SIR, *Wednesday, a quarter past twelve o'clock, February* 5, 1734-5.

"I have your Letter at eleven this morning. I think so far

* Philip Williams, of St. John's College, Cambridge; B. A. 1714; A. 1718; B.D. 1725; D. D. 1730. He was a Senior Fellow and President of St. John's, and Public Orator.

† George Henry Hay Viscount Duplin, son of Thomas sixth Earl of Kinnoul, married Abigail, youngest daughter of Robert Earl of Oxford. He succeeded to his father's title in 1718; aud died June 29, 1758.

‡ This was on the vacancy of the Mastership of St. John's College, Cambridge, on the death of Dr. Richard Lambert.—See Mr. Cole's account of the Election in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 553.

you

you may go, as to talk in the style you mention to Parnham; but not by any means to engage yourself by any promise to Newcome; and that you will take care that you do not serve him. Why should not Newcome throw his seven upon you since he has no chance? I repeat again, that by all means Newcome should be kept out*; and I cannot but think that what you propose to offer to Parnham will have the effect you desire; but you must manage it with very great caution. It is not possible to judge so well here as you can upon the spot. I wish you success. My Lord Dupplin is yours. Remember us both to Mr. Morgan. I am, your most faithful and most humble servant, OXFORD."

"REVEREND SIR, *Dover-street, Feb.* 12, 1734-5.

"I have seen Lord Exeter; and he said, in case that Mr. Parnham and Mr. Chappelow cannot be served, he is for you. There has been no meeting of the Lords concerned, but I suppose it will be this evening, or to-morrow. It was so late last night when I had your letter, that nothing could be done. Both Lord Dupplin and I have been about this morning. I hope to give you some account. As soon as I know any thing to be depended upon, I will send you a messenger down. I will write to you, or Mr. Morgan, by the post this night. I cannot, nor will, by any means despair. I am, with true respect, &c. OXFORD."

The Duke of MONTAGU † to Dr. Z. GREY.

"SIR, *June* 24, 1742.

"I have received the favour of yours of yesterday, and am infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you are taking for me, which I am sure will be a much completer Work than it would have been any other way if you had not been so good to undertake it: I am in hopes of getting the Work from Lord Salisbury's Library. As to Mr. Collins, he is dead, and I do not suppose any thing belonging to him can easily be got; nor do I know how to go about it. Sacheverel's book about the Isle of Man I think I have, and will send it you; and will enquire about the Bishop of the Isle of Man.

"Upon the creation of the Knights of the Bath, Lord Glenorchy, who was one of them, was at that time Envoy at the Court of Denmark. How was the Order sent to him (for it was sent him, and he was installed by proxy)? and what dispensation was there for him, as to his not being knighted, and for his wearing the Order? The Red Ribbon is to be immediately sent to Mr. Robinson ‡, our Envoy at Vienna; and how must it be done?—I wish you would send me forms of the proper dispensations, which, I suppose, must be sent him; and let me have them as soon as you can, for they are in a great hurry to send it him.

"I am your most humble servant, MONTAGU."

* Dr Newcome was the successful Candidate

† John Montagu, second Duke of Montagu, succeeded to that title in 1709, died July 6, 1749, aged 59, being then Master General of the Ordnance, Master of the Great Wardrobe, Colonel of the second regiment of Dragoon Guards, K. G. Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, F. R. S. one of the College of Physicians, and Privy Counsellor. See vol. II. p. 786.

‡ Thomas, afterwards Secretary of State; and created Lord Grantham.

BIO-

TO

LADY KNOWLES,

THE ZEALOUS ENTHUSIAST,

FOR GENIUS, TASTE, AND VIRTUE,

THIS PORTRAIT

OF THEIR IMAGE, AND MIRROR,

IN THE RELICKS

WHICH HAVE BEEN CONSECRATED BY HER,

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER AFFECTIONATE ADMIRER,

AND RESPECTFUL SERVANT,

GEORGE HARDINGE.



H Meyer, sculp

SNEYD DAVIES, D.D.

Archdeacon of Derby,

and Canon-Residentiary of Lichfield

Born in 1709; died in 1769.

and Queen-[illegible] of [illegible].

Born in 1709; died in 17[illegible].

DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

Fer cineres AMARYLLI *foras.* VIRGIL.

To JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *Walton Grove, March* 4, 1816.

AN accident has tempted me to rescue from the dust of oblivion (if I can hope to be so fortunate) a man of consummate genius, and of exemplary virtue, who (at least in *my* conception of his value) deserves a conspicuous *niche* in *your* Temple of the Sages, and of the Poets, who confer honour upon the Century behind us.

The accident was this: On my judicial tour into *Wales* in the summer of last year, I called at the house of *Admiral Sir Charles Knowles*, who then resided in *Ludlow*, and who had received me, as an occasional visitor, in the most obliging manner.

He was absent from home: but *Lady Knowles* honoured me with her company for half an hour. Accomplished in her talents, and most engaging in her manners, a model in the dignified graces of domestic virtue, a zealous enthusiast in literature, but with no affectation, she is the ornament, and the delight of her numerous Relations, and of all who have the happiness to be her friends.

In the course of chat between us, and in the company of others, a good laugh took place against both of us, at her supposition that I had written a Letter which had been copied by her from the original, and which, if I *had* written it, would have advanced my age to that of *a hundred and fifteen!*

Except for this *awkward* inference from *the date*, I should have owned it with pride, if I could have made

made the *confession* agree to the *fact*. It will appear in these *Memoirs*, and I am now possessed of it in the writer's hand. He was *my own Father*. He had written this Letter to a certain MR. DAVIES, then *Rector of Kingsland*, in the County of *Hereford*, afterwards *Canon Residentiary* of *Lichfield*, and *Archdeacon of Derby*, a person whom, though I was *not* "*a hundred and fifteen*," I *was* old enough to have seen at the table of the first *Lord Camden*, my uncle, when he was *Chancellor*, and whom I should have seen there, on the day appointed for the interview, if I had not been deprived of that pleasure by some youthful engagements of my own, which I had not sense enough to countermand.

I had often heard *the Chancellor* speak of him as of an admired friend, and favourite in *Eton* school—at *King's College in Cambridge*—and occasionally, in rambles of the summer, before the Law tied *him* by the leg. As a Poet indeed he had caught my attention at school, and when I only knew him, as the Writer of an address in blank verse to C—— P——, Esq.—*Charles Pratt* (as I found afterwards) before the latter attained any of his professional honours.

This Poem had struck me long before I could fill up those initials of the name; and the Reader will naturally suppose that I was not *less* partial to it when it acquired the additional value, to me, of its reference to a person whom I loved, admired, and revered.—It pleased me the more, because it was temperate, and manly in *praise* (an arduous province of the Muse); nor could I fail to admire the sagacity of anticipation—which made the partial, and poetical friend a discerning prophet.

When I read this Poem first, it chimed in my ear, and I could repeat every syllable of it by heart.—I have the same passion for it still;—but what I shall think of it in my *hundred and fifteenth* year, I will not risk an opinion *before its time!*

When

When my uncle had *the Seals*, he told me one day that his friend *the Poet* had presented him with a poetical address to CAMDEN the Antiquary, and that *he* had placed this keepsake at *the back of* the Antiquary's picture (*which* had been given to him by *Mr. James West* *) — "*a good place for such high-flown compliments!*" was, I remember, his phrase. It was an *éloge* upon the *Chancellor* in verse. He added (and seemed more pleased with it than with his own *fame* behind *the picture)* that his friend had also given him *his own Portrait*.

But, at an earlier period still, though after I had first read the Poem, I had seen amongst my father's loose papers, *English* verse of the same DAVIES to *him*. I thought it excellent of its kind in the *Miltonic* measure, which his poetical ear had most happily caught, and which his earliest prepossession had selected as a model in general for his own.

One Poem in particular (though in the removal of papers at various times, when I shifted my *Arab's tent*, I lost many others) was preserved by me, and was in my possession, but so mislaid that I could only at first give a part of it, which memory had retained. But I have now received the remainder of it, from a gentleman who was in possession of it.

I recollect that I also have read some of his *Letters* to my father in prose, which I thought unaffectedly elegant — a character which is the perfection of epistolary eloquence. In one of them he sends Latin *Alcaics* which address him thus:

"O DANA REGUM *progenies*,"

in allusion to the unexplained affinity between *our Crest* and that of the *Berkeleys*, which *(in pure jest)*

* "Viro integerrimo
CAROLO, BARONI CAMDEN,
Jurum, Libertatumque Populi Anglicani
Vindici acri, forti, fideli,
Hoc Camdeni illustris Prototyphon
In Ædibus Camdenianis olim
asservatum, nunc reponendum
Offert, JACOBUS WEST."

jest) carried us, with our *Berkeley cousins*, to the *Fitz-Hardinges*, who were *Princes* of *Denmark!*

These Letters, and Verses making him a kind of *tableau de famille*, tempted me to read more of his works in the same volume of *Dodsley's Miscellany*.

They were, I thought, little, if at all, inferior to that, which had fascinated me when I was at school. In short, he became a favourite of my youthful taste. But youth is youth; and I had almost forgotten him.

During my ill-omened acquaintance with *Miss Seward*, whose poetical fancy I admired, and who resided in *Lichfield*, I imparted (with my habitual enthusiasm for genius) to *her*, the impression which DAVIES had made upon me.

That celebrated female has conferred upon me the *unsolicited honour* of *printing*, and *publishing* her answer to me upon this topic, and upon EVERY OTHER which had been the subject of mutual CONFIDENCE between us—either transcribed (as the Editor has represented) from her own copies of those Letters, made when she wrote the originals first, or, as I suspect, in this peculiar instance, from the *originals;* but, upon either supposition, with perfidy in cold blood, unexampled (I hope) in literary intercourse.

After many high-flown compliments to me, whom she had never seen but once, and after the exchange of childish pedantries between us, my disagreement with her upon subjects of criticism embittered her against me; for, with all her attainments in literature, she overlooked a maxim of *Cicero*, "that we should refute without anger, and should be refuted without pertinacity." She laid her *commands* upon me, in a fit of spleen, to return *all the Letters* I had received, offering to part with all mine back to me, *upon a solemn pledge between us*, instituted by herself, that *no trace of the correspondence was ever to appear*.

appear.—This *contract*, with my perfect assent, was in part executed—she sent back all my Letters to me—*I burnt them.* She obtained possession of her own to me; and I received a direct assurance from her, which *I also burnt* (with . disdain to keep it as a check, and security), that *no vestige of the opinions, or sentiments,* which *had been circulated between her and me, should ever appear.*

Instead of keeping her word, she has betrayed, by a posthumous deceit, but contemplated with deliberate foresight, *in the shape of her own replies,* all the idle rhapsodies of criticism, or taste, which at the impulse of the moment I had communicated, as her friend. She has trafficked away her good faith, and sense of honour, to a Bookseller; and has exposed me to ridicule, as guilty, at the best, of a *labor ineptiarum,* and at the worst—of many *unfashionable* opinions, which I thought *sacred* in *her* hands. She has even copied one entire letter of mine to her, in a letter to her friend. This too, after we had parted in amity, and after some kind attentions to me on her part, even since we had quarrelled *upon literary subjects alone.*

That is not all; nor is it the worst. There are passages of a delicate nature in my Letters, affecting the character of respectable individuals, which a feeling mind would have shuddered even at the POWER of revealing to the indiscriminate world; and she has not suppressed ONE of them, if made, as they generally were, the subjects of her Letters to me.

It happens too, that upon the subject of this *Lichfield* Poet her disingenuity is betrayed. In a letter to me, his poetical rank is, by comparison, depreciated; but in a marginal note upon his verse in *Dodsley's* Collection, presented by her to DAVIES himself, and recently discovered at *Kingsland,* he is the subject of a more animated *éloge.*

To

To me her expression is (word for word) as follows: "Yes, indeed, DR. DAVIES had genuine *poetical* "*fancy*, and his *numbers* were *often* GRACEFUL, and "HARMONIOUS: so far I think with *you*; but must "dissent from *your* assertion," [which I never made,]

"*That he is a Poet, sweet as any of modern times!*

"the times that boast of *Gray*, *Mason*, *Collins*, "*Hayley*, *Beattie*, *Cowper*, *Chatterton*, *Burns*, "with MANY OTHERS, who *hold the poetic torch* "MUCH *higher* *, surely, than it was lifted by the "GENTLE †, the ELEGANT DAVIES."

In the marginal note of her keepsake, which is extant *in her own hand*, she writes thus:

"Witness the lays that still engage
Poetic eyes in *Dodsley's* page;
Meek DAVIES ‡ thine; whose feeling mind
Was by each Christian grace refin'd,
Whilst PUREST RAYS of DELIAN FIRE
SHED LIVING LUSTRE ON THE LYRE."

To resume *Lady Knowles* (who is never to be left at the call of any digression, without reluctance), I took the liberty of asking her, if she knew any more of DAVIES; and I learnt from her, with no common delight, that she had found at *Kingsland*, where she had copied this Letter "*of mine*," several interesting manuscripts, in prose, and in verse, connected with DAVIES, the mirrors of his genius, virtues, and familiar habits. In the kindest manner, observing, that my zeal for him was in unison with her own, she communicated copies of these treasures to me, and some of the originals; to which, at a later period,

* If the reader can unriddle this image, I give him joy.

† How these *lady-like* epithets can be deemed applicable to the peculiar style, and character of *his* Muse, will hereafter appear.

‡ To this I have no objection. It is the fact, as applicable to his *moral* character.

she

she added *all the rest*. They are chiefly the fountains, from which I have drawn the *Memoirs* of this accomplished Poet, and most amiable man. Upon the box which retained the originals, before they were in my possession, she wrote this beautiful tribute of gratitude, for the delight she had felt in reading his works:

TO THE SHADE THAT ONCE ANIMATED THESE RELICKS.

Oh, stay the hand, that would to flames consign
A polish'd vein, and feelings, pure as thine!
Though *Time*, obsequious to the world's decay,
Has thy immortal essence borne away,
Still, through the foliage of a deathless wreath,
Shall Inspiration's fond memorial breathe;
To future Pilgrims, that shall hither stray,
Thy renovated spirit shall display;
The Sage, and Poet, shall *himself* redeem,
His own bright mirror of the hallow'd theme;
— Can this be *death*, when *souls* from *bodies* part,
But live to *Fame*, in genius, and the heart?

He was born in 1709, a younger son, of a good family in the *Vale of Clewyd*, near *St. Asaph*. They were possessed of an estate, and of a mansion there, which is in the hands of a descendant, who is entitled by entail.

At *Kingsland* there is a curious drawing of this family seat, "*in Chinese perspective*" to use *Lady Knowles's* words, in allusion to it.

His father was *Rector*, and *Impropriator* of *Kingsland*, *Prebendary* of *Hereford*, *and of St. Asaph*, *Precentor* of *St. David's*, and a *Doctor* of *Divinity*.

In a most whimsical, but facetious manuscript, which I have seen in one of my *détours* from the Circuit

Circuit into the adjacent Counties, and which is very much in the manner of *Henry Fielding*, coeval to the date of the elder DAVIES's residence at *Kingsland*, a satirical account appears, at which he would have laughed himself, both of his exterior, and of his air, in these words:

"One DOCTOR DAVIES was both *Rector*, and *Im-* " *propriator* of *Kingsland.*

" He was tall, and bulky.—He had an air of gra- " vity, and of dignity in the expression of his coun- " tenance. It *said*, or *seemed to say*, especially to " those who were not of his acquaintance, 'that he " was not only *Rector of Kingsland, but a Chan-* " *ter of St. David's!*"

He died in 1732. The son drew his character: and I have taken one extract from it, as thinking it very original, and well expressed:

" He had many ways to gain friends, and but " one, that could endanger the loss of them. It " was, that he sacrificed his interest, by telling them " an unwelcome truth."

The inscription upon his monument, perhaps written by the son, is in these words:

"Here lies the Rev. JOHN DAVIES, D. D.
Rector of Kingsland,
Precentor of St. David's,
and *Prebendary of the Cathedrals*
of *Hereford*, and *St. Asaph*,
but much better distinguished
by his personal worth,
than he could have been
by the highest station in a Church*,
whose doctrines he constantly preached, and practised,
in a manner equalled by few,
excelled by none.
Nor was he less remarkable
for his public spirit,
and an unalterable attachment

* He was to have been the next Bishop, if he had lived.

to

to the interest of his Country;
which engaged him to many,
and recommended him to all good men.

By him lies *Honora* his first wife, the relict
of *Thomas Ravenscroft, Esq.* greatly distinguished for
her piety, and charity.

He was the son of *Mutton Davies, Esq.*
an ancient, and loyal family in *Flintshire.*
He died December the 14th, 1732,
aged 63,
leaving behind him *Isabella,* relict
of the *Right Reverend John Hartstonge,*
Bishop of Derry,
his second, and sincerely afflicted wife:
John, SNEYD, and *Elizabeth,* his children,
by his first wife.

It is worthy of remark, that in his will he gave the living of *Kingsland* to SNEYD, the second son, "*because of all his children he deserved the best of him, and was fit for the ministry.*"

Of *John* I have no intelligence, except that he died Sept. 8, 1731, at the age of 31, and had this inscription to his memory; so classical, that I have no doubt of the *hand*;—SNEYD was evidently the writer of it—

"Hoc juxta breve marmor
non sine laude, et lachrymis,
jacet JOHANNES DAVIES, armiger;
Naturæ dotibus feliciter instructus,
Elegans Poeta, jucundus comes,
Dilectus in vitâ—in mortê deflendus,
Fil. nat. max.
Rev[di] JOHANNIS DAVIES,
Rectoris de *Kingsland,*
in Comitatu *Herefordiæ.*
Obiit quinto die Septembris,
A. D. 1735, ætatis 31.

We

We have no other traces of him; and it is very singular, that in the numerous Letters of the surviving Brother, he is not once named!

Notwithstanding the ridicule upon his father's exterior, and manner, conferred upon them by the *Manuscript*, he appears to have been a very deep scholar. Many books written by him are at *Kingsland*, religious, and classical;—but, half mouldering away. Many, alas, are such treasures, lost, and buried in the modest obscurity of secluded life, though graced by genius, and learning;—they have "*blushed unseen.*"

He must also have been lively, and pleasant; for there is *a Ballad* written by him upon the rage for the *South Sea*, very much in *Swift's* manner, and worth copying. It is intituled,

MERRY REMARKS UPON SOUTH SEA.

In *London* stands a famous pile,
And near that place an alley;
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
And Wisdom stoops to Folly.

Here sad, and joyful, high, and low,
Court Fortune for her graces;
And, as she smiles, or frowns, they shew
Their gestures, and grimaces.

There *Stars*, and *Garters* do appear,
And 'mongst our Lords the rabble;
To buy, and sell, to see, and hear,
The *Jew*, and *Gentile* squabble.

Here crafty Courtiers are too wise,
For those who trust to Fortune;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
Who peep behind the curtain.

Our

Our greatest Ladies hither come,
  And ply in chariots daily;
Oft pawn their jewels for a turn,
  To venture in the alley.

Young harlots too, from *Drury Lane*,
  Approach the '*Change* in coaches;
To fool away the gold they gain
  By their obscene debauches.

Long heads may thrive by sober rules,
  Because they think, and drink not;
But *head-longs* are no thriving fools,
  Who only drink, and think not.

The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
  Leap into *South Sea* water;
And there they fish for golden frogs,
  Not caring what comes a'ter.

'Tis said, that alchemists of old
  Could turn a broken kettle,
Or leaden cistern, into gold,
  That noble tempting metal.

But, if it here may be allow'd,
  To bring-in great with small things;
Our cunning *South Sea*, like a god,
  Turns nothing into all things.

What need have we of *Indian* wealth,
  Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our Constitution is in health,
  And riches crown our labours.

Our *South Sea* ships have golden shrouds,
  They bring us wealth, 'tis granted;
But lodge their treasure in the clouds,
  To hide it till it's wanted.

O BRITAIN!

O BRITAIN ! bless thy happy state,
Thou only happy nation ;
So oddly rich, so madly great,
Since Bubbles came in fashion.

Successful rakes exert their pride,
And court these airy millions ;
Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride,
Brought up to town on pillions.

Few men, who borrow Reason's rules,
Grow fat with *South-Sea* diet ;
Young rattles, and unthinking fools,
Are those that flourish by it.

Old musty jades, and pushing blades,
Of least consideration ;
Grow rich apace, whilst wiser heads
Are struck with admiration.

A race of men who, to this day,
Lay crush'd beneath disasters ;
Are now by stock brought into play,
Are made our Lords, and Masters.

But should one tenth from *Babel* fall,
What numbers would be frowning !
The honest then must ease their gall,
By hanging, or by drowning !

Five hundred millions, notes, and bonds,
Our stocks are worth in value ;
But neither lie in goods, nor lands,
Nor money, let me tell you.

Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapour ;
When all the riches that we boast,
Consist in scraps of paper !

The

The DAVIESES were originally of *Gwynsaney*, near *Mold*, in *Flintshire;* but about four, or five generations before, had married a *Mutton* *, heiress of *Llannerch.*—All the issue of JOHN died without children. The family seat has the name of *Llannerch.* The owner of it, the Rev. MR. WILLIAM WHITEHALL DAVIES, resides at *Broughton Hall*, near *Wrexham.*

Honora Sneyd, whose maiden surname was conferred upon her second son, married her first husband, in *Shrewsbury*, Feb. 12, 1690. He was buried at *Harwarden* in *Flintshire*, *May* 10, 1698.

Honora was the daughter of *Ralph Sneyd, Esq.* (who was of *Keel*, in the county of *Stafford)*, by *Frances*, daughter of *Sir John Dryden, Bart.* of *Canons Ashby*, in the county of *Northampton.* She was born in 1668.

DR. JOHN DAVIES was of *Shrewsbury*, where all his children were born.

John, Feb. 3, 1703-4.
SNEYD, Oct. 30, 1709.
Thomas, June 27, 1711.
And a daughter *Elizabeth.*

There is a Letter from *Earl Camden*, a very little before he left the bar, to his friend, lamenting, that he cannot, *by a dash of his pen, make* the law in *his* favour. The question was, if he was a tenant for life, or in fee, to some part of the family estate.

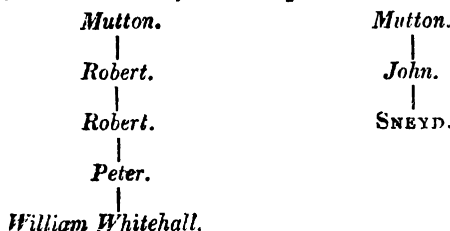
"DEAR SNEYD,
"The point is clear; you are only tenant for life.
"I wish the dash of my pen would *alter* the law
"for your sake; but it is too stubborn. Your uncle's
"heir at law is entitled after your death, &c.
(Signed) "C. PRATT. *Sept.* 31, 1761."

From one of the co-heirs now in possession, the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM WHITEHALL DAVIES, I have received a series of kind, and very entertaining Letters.

* This word, as the *Welsh* utter it, has the sound of *Mitton.*

He has traced the family back to a remote, and *venerable* period.

The common ancestor of this Gentleman and SNEYD was MUTTON DAVIES, the father of *John*, but who was not the elder son *. *Robert*, who came before him, had many children. *His* grandson was *Peter*, father to my Correspondent.



Amongst the descendants from this MUTTON or MITTON DAVIES, *Richard*, brother to the first *Robert*, and who left an estate for life to his nephew the *Rector of Kingsland*, merits a distinguished place in these *Memoirs*, if in the anecdotes of a descendant from the common ancestor, those of the same family can without indecorum be introduced, who attract peculiar notice, by deserving it.

I cannot better describe this Gentleman, than by copying an extract from a Letter which I have just received from the coheir of the *North Welsh* inheritance, MR. WHITEHALL DAVIES; to whom I am indebted for many other communications, no less interesting, than courteous, and liberal.

His words are these:

" *Richard*, being thus brought into contact with
" *your Hero*, cannot be dismissed without further
" notice.

* *Robert* his elder Brother was a deep scholar, and versed in *biblical studies.*—*John*, when young, was admired for his wit, and vivacity. It was the habit then to say, " the *Parson* should have been *Squire*, and *vice versâ*."

" My

" My Father, when he was young, knew him " well, and he never spoke of him but with most " affectionate esteem.

" His epitaph designates him as the pious, and " charitable. — It might have added that he was " '*an Israelite without guile;*' so discharging the " various duties of his pastoral office, that his Pa- " rishioners crowded after him to the church, and " literally fell upon their knees for his blessing.

" I contemplate him with absolute veneration.— " He was an epitome of all that is excellent, and yet, " with *peculiarity* enough to confer a singular fla- " vour upon all that he did, or said.

" *Anecdotes* often illustrate a *character* the best.— " In 1745, during the political flame of the two " parties, and upon the verge of a contested election, " one of his Relations rode up to the vicarage of " *Rhuabon* with a message from the Bishop, im- " porting, that, if *Mr. Davies* expected any favours " from him, he must give his vote, and his interest, " for the Court.

" 'Well, Sir, (my Father asked him), and what " answer did you make to the Bishop ?' — 'My du- " tiful respect ; but adding, that his Lordship was " meddling with subjects of no fit concern for *him*— " that *his* duty was, to visit the Diocese—to see his " Clergy at their post, and superintending their " flocks — carefully to advance the deserving, and " them alone. — That, as to my vote, I should give " it according to my conscience.'

" 'Well, and what said you to our *cousin* ?'

" 'I said nothing.'

" 'What ! nothing to our *kinsman* ?'

" 'He did not come to me as my *kinsman*, but " as *a servant of the Bishop*. I treated him accord- " ingly, and I told *Roger* to carry a tankard of ale " for his horse."

SNEYD was a Colleger at *Eton* school; and "*went* "*off*" (in the *Eton* phrase) *to King's.*"

At both of those two seminaries he formed an affectionate intimacy with *Charles Pratt*, afterwards *Earl Camden*, who was a Colleger at *Eton*, and a Fellow of *King's College*, in the University of *Cambridge*.—Through him he became, at a later period, acquainted with *Mr. Nicholas Hardinge*, my father; of whom, at first, he seems to have been *afraid*, without a shadow of reason, except that my father had a reserved countenance, and manner, with *strangers*, though witty, social, and pleasant with *friends*, and familiar companions. This *fear* wore off, and he appears to have been his guest, as well as admirer.

Perhaps the "*constitutional timidity*" which is marked in *Miss Seward's* portrait of him, may have compelled him to be shy of a new acquaintance, who lived more in the world, and whom he only knew through the medium, and partiality of their common friend, *Mr. Pratt*, as bearing a high character for classical taste.

The words of *Miss Seward* are these; and, bating only two words of that inflated style, which I always considered as the bane of her genius (brilliant as it was) *in prose*, they are admirable. As in this portrait she had no *bias* upon her mind, we may accredit her fidelity. We have also the advantage of her familiar access to the original, of her acute observation upon the circle of her *Lichfield* neighbours, and of her lively pencil in delineating them:

"In my girlish days I knew him well, and always "shed tears of delight when I listened to him from "the pulpit; for his manner of preaching was *in*-"*effable*; a voice of *tremulously pathetic softness*, "religious energies struggling through *constitu*-"*tional timidity*; but in all his words, his looks, "his manners, within, and without the church, "there looked out of a feeble frame a spirit *beati*-"*fied* before its *time*." At

At the same *Eton* school he became the associate, and friend of that amiable Prelate, *Cornwallis*, first *Bishop of Lichfield*, and afterwards *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

Both of them, to my *personal* knowledge, retained their school affection for him, and were proud of him, as their friend.—I have heard *Lord Camden* say, that he thought him, next only to *Mr. Hardinge* (his brother-in-law), the best classical scholar of his age *.

If, as I rather suspect, in the declining years of his life he felt the ambition of preferment, it was unfortunate, that *Cornwallis* did not reach the *Metropolitan See*, till a very few months before DAVIES's death.

To that excellent Prelate, whom I had the happiness to know and cultivate, there is a poetical address by DAVIES, at an early period of their lives, perhaps not inferior to that, which I have described as enchanting me at *Eton* school, in honour to *Lord Camden*—at least it is a measuring cast between them.

I have no precise date for the address to *Cornwallis;* but I should guess, that it was written a little before 1745 — The date of the lines to *Lord Camden* is 1743.

Amongst the Letters preserved at *Kingsland* are many of *Lord Camden*, which I now possess in the originals, by the obliging aid, and generous attentions of *Lady Knowles*.

There is also a Letter of DAVIES to his admired friend, written, but not sent, either as having been acidentally mislaid, or, as having been thought by him too dull, and cold, for the demand of his feelings, and of his taste; both which had, in general, too little mercy to their own works.

* In this *éloge*, I of course make, and claim allowance for *partialities*.

At

At the same *Eton* school he formed an acquaintance with *Mr. Dodd*, afterwards of *Swallow-field-place* in *Berkshire*, and a Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Reading*.—They continued their acquaintance at *King's*, where *Mr. Dodd* was a Gentleman Commoner.

To this gentleman was attached *Whaley*, of the same College, his tutor.

The pupil was no scholar; but he was a favourite of many ingenious, and clever men, as well as of others, who were exemplary in worth, and were of high rank. *Lord Fane* described him *as a fine horse ill broke-in**. He was generous, open-hearted, and convivial,—friendly, and hospitable to a fault.

Whaley was of a more dissipated, and wild character. He died in distress; and his *Kingsland* friend, whom nothing else could have seduced from his diffidence, for he had a modesty unexampled in the estimate of his own powers, gave to *him* some of his poetry, to be inserted in *his* Collection of *Poetical Miscellanies*, published *for bread.*—But *his name was to be concealed*—as it was.

From this Collection some of the Poems, written by Davies, and judiciously selected, found their way into *Dodsley's Collection*, but were still *anonymous*.

In one of Davies's Letters there is an allusion to the difficulties of his friend; and, as it is most honourable to his feelings, it shall be copied in its place.

It is not, upon the first view, easy to account for what is called *friendship*, in the union of three such characters.—But friendships, made at school, or even at College, are seldom permanent. We are therefore so pleased when they *are*, that we readily forgive, and almost admire, the amiable prejudice of a persevering attachment, where merit on one side has no claim, or, at the best, an equivocal one, to the honour, and sanction of the intercourse on the other.

* I owe this arch, and clever *simile* to the report of my affectionate, ingenious, and pleasant friend, *Lord Braybrooke.*

But,

But, amongst the Manuscripts preserved at *Kingsland*, there is a very short note from *Whaley* to DAVIES, and countersigned by *Dodd*, which is curious, because it marks what gave the first impression of *Lord Camden's* promising fame at the Bar; and the fact is the more pleasing, because it arose from the zeal of his professional exertions for *Mr. Dodd*, his personal *friend*.

He was Counsel for him, and victorious, in a contested Election for the Borough of *Reading*, in 1740.

That as a boy DAVIES at *Eton* school was a gifted scholar, and was eminent in classical compositions, may be inferred, with safe analogy, from his youthful works, after he had left College.

Indeed, we have a powerful *hint* of his genius, when at school, in a Poem from which I mean to extract some of the lines; and in *Whaley's* Collection there is an exercise at *Cambridge*, when he was not more than 20 years of age, which has poetical spirit enough to have *then* warranted the hope, that he would make a figure as a Poet, if he would but overcome his delicacy, and fear.

But when I name this amiable infirmity of his nature, I think it will appear, that although his manners were timid, his Muse, and his thoughts in *her* school were as manly, as they were graceful, and polished—They were much nearer to *sublimity*, than to *elegance* (*Miss Seward's* character of them); and were marked with an originality of spirit, which made him distinguished, by a superior cast, I think, from some of his contemporaries, who have acquired a more popular character, as being more pushed into notice.

All accounts of him, that have reached me, describe him as the most amiable of human beings; cheerful, though modest; and pious, without parade of his religion;—friendly, humane, public-spirited, and virtuous in every sense of that word.

In *Whaley's* Poems there are more allusions than one to the simplicity of his domestic, and moral character,

racter.—They are not, I think, *Whaley's* compositions.—If they *are*, they are the best of him, for I see little of genius in the rest of his works. Whoever has written them, as they give hints at least of the poet, and the divine, I may as well copy them here.

In a Poem which is "*in praise of water*," and which has many admirable strokes of genius (but which I feel a difficulty in ascribing to *Whaley*, who was a *Bacchanal* professed) is a charming portrait. He is *Romanized* by the name of *Gallus*.

I copy these allusions with pleasure, upon their own account, and as recommending the character of DAVIES:

Hail then, ye limpid streams, that sweetly glide,
Daughters of *Pinsley's* * ever-flowing tide;
But from your Sire in happy error speed,
Pleas'd to be lost in *Kingsland's* verdant mead;
With you for fame while *Mincio* vainly strives,
Since *Maro* 's dead, and tuneful GALLUS lives;
And as you, sweetly murm'ring, glide along,
Repay each murmur with a sweeter song.
Nor is the price beyond the gifts you bring,
Though *Orpheus* breathes upon the vocal string,
Soft pleasure sports along the banks you lave,
And health comes rolling on, at every wave.

In the address to *John Dodd* are these lines:

Nor less sincere, though calmer joys arise,
With aspect mild when GALLUS greets my eyes,
And challenges from this thy new abode
The hospitality he once bestow'd.
When *Lempster* sheep, long from the butcher kept,
Their master's bounty, and our hunger wept.

* A rivulet or brook at *Kingsland.*

And

And as on *Pinsley's* sunny banks we lay,
The cyder-tuns ran unperceived away.
Here, as in *Greek*, and *Roman* times, we find
The *pious priest*, and *tuneful poet* join'd;
His verses, what good men *should be*—declare,
And his whole life informs us, what *they are*.

DAVIES had another *Eton* friend, or acquired for him by his *Eton* associates *(Dodd, Whaley,* and *Pratt)*, a gentleman whom I had the honour, and the happiness to enjoy as my host *for one happy day; Mr.* ALDWORTH NEVILLE, of *Billingbear* in *Berkshire,* father to *Lord Braybrooke.* He was a most kind-hearted, and benevolent man, highly accomplished, and well-bred, a generous friend, and a most enchanting companion. In all duties of social, and moral intercourse, he was excelled by none, but was for many of his later years withheld from the world at large (as he was at the time that I had the good fortune to be his guest), by the gout, which crippled, and imprisoned him at home.

To this gentleman, when travelling abroad, there is a very exquisite Poem by DAVIES, in imitation of *Horace,* which I trust you will not be sorry to accept.

I feel my own judgment honoured by the feelings, and the taste of *Mr.* NEVILLE, who (as *Lord Braybrooke* informs me) was quite an enthusiast for the poetical genius of DAVIES, and would often repeat the lines of his verse, that were *his* favourites.

MR. NEVILLE married a lady, whose name was *Calandrini.* She was the eldest daughter of the first syndic at *Geneva,* and was highly accomplished. *Mr. Neville* had resided five years in *Geneva,* and married this lady in two years after his return, when he was *Under Secretary of State,* and M. P. for *Reading.*

In

In a *Life* (by the celebrated *Mr. Coxe*) of a most ingenious, but unassuming, and retired man, the late *Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet*, are many particulars of *Mr.* NEVILLE, entertaining in themselves, and reported, with spirit like his own, by that pleasing writer *Mr. Coxe*. But there are also what may be termed some of *Mr.* NEVILLE's *works*, and I cannot enough recommend them to readers of taste.—His account of his theatrical friends at *Geneva* has all the charm, and grace of that astonishing meteor at *Ferney*, but more simplicity of nature; and his three *portrait-characters* * are standard compositions, not surpassed by those of *Lord Clarendon*.

Amongst them I cannot forbear to select, and republish, that living sketch which he has drawn of the eccentric Father to the late *Mr. Windham* *, so universally admired, and lamented.

The father appears to have been, with shades of difference, as extraordinary as the son. Both had a passion for manly exercises.

This portrait has captivated me; and I have not much fear that I shall be singular.

"WINDHAM, tall, thin, and narrow-chested, would vie with PRICE, in every feat of strength, and agility; and so far he succeeded, that he was known through *London* by the name of *Boxing* WINDHAM; whilst few knew that his quiet friend *Mr.* PRICE, who was eminent as a pugilist, could box at all. Fewer yet could divine, that WINDHAM would have excelled in almost every pursuit but those he was seen to follow; that he possessed *Greek*, *Latin*, *Spanish* †, and *French*, to a high degree, and knew something of *Dutch*, and *German*. This was, however, the fact;

* The subjects are, *Mr. Price* of *Foxley*, *Mr. Windham*, and the *Rev. Mr. Williamson*.

† He has proved his intimate acquaintance with *Spanish*, by his witty, and acute criticism on the specimen of the proposed translation of *Don Quixote* by *Smollett*, in which he has proved him grossly ignorant of the idiom, and as no less deficient in that elegance, and beauty of style, which mark the original.

and



Shackleton pinx^t J^s Basire sculp

WILLIAM WINDHAM, ESQ^R

and from these various sources, his amazing parts, equally quick and retentive, had drawn, and amassed treasures of science, and amusement;—the more striking from his apparent dissipation: he was, besides, a mathematician, mechanic, and draughtsman; could, and did build vessels, and navigate them himself; in short, he was every thing.

"He had an utter abhorrence of restraint, which made him love to associate with those that put him under none at all: here he might throw his legs against the chimney, round himself into a hoop in his elbow chair, and at the same time read one subject, and converse on another; a method, he constantly practised, and with what success the following instance will best illustrate. One day in our Common room at *Geneva* (which for an hour or two after dinner was the resort of every odd genius of every country) two sets at the same time were talking on different subjects; one in *English*, the other in *Italian*. WINDHAM was between them, reading as usual, yet occasionally joining with each in the language which that party was speaking, and in a manner that would have made you think him solely attentive to one single subject. I remarked this, made another do so likewise, and we both of us watched him for some time; when our surprize was increased by his shutting his book (which was old *Brantome* in *French*) and telling us an execllent story which he had been reading at the very time he had been keeping up the double conversation.—Intolerance of the least restraint, was a marked feature of WINDHAM's character, and serves as the best clue to unravel seeming inconsistencies. This accounts for a man of nice honour, bright imagination, and extensive knowledge, often throwing away such talents, on those who could neither do credit to that honour, entertain that imagination, nor improve that knowledge. In his friendships he was never known to fail; the friends of his youth (though he neglected their company occasionally) were

were ever nearest his heart; nor could he die, without leaving us marks of his latest remembrance, and affection.

"The lively beauty of his countenance was most striking, and every feature spoke genius; it was impossible to see, and not admire him: to this, when he chose to please, he added an address that could not fail to captivate*. Such was the man, who, with the additional advantages of connexions, and fortune, would have died almost unknown to his country, had not the *Militia* been established. He instantly adopted the measure, and pursued it with such sense, and vigour, that in a short time he had the honour of being pointed out as the man, who by his pen, and his example, had most contributed to carry it into perfection.

"During his travels he was peculiarly attentive to the system established in the *Prussian* army, at that time the school of *Europe*. He applied the knowledge he had thus acquired to the advantage of his country. In the *Seven Years' War*, he published an Essay to prove the Necessity of a regular *Militia*, to oppose the Invasion with which we were then threatened by an inveterate Enemy; and on the establishment of the *Militia*, he became a Lieutenant-colonel in that of his native county. While in this office, he introduced a new, and superior mode of discipline; and may be considered as one of the first, who contributed to explode our antiquated system of *tactics*, which, in spite of its many absurdities, and the improvement made in other countries, still maintained its ground in *England*. He reduced the exercise to a simple, and systematic form; and by the publication of his "*Plan of Discipline for the Militia of Norfolk*," rendered his own corps a pattern for others. This work was

* I remember seeing at *Mr. Garrick's*, in the *Adelphi*, a whole-length figure of him, in a picturesque habit, and presenting a most elegant form. G. H.

highly

highly esteemed by the best judges of military discipline, and the Author deservedly received the approbation of the patriot, and the officer.

"His treatise on the subject is well known, and admired even by the *Regulars*; I have heard Generals declare, the Author was himself one of the best Battalion Officers in the service, and might with opportunity make a great Commander in Chief. In this, however, they were mistaken; he wanted constitution: even the Militia-duty was too much for him; and greatly helped to hurry him to his grave. He left a son, who promises, at this early age, to inherit his father's virtues, snd abilities."

One more of these characters, that of *Mr. Williamson*, will appear in the *Appendix*.



To resume DAVIES; it appears by Letters, that he had also an acquaintance, admirer, and friend, in *Mr. Richard Phelps*, who writes to him from *Italy*, two classical, and most ingenious notes upon scenery, and the works of art.—These Letters, dated 1751, prove, in what a high estimation he held his *Kingsland friend*.

DAVIES's father dying in 1732, when he was 22 years of age, and having left him a competency in the living at *Kingsland*, and in some portions of his landed property, I should apprehend that he soon began to reside there. It appears, that from thence he corresponded with such of his friends in the *world* as he loved the most, and the best. The circle was, I dare say, extensive at first, and by degrees dwindled away to few, very few, and those in general, of a turn like his own, retired, studious, and spell-bound by the *Comus* of literary taste, whose dominions are not of ample extent. — I must here introduce a passage in *Lady Knowles's* letter to me:

"DAVIES

"DAVIES resigned *the world*. He took little con-
"cern even in his own pecuniary affairs, lived in
"his library, where his books, like those of the
"Hermit in *Vaucluse*, were his friends; but, want-
"ing the all-powerful charm of love, and female
"intercourse, to soften asperities which his mode of
"life probably infused, he might, perhaps, have be-
"come a little too philosophically satirical in his
"views of *the world*, as formed of splendour in
"rank, and wealth; but loving, still to the last,
"those he had loved in youth, and the immediate
"circle of those around him."

His character had singularities in it, and weaknesses too (who is exempt from them?); but the *average*, if I may use that phrase, was beauty of moral deportment, and worth. His nature was modest, his manners gracefully gentle, his life the mirrour of sainted innocence, his vein rich in classical taste, and spirit. He had the most affectionate warmth of heart, but with it a sensibility a little too *susceptible* for perfect happiness.

It will appear, I think, in that moralizing, and beautiful Poem, addressed in early days to his friend *Cornwallis*, that he *felt himself disappointed*; but had acquired (or thought he had) philosophy enough to enjoy a cheerful obscurity, though at the same time he warned his *friends* to avoid the example of *his* unambitious indolence.

But I now come to *a part* of his life that is almost romantic in its good fortune.

Instead of the common fate, that baffles youthful hope, in the solitude, or society worse than solitude, at such a distance from the world, he discovered at *Presteigne*, within *a few* miles of him, a congenial spirit in the Rector of that parish. All his earlier friendships "*hid their diminished heads*." He admired, revered, and loved him, with unexampled, and with unlimited affection. Both were unmarried; both admirable scholars, especially in classical taste;

taste; both friendly, and zealous in their attachments. The name of this gentleman was TIMOTHY THOMAS. He was of *Christ Church*, and presented by *Edward Earl of Oxford*, in 1726, to that rectory. Their correspondence was never discontinued, and they wrote verse *together*.

It appears, that in the earliest part of their intercourse, they had between them translated *Pope's Essay on Man* into Latin verse. Frequent allusions to it are made, but no vestige of it appears.

They met occasionally in the alternate characters of host, and of guest; but, notwithstanding their vicinity, the roads which are now desperate enough to *rival antiquity*, were, I should think, in those days, what a celebrated wit in our profession called "the *feathered way*, because none but *the birds of the air could pass over it*."

I have the first Letter of DAVIES to this interesting neighbour, in which he solicits his correspondence. It is dated in 1737. Unfortunately we have but one Letter of *Thomas* upon subjects of literature, to lay before the reader; and we have not one of his authenticated works in Poetry (though DAVIES alludes to him as an Author in Verse, and as a joint author with him) except a laughable *jeu d'esprit*, preserved in his hand, fit only for the amusement of the hour, and of the scene.

I come now to a painfully delicate subject; but a sense of honour to *him*, as well as to the first *Lord Camden*, makes it necessary to avert a censure, which, unexplained, would reflect in different views upon *both* of them.

It is also (and therefore I touch upon it with an additional motive) an affecting theme of remark upon one disadvantage of a public school.

I do not go into the old story of debating the hackneyed problem; whether habits of extravagance, and of early vice at these public seminaries can, though mischievous in themselves, be overbalanced by

by the advantage of *connexion*, to boys of genius, but poor; and by the manliness of spirit which enables the boy, when adult, in *the world's great school*, to cope with it the better. But I must remark upon one of its fatalities, exemplified in DAVIES, and which, I fear, *egreditur personam*, in its prevalence.

The youth, who has preserved a high character for his learning, for his morals, for popular manners, and for brilliant connexions, up to the period of his departure from College to his Living, secluded from the world, looks round him at his contemporaries, who were also his friends. He sees one of them a Judge, perhaps a Chancellor; another a Bishop, and perhaps a Metropolitan; a third rolling in opulence, titled, and at the summit of power.

He remembers, that at school they were at the best his equals, in the fame of his genius; but, alas, what genius? what fame? that of writing good Latin verse; or, at the best, as being one of those who are called *great Scholars*,—a most equivocal term.

Let him be ever so amiable, and let him be ever so wise, he takes a false measure of his talent. A miscalculated impression of his capacity induces him to complain, with more or less of spleen in the mode of it, if loud, or with pique suppressed in a mind of delicacy, like that of DAVIES, "That *he* "is *not* what *they are!*"

To detect this plant of bitterness in such a patriarch of sweet simplicity as DAVIES of *Kingsland*, may seem a fastidious refinement of moralizing criticism, and a kind of ungenerous inquisition, through the *pastoral* habit of this angel's life, to interrogate his pillow whether *all ambition had slept*, when his manners to every circle he filled were so gentle, and "*constitutionally timid.*"

But, in the first place, I read it in his works.—They are dignified, and beautifully moral admoni-

tions

tions, but a little sprinkled by *Satire*, though in general disciplined by a *judicial* intellect, and by his *Christian* temper of resignation.—In the next place, I KNOW, that in the two or three last years of life, and when he was upon the verge of sixty, unmarried, unattached, and with all the competency which he could *enjoy*, he was elevated by *ambitious* hopes, for which nothing but *nervous debility*, pushed by those hopes into nervous irritation, could account. I KNOW, that *Lord Camden*, when *Chancellor*, had preferment at heart for him, and could not accomplish it, either so expeditiously, or in such a rank of elevation, as he had projected, and claimed.

Soon after his arrival in town, in 1766, he gave to him as a keepsake, his own picture, and with it an *éloge* upon his friend, in which he disdainfully marks, that he wants, and claims no preferment.

Yet I *believe*, that he had *asked for it*, even at an earlier period; and I KNOW, that because he did not obtain it, from *him*, he complained of him for neglecting him, took huff, repelled his efforts to be on terms with him, and returned in a fit of spleen to his Rectory, or to *Lichfield*.

I KNOW that he made the remark to which I have alluded as a natural one. Alluding to his verses in honour to the *Chancellor*, he said, "*They are better,* "*than he could write.*"—What is the key to this? Not that his friend rejected him. That *Lord Camden* was a generous patron, his enemies would have allowed; and that he had not one atom of pride, in the vulgar sense of the word. Not,—that "*meek*" DAVIES, either was, or could have been, ever bold, and presuming. He was remarkably the reverse. But that, in a weak state of enervated health, and flurried spirits at the parting scene of life, or upon the verge of it, he did not possess that *self-controul* which his privacy had nourished, and which his talents for solitude had refined.

In his countenance, which the picture has retained, there is an amiable, and pleasing expression, but a hectic hue upon the cheek, and an eye inflamed, as well as prominent, which I recollect, that I remarked when I saw it first in *Lord Camden's* parlour.

I suppress the lines of the *éloge*, because (to *my* ear at least) though ingenious, they mark a very impaired state in the powers of his genius, and spirit of his character. The panegyric is lavish; and the contempt for preferment *self-delusion*.

He died in little more than two years after his return from town; and whether he owed his death to a nervous decay in *stamina*, or to an oppressed mind, either alternative proves, that he had *lost himself* in this ill-fated journey to the Metropolis.

Amongst his companions and friends at *Eton* and at *King's* we must not omit *Richard Mounteney*, who was a very excellent scholar, and published an Edition of *Demosthenes*, A. D. 1731.—He was no less intimate with ***Pratt*** than with DAVIES; and both of them, in their correspondence, allude very often to him, as their favourite *.

In 1737, the same year in which DAVIES begins to correspond with *Dr. Thomas*, he was made *Baron* of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland*.

DAVIES addressed him in these lines, not unworthy of his favourite, *Swift*:

They tell me, *Dick*, that *you*'re preferr'd:
I 'm still in doubt — but so have heard.
Can *you* to be a *Judge* be *fit*,
That are notorious for your wit?
I 'll grant that *Wainwright* may be dead, —
His venerable spirit 's fled,

* See "*Literary Anecdotes*," vol. II. pp. 192. 273: vol. III. p. 106.

It

It follows not, in Reason's Creed,
That *you* are *therefore* to succeed.
What can mistaken *Fortune* mean?
Is't not enough that *Swift*'s a *Dean*?
But she must *blunder* now, anew,
And thus repeat her *faults* in *you*?
Or may we not account for it
By a good-humour'd heedless fit?
She now and then, by way of jest,
Forgets her maxims, long profest,
Rejects the useless, dull, and prim,
To honour merit—as a whim.—
But when, if thus proceeds the gale,
Will *English wit* in *Ireland* fail?
Yet were this precious talent, wit,
The only point, that you have hit;
Or if your sense, and skill in Laws,
Paid homage to a venal cause;
If this pretence your state updrew,
I would not own, that *me* you knew,
However high *your* name,—howe'er
Inferior my poetic sphere.
But, as it is, at home I find
A dawning pleasure in the mind.
How will that honest *Roman* face
Erect, the sage tribunal grace?
As when the Laws were *Cato's* care,
Or *Brutus* fill'd his *Prætor's* chair,
Proceed then to adorn your task,
The dignity, you did not ask;
With an applauding public voice,
To justify the Monarch's choice.
Yet hold—lest meaner flatt'ries blend
With all I dictate, as your friend,

 To

To give the joy its charter'd scope,
Without a selfish view, or hope.
It 's not *Humility's* pretence ;
Believe, at least, my *Indolence*,
No *mitre*, cross the *Irish* seas,
Not ev'n *Armagh*, has bribes for *Ease*.

To resume *Dr. Thomas*, in whom this treasure of DAVIES's Letters, now laid before the Reader, has originated, I cannot better introduce them than by his incomparable address to his friend, in verse, published first in *Whaley's* Collection of Poems, and afterwards in *Dodsley*, volume the Fifth.

They will, I trust, appear worthy of a more elevated epithet, as *their* character, than, " ELEGANT," the encomium, suggested by *Miss Seward !*

They are the very last in the second, and final volume of his friend *Whaley's* Poems — a position of them, which convinces me, that *he* was more partial to them, (and perhaps in honour to his friendship) than to all the rest of his works. I have no date for them ; but at least they were prior to A. D. 1745, the date of the title-page, consequently before he was *thirty-five.* Most of his Poems indeed are of nearly a similar age, except those in *Whaley's* first volume, dated in 1732.

The lines to *Dr. Thomas* are intitled thus :

TO THE REV. T. T. D. D.

BY A FRIEND.

French pow'r, and weak allies, and war, and want ! —
No more of that, my friend ; you touch a string,
That hurts my ear. — All politics apart,

Except

Except a gen'rous wish, and glowing prayer
For *British* welfare, commerce, glory, peace.
Give *party* to the winds! It is a word,
A phantom-sound, by which the cunning great
Whistle to their dependants; — a decoy
To gull th' unwary; where the master stands
Encouraging his minions, his train'd bands,
Fed, and caress'd, their species to betray.
See with what hollow blandishment and art
They lead the wing'd, *their* captives to the snare.
Fools! that in open æther might have soar'd,
Free as the air they cut,—sipt purest rills,
Div'd in the *Thames*,—or bath'd in chrystal floods.

We have no badges; — no dependance own;
No silken fetters can enclose the mind,
That loves, and claims the charter of its birth.
Heav'n knows, it is not insolence that speaks:
The tribute of respect, to greatness due,
Not the brib'd sycophant more willing pays:
Still, still, as much of *party* be retain'd
As principles demand, and sense directs;
Else the vain bark without a rudder floats,
The wanton pastime of the veering gale.

This gentle evening let the Sun descend
Untroubled: while it paints yon ambient hills
With faded lustre, and with sweet farewell.
Here is our seat: — The Castle opposite,
Proud of its woody brow, adorns the scene.

Dictate, O! vers'd in books, and just of taste,
The interest, and theme of the discourse.
Shall we trace Science from her *Eastern* home,
Chaldean? or the banks of *Nile*, where *Thebes*,

Nursing

Nursing her filial Arts, majestic stood,
And pour'd forth knowledge from a *hundred gates?*
There first the marble learnt to mimick form,
The pillar'd temple rose, and pyramids,
Whose grandeur, undecaying, laughs at age:
Birth-place of *Letters*; where the sun was shewn
His radiant way, and heav'ns were taught to roll.
There too the *Muses* tun'd their earliest lyre,
Warbling soft murmurs, to *Serapis* dear,
Till, chac'd by tyrants, or a milder clime
Inviting, they remov'd, with pilgrim harps,
And all their band of harmony, to *Greece.*

As when a flock of linnets, if perchance
Deliver'd from the falcon's talons, fly
With trembling wings to cover, and renew
Their notes, tell every bush of their escape,
And trill their merry thanks to *Liberty.*

The tuneful Tribe, pleas'd in their new abode,
Polish'd the rude inhabitants; whence tales
Of list'ning woods, and rocks, that danc'd to sound.
— Hark to the chorus, lifting hymns to *Jove!*
Linus, and *Orpheus*, catch the strain, and all
The raptur'd audience utter loud applause.

A Song, believe me, was no trifle then;
Weighty the Muse's task, and wide her sway.
Her's was RELIGION, the resounding fanes
Echo'd her language; POLITY was her's;
And the world bow'd to LEGISLATIVE VERSE.

When States increas'd, and Governments were form'd,
Her aid less useful, she retir'd to grots,
And shady bow'rs, content to teach, and please.
Under her laurel frequent bards repos'd,

The

The rapid *Pindar* troll'd his patriot song,
Or *Sappho* breath'd her spirited complaint:
Here the *Stage-buskin*; there the *Lyric choir*;
And *Homer's* epic trumpet! Happy *Greece!*
Blest in her offspring! seat of eloquence,
Of arms, and reason; — VIRTUE'S PATRIOT seat!

Go search in *Athens* for *herself*, enquire
Where are the orators, and sages *now*:
Her arsenal o'erturn'd, her walls in dust,
But far less ruin'd, than her SOUL decay'd.
The stone inscrib'd to *Socrates*, debas'd
To prop a reeling cot. *Minerva's* shrine
Possest by those, who never heard her name.
Upon the Mount, where old *Musæus* sung,
Sits the gruff turban'd Captain, and exacts
Harsh tribute. On the spot, where *Plato* taught
His heav'nly strain sublime, a stupid Turk
Is preaching IGNORANCE, and MAHOMET.

Turn next to ROME: Is that, the clime, the place,
Where once, as *Fame* reports, *Augustus* liv'd?
What magic has transform'd her? shrunk her nerves?
A wither'd laurel! and a mould'ring arch!
Could the pure crimson tide, the noblest blood
That ever flow'd, to such a puddle turn?
She ends, like her long *Appian*, in a marsh,
Or *Jordan's* river pouring his clear urn
Into *Asphaltus*, black, and slimy lap.
Patrons of art, and victors of mankind,
Bards, warriors, worthies, (revolution strange!)
Are pimps, and fiddlers, mountebanks, and monks!
In *Tully's* Bee-hive, magazine of sweets,
The lazy drones are buzzing, or asleep!

But

But we forgive the living for the DEAD,
Indebted more to *Rome* than we can pay:
Of a long dearth prophetic, *she* laid in
A feast for ages: O thou banquet nice!
Where the soul riots with secure excess.
What feast of soul! what pleasing, useful hours,
Reflected owe we to her letter'd sons!
We by *their* favour *Tiber's* walks enjoy,
Their temples trace, and share their noble games;
Enter their crowded theatre at will;
Go to the *Forum*, hear the *Consul* plead;
Are present in the thund'ring *Capitol*,
When *Tully* speaks; at softer hours attend
Harmonious *Virgil* to his *Mantuan* farm,
Or *Baian;* and with happy *Horace* talk
In myrtle groves, by *Tiverone's* cascade.
— Hail, precious pages! that amuse, and teach,
Exalt the genius, and improve the heart.
Ye sage Historians, all your stores unfold,
Reach your clear, steady mirror; — in that glass
The forms of good, and ill, are well pourtray'd.

But chiefly thou, Divine *Philosophy*,
Shed thy blest influence; and with Arts appear
Of Graces born; far be the *Stoic* boast,
The *Cynic* snarl, and churlish pedantry!
Bright visitant, if not too high my wish,
Come in the lovely dress you wore, a guest
At *Plato's* table; or in *Tusculum*,
The *Roman* feasting his selected friends.
Tamer of Pride! at thy serene rebuke
See crouching insolence, and mean revenge,
Before the shining taper disappear.

Tutor

Tutor of human life! auspicious Guide!
Whose faithful clue unravels ev'ry maze;
Whose conduct smooths the roughest paths; whose voice
Controuls each storm, and bids the roar be still.
O condescend to gild my darksome roof,
Let me KNOW THEE; — the *Delphic* Oracle
Is then obey'd, — and I shall KNOW MYSELF.

It may perhaps be deemed an impertinence, if I obtrude comments of mine upon this Poem; but I cannot forbear to ask the dispassionate reader, if it is not *poetry* of the *highest class*, full of manly, and philosophical thought, spirit, and poetical genius — if it has not caught the *hem*, at least, and *skirts* of *Milton*'s robe.

An extract from it was published by *Mr. William Duncombe*, at the end of his fourth volume, in the Miscellaneous Imitations of *Horace*, edited by him. He had inscribed that volume to MR. DAVIES by name.

His words, introducing the extract, are these: "We shall close our notes with a just character of "the ancient *Romans*, in an excellent Poem, which "we think may be styled THE PROGRESS OF SCI-"ENCE."

This extract begins at the line, "Turn next to *Rome*," &c. and proceeds to the end.

At the foot of the extract he adds a very handsome *éloge* upon DAVIES. It is a just portrait of his extraordinary character, which, really, and with no colouring of the Muse, "*blushed* to find it "*fame*."

"We ought not to conclude without returning "our thanks to the Author of the above lines, DR. "SNEYD DAVIES, Archdeacon of *Derby*, for the "valuable assistance which he has given to us in the

"course of this work, *though we are sensible, that "we run the hazard of offending him by this tribute, "as he is not more ready to confer favours, than "studious in declining all return.*"

It is a curious, and memorable fact, that in *Whaley's* Poems, dated 1745, these lines to *Dr. Thomas,* of *Presteigne,* should be reserved, as the last in the series, to do them honour; and that, in twelve years afterwards, the very same lines are selected by *Mr. Duncombe,* as closing *his* volumes the best.

Before I copy the first Letter in this Collection, I must here mark a delightful trait in the character of the Poet. The Rector of *Kingsland,* who is now possessed of these Manuscripts, owes the perpetual advowson of that living to the pure gift of DAVIES, through his father, DAVIES's College friend, but *no Relation,* to whom he bequeathed it by his will *.

The following Letter has no date of year *expressed;* but appears from the context, as compared with circumstances, to have been written in February 1738.

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"I know not when this little packet will be delivered to you without waiting for Saturday's conveyance, the call of the post-boy being uncertain, "and at midnight.

"If I thought, a delay would be inconvenient, I "would send a purpose-messenger.

"I cannot thank you too often for the noble Edi-"tion of *Chaucer* †, valuable in itself, but more so "for the sake of the expositor, and the giver.

* Some explanations upon this topic will be necessary in the sequel.

† This was *Urry's Chaucer.* In editing this work, *Thomas* wrote a *Preface,* and *Glossary,* which that matchless critic *Mr. Tyrwhitt* commends; and praise from such a man is *Fame.*

"There

"There is something nervous, and manly in the "written verses that you sent me; but are they not "a little stubborn, and obscure? Of the Author I "have not the least knowledge. I read over and "over again, with new pleasure, my dear *Swift on* "*his own death*, which is, like all his other writings, "most excellent. It is natural, without passion, and "easy, without being flat.

"After perusal of it, I fell into some reflections, "and began to consider with myself how far "*Rochefoucault's* maxim was true, or the Dean's "comment upon it.

"The general depravity of human nature in this "point I admit; but I was thinking, whether, or no, "particular instances could be given to the contrary.

"It has been said, that *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Varius*, "and all the higher wits of the *Augustan* age, lived, "and conversed in daily intercourse, not only with "complete good-nature, but in bosom friendship. "It is clear, that nothing of envy, or detraction, ap-"pears in what remains of their works—indeed "*quite the reverse* *.

"The same was observed of *Boileau*, *Racine*, "and *Molière*, &c. in *France*;—of *Swift* and *Pope* "with us. You are aware, that were I fond of

* I do not acquiesce in this remark. There is no evidence that *Varius* and *Virgil* were competitors in the *Epic*, and still friends. That both *Horace* and *Virgil* were good-natured men, I admit; and that *Horace* had a *passion*, or, as we should think, rather *too romantic* a regard, for *Virgil*, we know from the unequivocal testimony of the Lyric Poet himself. But it strikes me as a *faint praise* (like that which *Pope* censures in *Addison*) that *Horace*, who must have seen that immortal poem the *Georgics*, (equal, if not superior to the *Æneid* in sublimity of thought and majesty of expression), should only say that his friend had the "*molle atque facetum*" as a writer of *pastoral* verse. The Commentator tells us that he points at the *Bucolics* alone, and supposes the *Æneid* then unpublished; but why are the *Georgics* omitted as objects of praise? It is the more extraordinary, because in this very passage he commends *Varius* for poetical spirit. *Virgil* never alludes to *Horace*.

"noting,

" noting, older instances could be fetched from
" *Greece* in the age of *Plato*.

" But perhaps this union may be said to have
" arisen from the different provinces in wit, that were
" taken by those Authors. If one excelled in He-
" roics; another in Tragedy; a third in Elegy;
" they might all of them be well contented.—But
" *Virgil*, and *Varius* wrote at the same time, and in
" the same way. *Tibullus* *, *Ovid*, and *Propertius*,
" did the same. After all, the differences between the
" rule, and the exceptions, may be justly reconciled.
" Some few great souls may have escaped from this
" mean character, or have been able to overcome it.
" But, as a mark of its prevalence, and strength, it
" must be admitted, that no small degree of morality,
" and reflection, must be armed against it before we
" can thoroughly conquer it.

" You and I agreed, some time ago, that, had not
" *Waterland* overtopped him in the maintenance of
" orthodoxy, *Middleton* would have been to this
" day a *believer*. If it is true, it is a powerful ex-
" ample of pique at superior fame.

" You see how I lay open my little notions to *you*,
" without reserve. In truth, I should be timorous
" with blockheads; and would rather trust a man
" of sense with any thing of mine, that came upper-
" most. Besides, had I known of *Dr. Thomas*
" nothing but his judgment, I should have been
" more upon my guard; but I knew something bet-
" ter of him; for I knew his candour, and his ge-
" nerous allowances.

" I am not so punctual as to count the days, or
" the hours in a visit of yours.—Yet, from the
" shortness of your last, and from words to that ef-
" fect when you left me, I am in hopes to see you
" again. Faithfully yours, SNEYD DAVIES."

* This remark is a little inaccurate; *Ovid* was no friend, or competitor of *Tibullus*, nor one of his contemporaries.

" Remember

"Remember the Lady's Poem, and return my "Translation, that I may correct faults. I should "be glad to have yours of the *First Epistle*; but not "for the same reason."

Blest in this literary, and affectionate intercourse of taste, and of the heart, these two accomplished men could have said, as a lover said of himself and of his mistress, but with a better application,

Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus.

Gray has beautifully described the life they led, but without calling in the additional charm of their polished minds:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Indulging these habits of classical repose, he wrote a charming Poem, dated Aug. 1739, in honour to the *Goddess of Indolence*, which he has called VACUNA, from *Ovid*, and from *Horace*; though, but from *them*, we are ignorant of her claims to divinity, and *they* have not ascertained her privileges; or the position which is here assumed, for want of a better, that she was the Goddess of Ease, Idleness, or Exemption from Labour. Some treat the title as an attribute of *Minerva*, others accredit *Victory*, as claiming it. *Leisure*, of some kind or other, seems to be the natural import, from its analogy to *vaco;* and it seems understood, that she had a temple amongst the *Sabins* worshiped by the peasants after harvest.

This

This Poem introduces DAVIES in a new character; that of humour, in a kind of stately ridicule upon himself. But the cadence (to *my* ear at least) has a peculiar charm, superior to that of the lines to his friend at *Presteigne*; upon which account, though it appears the first in the second volume of *Mr. Whaley's* Poems, I should have guessed it the birth of a later period, and sprung from a more careful attention to rhithm. But I shall be much hurt if the Reader should not think with me, that in happy expression, poetical effect, and chaste wit, it is a perfect gem of its kind.

I have recently discovered, that it was written in August 1739.

Sceptre of EASE! — whose calm dominion spreads
Through the chill *Chronian*, or whose lagging weeds
Fan to repose the *Southern* realms! whose throne
More slaves obey than swarm around the Courts
Pekin, or *Agra*,—universal Queen!

Me haply dozing through a summer's day,
Thy meanest subject, thou hast often deign'd
Ev'n here to visit. — If thy poppy then
Was ever shed upon my careless quill;
If e'er the nodding Muse was blest with power
To lull the Reader with her opiate verse;
Come, Goddess; but be gentle, not, as when
On studious heads attendant, thou art seen
At the night's twinkling lamp, with poring eye
Immers'd in meditation, Slumber's foe.
Where the bewilder'd casuist unwinds
Perplexities, or *Halley*, from his tower,
Explores the world of stars. — In other guise
Thee I invoke; serene, and mild approach;
With forehead smooth and saunt'ring gait; — put on
Smiles,

Smiles, of no meaning, or in sober mood
Fix the dull visage, and the leaden eye
Lethargic, when it stares, and seems to think —
Reserve, by thee directed, keeps at home,
Intent upon his volume, or applies
The needle's reparation to his hose,
Or scissars to the paper. Taught by thee,
Dullman takes snuff; but ever, and anon
Turns o'er the page unread. — Others, more sage,
Place, year, and printer, ably noted, well
Examine the whole *Frontispiece;* or, if
Yet stricter their inspection, venture in
From leaf to leaf, and, curious, there select
Italicks, or consult the margin; pleas'd
With *hero*, or with *anecdote;*—all else,
The observation, maxim, inference,
Disturb him into thought. — It sure were long
To name thy sev'ral vot'ries, pow'r supreme,
Or all thy varied realms. Why should I speak
Of news, and coffee, or where eunuchs play,
And where the buskin'd *Roscius*. These, and more
Flock to thy Temple, where thou sit'st enshrin'd
In apathies profound, and waste of time,
The sacrifice. — About thee dice, and cards
Lie scatter'd, and a thousand vassal beaux
Officiate in thy worship. — Nor from shade
Of Solitude withhold thy gentle sphere:
There, unattended, thou canst ever shrowd
Thy beauties, and thy attributes with me,
By vale, or brook to loiter, not unpleas'd,
And listen to the current, or the bee
That hums her fairy tunes in *Flora's* praise,
Or to loud rooks, on aged elm, or oak,

Where,

Where, perch'd aloft, the legislature sits
Debating in full senate points of state.

My bow'r, my walks, and studies, all are thine;
For thee my shade of yew extends, my lawn
Spreads the soft lap, and waters whisper sleep.
Here thou may'st reign secure; nor hostile thought,
Nor argument, nor logick's dread array,
Make inroad on thy kingdom's peace. What, though
Malicious tongues accuse me, and report
That I am false to thee; for that I hold
Forbidden commerce with Parnassian maids,
With *Phœbus*, and thy foes; or, more severe,
Impeach me as a lurking Satirist;
Known is my innocence to thee. It's true
That I can scribble, but the pen is thine:
Accept in proof, O Goddess, this my verse.

In one of his Letters, Aug. 14, 1738, he describes the effect of *Gulliver* upon him in the following paragraph.

"I have all the day, and I confess it with no
" shame, been reading *Gulliver*, which I never had
" read from the time that I was at school.

"I laugh'd, and was grave, by fits.

"The humour has the most comic effect, and the
" morality chastises it."

In a letter upon the subject of *Mr. Whaley*, he marks obligation to *Dr. Thomas*, for his endeavours to *assist* that unfortunate man.

In

"I heard (he tells him) by a side-wind, that his "whole dependance was upon this *Collection*."

[This, I think, evidently points at the Second Volume, published in 1745.]

"He is idle, even as a versifier; for you will see "what I let him have, but he wants more.—To-"day's *tinkering* has been pretty successful; and I "have almost accomplished my part of the work."

Dr. Thomas thus addresses him:

"*Presteigne, Dec.* 16, 1743.

"I find, and wonder not, that *Whaley's* proposal "puts you to some anxiety, as your humanity and "kindness for him are likely to preponderate, and "you would be as much concealed as you can.— "Those pieces which you mention seem properest "for the purpose; though there are others of a more "particular and private nature, which I dare say "would find an agreeable reception from the public."

Whaley's Letters *are* negligent, and wild, but sometimes elegant, as well as ingenious, and always affectionate.

"*Norw. Feb.* 4, 1741.

He calls *Wales* "*Goat-land.*"

"* * * I knew little of the great man *, but fear "that he is tottering. Yet why should I fear?—I "am a little creeping shrub, and below the reach of "political hurricanes.—As I cannot boast of any "thing he gave to me, I am sure that nothing will, "or can, be taken away.—I like your verses to *ho-*"*nest Dick* † very much, and have forwarded them "to *Geneva.*"

"DEAREST SNEYD,

"I hope you will think of those which you chuse "to have published.—So far shall I be from printing "a line without your consent, that I will never ask

* *Sir Robert Walpole.*

† *Richard Aldworth Neville,* Father to *Lord Braybroke.*

" you to give me a line more than yourself shall pro-
" pose to me.

" *Dr. Waller* * is exceedingly pleased with your
" verses on *Archbishop Williams's* monument; and
" begs hard for a copy, to be writ upon vellum, and
" hung under his picture in *St. John's* Library: do
" you consent to it?"

" *April* 14, 1744. *Bread-street.*

" I had yours of the 3d at College, and thank you
" for your verses on L. and C. † They please all to
" whom I shew them. But *Ben Richards* thinks,
" *whose fame*, in the fourth line, should be *whose*
" *frame*; and laid *Showell* two bottles of wine it
" was so in the copy you sent me; so I was called
" upon to produce your original, which I did, and
" drank part of his wine, with glee.

" *Ironside* likes them; but wishes, instead of *Das-*
" *tards, and Heroes*, you had put *Lestock, and*
" *Cornwall.*"

" Some tobacco for *Rees*, if he recovers the deluge;
" but, as I believe him ante-diluvian, why should
" not he be a *post?*—Positively I do not mean a pun
" upon his dullness; for, upon my word, I think he
" is a very illuminated smoker."

" *Sept.* 6, 1742.

" I shall make my dear SNEYD's company the
" *acmè* of the summer's pleasure, which has given
" me no common delight; but, compared with
" *Kingsland* and my DAVIES,

" Loses discountenanc'd, and like Sorrow feels."

King's Coll.
" MY DEAREST DAVIES, *Mar.* 28, 1743.

" I had yours of the 22d, and am sorry at your
' complaints of ill health.—But it is a tax which

* One of the Senior Fellows of *St. John's College, Cambridge*, ,d M. D.

† *Lestock*, and *Cornwall.*

" you

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

THE REV. SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.

CANON RESIDENTIARY OF LICHFIELD.

BY GEORGE HARDINGE, ESQ.

IN A LETTER TO MR. NICHOLS.

" you great geniuses pay to Nature, for your parts;
" and we *Bœotians* have this advantage over you,
" that, although we are dull, we are healthy.

" Exercise, and temperance! harbingers to health!
" —why the name of either would throw a *bon com-*
" *pagnon* into that acquaintance of ingenuity the
" *hyp*. But of banter enough. I am as well under
" my late more temperate life, as I was in my looser
" days, and wish only that I could impart a little of
" my own obesity, and salubrity at *Kingsland*, ac-
" cepting in return your walking faculties, and a few
" ounces of your sublimate in the *vis poetica*. We
" should then be two sizeable men between us, and
" moderate Poets, who could live, and chat with
" folks of this world.

" Old *Buckingham* * left *Lord Orford* † her exe-
" cutor; on which he said, it was but just the Pre-
" tender's sister should take *him* for her executor,
" when the King had taken *Lord Gower* for his
" Privy Seal!"

" I have not so much as heard of *Mr. Warbur-*
" *ton's* 'Alliance between Church and State.' But
" I never conceived them to be far asunder, since
" *Bishopricks* and their *Translations* were in the
" world."

" Dear Sneyd, *Oct.* 15, 1745. *Norwich.*

" I beg pardon for stealing so much of your time
" from your study, your walk, or your pipe, with
" any scrawl of mine.

* *Catharine, Dutchess Dowager of Buckingham*, natural daughter of *King James II.* by the *Countess of Dorchester*. The King, her father, gave her the title of *Lady Catharine Darnley*, gave her the rank of a Duke's Daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was married, first, to *James, Earl of Anglesea*, and afterwards to *John Duke of Buckingham*. She died Jan. 13, 1742-3.

† *Sir Robert Walpole* was so created Feb. 9, 1741-2.

 " In

"In revenge, light the said pipe with it; but, in "charity, drink the health of him who daily thinks "of you, and will continue to do so as long as you "live, and as long as he is *J. W.*

"Respects to *Mr. Price's* pipe; may it ever be "warm, yet never dry!—As the winter advances, I "shall expect your Poetical quicksilver to rise, and "shall expect verse in every Letter."

I possess the two volumes of *Mr. Whaley's* Poems; and in the first is a line written in DAVIES's hand. It contains an apology for printing again the lines of DAVIES, called *his Friend*, in the Second Volume, which had appeared in the First;—and it seems that MR. DAVIES had corrected them. But they do not appear in the Second Volume.

They were most of them written when he was extremely young, and when he had not formed that peculiar taste, in which he acquired such power. Yet even in these are passages which deserve to form a part of the *Appendix;* were it only for the purpose of marking his facility in *rhime*, to which, at later periods, he had also occasional recourse, but still in a manner very much his own;—in which taste and sense prevailed.

At the end of his Letter upon *Whaley's* calamities, he gives an admirable mock-heroic in honour to a *Mr. Rees Price*, who is named often to his friend as their companion.

"I shall, *en passant*, examine *Rees's* library, and "in the mean time cannot forbear to describe him "as refusing a dram.

"When

"When *Cæsar*, and when *Cromwell*, saw their crown
Presented, they unwillingly could wave
That *sparkling* * pageant: In their look askant
What featur'd variations! Pangs acute
Of doubt, and longing, how appall'd, and blank,
When the decamping genius from their breast
Summon'd his train of spirits to be gone.
Thus, conscious of self-perfidy, amaz'd,
With glowing cheek, and haggard eye, stood *Rees*,
When he refus'd his dram!"

He wrote upon the same tempting subject the following soliloquy of REES PRICE, and accredited *him* as the writer of it.

"Plagues take me if I ever did a thing
That left within me such a venom'd sting,
As when this morning, with an idiot shame,
My soul I cheated — and refused a dram."

"N. B. On the fourteenth of the month of June, " in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hun- " dred forty and four, R. P. refused to drink a dram."

An *Acrostic* is in itself the lowest class of poetical ingenuity, and it is not improved by such a confederate as the *Pun*; but it cannot be refused its claim to approbation, when it is turned so neatly as this on Mr.

HOLDSWORTH.

H—umble in manners, in his air serene,
O—f aspect honest, and in office clean,
L—ov'd and rever'd the most where most he 's known,
D—irecting moral conduct by his own,

* What a happy epithet in its double application!

S — aga-

S—agacious *Mentor* of unpolish'd youth,
W—ins the affections by the force of Truth,
O—bserves the genius, to inform the heart,
R—eproves with tenderness, commends with art,
T—hus draws the hidden seeds in virtue forth,
H—olds out the hand that points to real *worth.*

In one of his Letters he describes, in a manner worthy of *Mr. Gray* in his Letters to *West*, and very like it, the anger which he felt at being called *Sir.*

"You *hipt* me (are his words), for you began "your Letter, *Dear Sir.*—I cannot reconcile myself "to it, unless you tell me it means nothing; nor in-"deed can I guess, or imagine, that it means any "thing.—But a tenderness, though it may be a "faulty one, makes one often suspicious in a wrong "place;—and yet I cannot be easy to-night without "notice of it, though my reason tells me it is ridi-"culous to be alarmed."

In this half-equivocal passage, though wit has an ample share, there is a delicacy in his friendship a little too irritable, even at that early period.

He adds:—"I believe that I did not send you "my verse on *the Nativity*—and yet, could a "writer be a judge of his own style, I think it more "in the run of *Milton's* verse than what I ever scrib-"bled before."

I am not sure if I agree with him, but it would be impertinence in me to differ from so correct a taste; and sure I am, that he deserves, upon that subject, a fair trial by his Peers.—Besides, I see beauties in this poem, though I think it unequal, that stamp him a Poet of masterly powers. I publish it also as a feature of his *piety*, in which, as well as in the harmony of numbers, he emulated our *British Homer.*

THE NATIVITY.

'Twas when remorseless *Herod* fill'd the throne,
His children's butcher, and *Judæa's* scourge,
A Ruler, fit, and worthy to command
The wry-neckt people with an iron rod,
When *Salem*, yet in festal pomp serene,
To her aspiring Temple's lofty gate
With smother'd curses climb'd; yet well at ease,
And reckt not, though with piercing bondage gall'd,
Long as the broad *phylactery* appear'd,
The market greetings, and the chairs of pride:
Save who, attentive to prophetic song,
Explor'd the sacred rolls, the mystic leaves,
And, days and years computing, found the time
Big with foretold events, and ripe for birth:
Curious, and gazing stood with speechless trance,
Not only *Judah*, but the World, as *Fame*
Had scatter'd widely, that a scepter'd Prince
Would rise, and rule the Universe; but most
The race of *Solyma*, with eager haste
Their spacious portals op'ning; to let in
Messiah's glory, or on *Zion's* top
Expectant when the Saviour should descend
In his æthereal equipage, all arm'd
In thunder, and with angels: when arrive,
And when his legions would their entry make
On flames of Seraphim in fiery car,
Their hope to be equipp'd with angry bolts,
And smite their blasted foe.—The *Saviour* came,
Not to destroy, but lift us into Heaven;
Yes, he was *born*; — the pillow of his birth

A man-

A manger; — from his cradle Pride was rul'd,
And Royalties inferior blush'd. Were gold
Of price and worth intrinsic, or could gems
Have grac'd him, would Creation have denied
Her Author these? could thankless Nature grudge
The Giver his own gift?—She, at a nod,
Had pour'd her inmost treasures up to day,
Had roll'd her pearl, and coral to the shore,
To deck her Infant King.—But State had there
No sign; though Angels hymning sung the tale
In chorus, it was over *Bethlem's* field,
And sung to lowly shepherds, where they lay,
Tending their fleecy charge; their list'ning ear
Caught from their hovels the immortal strain.

Why in the firmament that beaming star
New kindled?—Ask the *Magi:* from beyond
Euphrates, cross *Arabian* land and rock,
Directed by the meteor-guide they came,
The ray down-pointed, and the journey's end
Clos'd at the canopy of straw; but see
Those rich and swarthy worthies ope their casks,
And, suppliants, prostrate on the knee, present
Oblation rich, gold, myrrh, and frankincense,
To hail their King, their Prophet, and their God!

The Virgin-mother, pensive, and in doubt
What these portents could mean, or whither lead,
With tenderness refin'd, and pious awe,
Hung o'er the Child enamour'd; much of Seers
And of the Angel's word revolving, she,
With sainted love, caress'd the Holy Babe *.

* The end is abrupt, and I should think he intended more lines.

Amongst

Amongst the relicks of this gifted Poet, so little known, is a Rhapsody to *Milton,* which cannot be introduced in a better stage of these Memoirs, and which contains a most animated vindication of *blank verse*, in strains worthy of his model.

Soul of the Muses! and supreme in verse!
Unskill'd, — a novice in the sacred art,
May I unblam'd approach thee — and implore
Thy blessing, inharmonious, pleas'd enough,
Shouldst thou vouchsafe to own me for thy son,
Thy son, though dwindled from the mighty size
And stature of the parent's ample mind,
Content enough, and bless'd, if but a line,
If but a distant feature half-express'd,
The birth can tell.—This privilege denied,
Grant me at least thy converse now and oft,
That I may ruminate the hallow'd soil,
And learn to build the lofty rhime from thee,
Explore thy inspirations, and inquire
When from above they came, and how convey'd,
If darted on thee by the Sun's bright ray,
Meridian fire, or by the Sacred Muse
Nocturnal wafted in thy favour'd ear.
How else, explain, could human intellect
Grasp universal Nature infinite?
Or where, O tell me, couldst thou language find,
Of pow'r to bear the weight of such a theme,
So elevated, that all other verse
Seems trivial, not excepting *Greece* and *Rome?* —
Whether in air thy sounding pinions match
The shout of eagle's flight, or the pois'd wings,
Dove-like and silent, float upon the air,
Calm as the summer's breath, softer than down?

Witness

Witness the scene of *Eden*, bower of love,
Of innocence, of happiness, o'erlaid
With hallow'd Fancy's texture, strew'd with flow'rs
Of amaranth, and streams of nectar, winds
To which perfum'd *Arabia's* breath is poor:
Witness a nobler page, where coping Gods
In battle rend the hills convuls'd, and shake
Heaven's basis—flashing gleam the painted fires,
And the imagin'd thunder seems to roll
More awefully than when it speaks in air
With Nature's dread appeal. But why select
A charm in gems like these? what need of praise? —
Who fondly seeks to praise thee, does thee wrong,
Impairs thee, greatest in thyself—nor Hell
Pourtray'd by other hand whate'er could shew
Its terrors, nor could Paradise her sweets
Touch by rude hands. — Enough then to admire
With holy silence, and the homage feel;
Or, should we dare to follow thee, advance
With reverence, and shew that not a hope
To rival, but resemble, is our aim.

For, O great pattern to succeeding times,
Dost thou not smile disdainful to behold
The tinkling modern,—fetter'd, yet well pleas'd,
Dance to the tedious music of his chains,
When all *Parnassus* rings the silly chime,
And *Pegasus*,—that once with eager heel
Spurn'd the dull ground,—ridiculously tame,
Can amble with a monk upon his back?
Could *Milton* think, when his high standard rear'd
The charter of his freedom, none should throng
To gaze and kiss the manumizing scroll?
Dastards in choice! What, Legislator, then

Avail

Avail thy banners, thy example bright?—
As when some Hero, to redeem a state
Long harrass'd by oppression, lifts the arm
At Pride's imperious yoke, the many scar'd
Stand tremblingly aloof, and love the mace
That bruises them; or, if the Chief return
In triumph, and with liberty assur'd,
Prize not, or know to keep the costly gem.
The *Romans*, on a time, a madman kill'd;
Rather than not be lorded, chose a fool,
When *Claudius* in a lurking-hole was found
By search *Prætorian*—abject thus our age,
And slaves, because their fathers were, to rhime.

Is it then custom, superstition's plea,
The tickled ear that loves returning sound,
The jingling charm that speeds, and cheers the course?
A peal of bells were fit, if bards were mules:
The courser wants no spur. Ah me! I fear,
I see, and feel the reason — faulters not
The Muse this moment, wearied?—flags, and pants
Despairing? Such a distance thou hast reach'd
In thy career;—pursuit is left behind.
On Fame's transcendant height in laurel'd chair
Seated, and smiling thence on human toil,
That climbing, emulous, would pace in vain
Thy footsteps, trackless through excess of light.

This Poem was written in February 1739-40; and the following passage, in a Letter of DAVIES to his friend, alludes to it with his accustomed modesty:

"*Auditor Benson* will probably see the verses; "and, as *you* have approved them, I should come in "with

"with the school-boys for one of his medals — not "that when I wrote them I thought of the *Auditor* "and of his *medals!*"

In the same Letter which adverts to the *Nativity*, he intimates a wish that, as a monument of their friendship, the last hand could be given to their Translation of *Pope's* "Essay." This, I suppose, was in *Latin* verse; and, from their joint efforts, would have been very interesting if preserved, as perhaps it is.

In the same Letter he tells his friend, that he disagrees with *Dean Swift*; and that he excepts to *Junius Brutus*, for the barbarity of standing by when his children were executed.

"*Cato*," he adds, "was a pedant in Philosophy; "was proud, stiff, and vain; — as to *Marcus Brutus*, I will not admire people who stab their friends. "— If such a work is necessary, other hands could "be found: *Ex. gr.* I have the highest veneration for "the virtues of *Timoleon*, to whom, perhaps I give "preference over all the heroes of antiquity; but I "cannot reconcile myself to his act in killing his "own brother, though a tyrant, and a scoundrel."

In a Letter dated *London*, June 1740, he alludes to my Father, and my Father's friend *Mr. Pelham*. In that view it is interesting, of course, *to me;* but it is very entertaining in itself, and I copy it here.

"Dear Doctor,

"I have shifted the scene so often, and have "moved about so frequently, since I left *Herefordshire*; that I have not found leisure till this moment, nor have I now leisure enough to say more "than a word, though to my friend at *Presteigne*,

"if

"if he is there, and, if he is not, rambling just
"like me.

"After a few days in *Berkshire* *, I proceeded to "the *Metropolis*, there to see friends, or to hear of "them.

"But, most part of last week, I was at *Kingston* "*upon Thames* †, where *Mr. Hardinge*, of whom "you have heard me often speak, shewed me all the "beautiful places in that neighbourhood, *Richmond*, "&c. &c. to advantage, being acquainted with most "of the owners.

"*Claremont* a little disappointed me; but *Esher* "pleased me infinitely.—In short, I am *Esher-mad*; "but something *will* arise to pall one's pleasures; "for, in the midst of my career, I met with a check "from *Pope's* gardener, whom I could not induce "to give me a sight of that paradise. *Mr. Har-* "*dinge*, for some reasons, did not care to accompa- "ny me; so that, as I went alone, and as *Mr. Pope* "was at home, the repulse was unavoidable, and "the fate of other strangers.—Why did not I take "with me a line from you ‡, which, like the golden "bough in *Virgil*, would have been my passport "into *Elysium*?

"Do you remember the following verses in *Ho-* "*mer* §? Apply them to *Admiral Vernon*, in his "action at *Porto Bello*, &c. &c. SNEYD DAVIES."

* At *Swallowfield*, or *Billingbear* — perhaps at both.

† *Canbury House*, near *Kingston*, my Father's country seat.

‡ It is clear from this passage that *Mr. Pope* corresponded with *Thomas*; and he did not correspond with common men. The following passage in a Letter to DAVIES confirms the fact: "Are "you not concerned for *Pope*? I did not know till now that I "had so great a personal regard for him. His *conversation* as "well as writings have given me many hours entertainment.—I "can hardly tell you how much it grieves me that I neither saw "him, nor answered his last Letter."

§ I have unfortunately singular opinions upon the subject of Poets; but I do not affect, or court them; and think a man who differs in a point of taste from the generality of the world is at the best likely to be in the wrong; but, if he piques himself upon it, he

As we now begin to see light in dates, I would here beg your notice of two Letters written by *Lord Camden* to his friend the Rector of *Kingsland*.

The first is dated February 14, 1743-4.

"DEAR DAVIES,

"If you are dead, let me know by the return of "the post, and our correspondence shall cease: "but, if you are living, then tell me for what "reason it is that you have forborne to converse "with us, who are living too, as you used to do. "I expected before this time to see you in town, "but I give over those hopes now. I see you are "rooted to that wretched spot * where you live; and "that indolent disposition, which busy people call "*Content*, has taken full possession of all your facul-"ties.—You are buried, and have forgot your friends "before they have forgot you.—As the principal "business of this Letter is *Cyder*, I am afraid you "will think this expostulation not so serious as it "is. But remember you are a Letter in my debt; "and therefore the correspondence, exclusive of bu-"siness, has failed of your side. I assure you that "I am so provoked with your silence, that indigna-"tion alone would have roused me to reproach you "for this neglect; and the rather because it is not "particular to myself, but extends to all your other "friends. *Naylor*, and *Whaley* make the same "complaint. If you are determined that your body "shall always reside at *Kingsland*, yet send your "mind abroad, and let the post-boy carry your soul

he is impertinent.—On the other hand, if I think *Pope's* Iliad no likeness of *Homer* in *Greek*, though a beautiful Poem in itself, and if I think even as a Poem it has many tame passages,—his version of the passage before us being one of them, it would be servile delicacy to suppress that opinion. The lines are these:

Iliad, E. 640, &c.

Ὅς ποτε δεῦρ' ἐλθὼν, ἕνεχ' ἵππων Λαομέδοντος,
Ἓξ οἴης σὺν νηυσὶ καὶ ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισιν,
Ἰλίου ἐξαλάπαξε πόλιν, χήρωσε δ' ἀγυιάς.

* I hope that *Kingsland* will forgive this profane picture.

"about

"about in a letter-bag.—This may be done while "you sit in your great chair, and you will not feel "the conveyance.

"I set out upon the Circuit in a fortnight; but "I leave a direction in town by which all the Letters "for me there will be sent after me; and therefore "do not let this be an excuse for not writing.

"I congratulate *Herefordshire*, and all the Cydér "Counties, upon the victory they have obtained in "the House of Commons.—To be surè, you have "heard of it.

"*We* talk here of nothing but the *French* Fleet. "It lies now in the road before *Dunkirk*.—*Norris* "is gone after them, with a force much superior, as "we are told. Every body here is in great spirits, "and we expect an engagement soon.

"As to Cyder, I want two hogsheads for *Mr. "Page*, of the best that can be got.—I shall be gone "the Circuit before you can procure this quantity "and can send it to *London*; and therefore I wish "you to direct it for *Thomas Page* *, *Esq*. at *Mr. "Mordaunt's*, in *Gerrard-street*; and write a letter "of advice to that place at the same time.

"I am, dear *Sneyd*, yours most affectionately,

"C. PRATT."

* *Young* as I am (*notwithstanding Lady Knowles*) I have been the guest of this gentleman, who died half a century ago. He was a younger brother of the late *Sir Gregory Page*, and resided at *Battlesden* in *Bedfordshire*.—He was one of my Father's intimate friends; and we always *baited* there for three or four days in our summer's tour to *Knoll Hills*.—He had the appearance of a Quaker, and was in general of a serious turn, but of polished manners, an excellent understanding, well cultivated, and of a most benevolent heart. He never left this country seat, the gift of his brother to him. He was blessed with a most beautiful wife, who was an aunt of *Lord Howe*, and survived her husband several years. A gentle and sweet manner graced her beauty, and she was handsome at a very advanced age.

"DEAR

"Dear Davies, *Feb.* 25, 1743-4.

"I thank you for your Letter. — You have made "amends for your silence before; and I am satisfied "as to the other part of my complaint, that you "would not let us see you in town. If your stay in "the country is like to prove advantageous, as you "seem to think, I am more pleased, at this distance, "to know you have such profitable views, than I "should have been to see you in town without those "hopes. Go on, and prosper.—If we thrive in the "world, and are destined to live many years in it, "Fortune will take care to bring us together.—*Wha-"ley* was gone out of town, so that I must contrive "to transmit the enclosed paper to *Hoblyn.*—I have "read it over, but can make nothing of it.—As far "as I can judge, it seems to contain materials for "some curious disquisition, which will not be worth "knowing when the secret is found out and settled.

"But you great scholars are always puzzling "your brains in some such notable inquiry as this "appears to be. I should guess by this, that all that "is useful in Learning is soon known; for I observe "that, after a few years of study, when you scholars "are tolerably perfect in the languages, and have "read most of the good books that are extant in those "tongues, the rest of your lives is *generously* spent "in subtle disquisitions upon trifles, wherein though "the search may, for aught I know, be entertaining, "yet the discovery is for the most part vain and un-"profitable.—I am afraid this my contempt of good "learning is very *profane:* therefore I would not "have you publish it to my disadvantage.—I am ten-"der of speaking too freely; as, for any thing I "know, the true understanding of this *Dominical* "*Olympiad,* in the first printed books, may be of "serious importance to the learned world.

"Don't you mistake in your debt to *Hardinge?* "I think you owe him but one hogshead; I am "pretty sure, upon memory, it is no more; and I

"know

" know he expects no more.—You will direct his to
" *Savile-row* *, *Burlington-gardens*. * * * *
" There has been an engagement in the *Mediter-*
" *ranean*, wherein we have had the advantage, but
" the particulars are not yet known.—We expect
" every hour news that *Sir John Norris* has fought in
" the Channel.—He is superior to the enemy in the
" size and the number of ships: we are not therefore
" solicitous, but confident, respecting the event. I
" set out for *the West* † to morrow. Adieu.
" Yours, C. PRATT.

" Take care *Dr. Crank* ‡ does not forget me."

I come now to my favourite Poem, the address to *Lord Camden*, then *Mr. Pratt*, written in 1743.

If DAVIES had only written this Poem, the Reader will forgive my confident persuasion that my enthusiasm for him as a Poet, originating in a passion for these lines, will not be insulated, but will be honoured by superior judgments with a countersigned *éloge*. We are still in his favourite measure, the *Miltonic*; and it seems to have rewarded his predilection for it, by its influence upon his ear, and poetical vein; though I shall have the happiness to lay before you rhimes which have no common beauty and force, often, I think, breaking a lance with *Pope* himself, and marked by a character of sterling sense in the eloquence of poetical numbers happily turned. —But he is never so powerfully original, as in blank verse.

* The house in which my Father lived and continued his residence to his death in 1758. It was built by the celebrated *Kent*.

† The *Western Circuit*, in which he acquired great celebrity.

‡ This gentleman is named with honour in a Letter of *Mr. Phelps*.

To Charles Pratt *, Esq.

From *Friendship's* cradle up the verdant paths
Of youth, — life's jocund spring, and thence mature
To its full manhood, and meridian strength,
Her final stage ; — for *she* is ever hale,
Knows not old age, diseases, or decay,
Here, *Pratt*, we social meet, and gaze about,
Reflecting on the scenes our pastime trod
In Life's gay morning, when the jovial hours
Had bounding feet, and laugh'd themselves away.
Enchanting season! blissful prime! where *Thames*
Flows by *Etona's* wall, and sees around
Her sons wide-swarming; and where sedgy *Cam*
Bathes with slow pace his academic grove,
Pierian walks! O never hope again,
Impossible! untenable! to catch
Those joys again! to feel again the pulse
Dancing, and spirits boiling in their frame,
Or see delights that with a careless wing
Swept on, and flow'ry garlands toss'd around
Disporting! Try to call them back! As well
Bid yesterday return! arrest the wing
Of Time; or, musing by a river's brink,
Say to the wave that swiftly huddles by
For ever,—"From thy fountain roll anew!"

The merriment — the tale — the heartfelt laugh
That echo'd round the table, idle guests,
Must rise, and serious inmates take their place,
Reflection's daughters, there, and world-worn thoughts

* These names in *Whaley's* book, and in the first edition of *Dodsley's* Poems, are under the mask of initials at the Author's request.—It may almost be said of him, that he courted obscurity.

Dislodging

Dislodging Fancy's empire.—Yet who knows
To poise a balance of the loss and gain?
Who knows how far a rattle may outweigh
The mace, or sceptre? But, as boys resign
Their playthings and their infancy's delight,
So fares it with maturer years: the sage
Imagination's airy regions quit,
And under Reason's banner take the field,
With resolution face the pelting storm,
When all their fleeting rainbows die away.

Some to the Palace with regardful step,
And courtly blandishment resort, and there
Advance obsequious; in the sun-shine bask
Of regal grace, and catch the Master's eye,
Parent of honours.—In the Senate some
Harangue the full-bench'd auditory, and wield
The list'ning passions by the power and sway
Of reason's eloquence — or *at the Bar*
Where *Somers*, *Cowper*, *Talbot*, *Yorke*, before
Sped their bright way to glory's chair supreme,
And worthy fill'd it.—Let not these great names
Damp, but incite; nor *Murray's* praise obscure
Thy younger merit;—for these lights, ere yet
To noon-day lustre kindled, had their dawn: —
Proceed familiar to the gate of Fame;
Nor deem the task severe,—its prize too high
Of toil—and honour for *thy Father's* * *Son.*

The following document, however, proves to demonstration that it was written before October 25, 1744,

* *Lord Chief Justice Pratt* was father to *Lord Camden.* The turn of this compliment, the manliness of the encouragement, and the ingenuity that leads it up into the scene, are strokes, I think, of a master's hand.

1744, which is the date of my Father's Letter to DAVIES, now possessed by me, and lying before me. —As I think it confers honour upon him, I annex it here.—You will see that he alludes to this Poem, and quotes from it.

"DEAR DAVIES, 25 *Oct.* 1744. *London.*

"I will bring an action against you; and it shall "be tried by a Jury from the neighbourhood of "*Parnassus.*—But *Charles Pratt* shall not be one "of them.

"Have not I a double right to your verses upon "the subject of *Knoll Hills*, both as a Poetaster "myself, and as the owner of that scene? Do you "think it honest, that you should have borrowed "ideas from a farm of mine, and should not repay "the loan with interest? You will conclude, per-"haps, that he has forwarded the said verses to me. "But I must undeceive you.—This very day, when "I had the hope to see them at his chambers, "for I never could entice them from his pocket *, "he has thoroughly disappointed me. After search-"ing all the repositories of neglected papers, frown-"ing, and inquiring of his man, he had the bold-"ness to look me in the face, and steadily to say, "that he had lost them!—You are therefore to "make them good; and if you can expect any little "trifles in return, you must impart rhapsodies of "yours, the most hurried, and the most incorrect, "serious, or whimsical, to your admirer, and friend.

"You must not forget that I am one who has "been educated

——————— "Where *Thames*
Flows by *Etona's* walls, and sees around
Her sons wide-swarming, and where sedgy *Cam*

* Here is a feature of DAVIES's habitual and constitutional diffidence in his powers, brilliant as they were.

Bathes

Bathes with slow pace his academic grove,
Pierian walks!"

"And you must not believe that '*world-worth**
"*thoughts*' have yet extinguished in me the vestal
"fire.

"As for *Charles*, he is a loose treasurer of poetry.
"I always foretold, and he *begins* † to be *afraid* of
"it himself, that he will succeed in his unpoetical
"profession. He will soon be too much occupied
"there, to navigate the *Wye*, or to hear the organ at
"*Hereford*, or drink tea with *Miss Henn*, or *Miss*
"*Pen*, or dine at an ale-house in the golden vale.—
"Consult *him*, if you will, upon tithes, or upon
"your marriage settlement.—But, if you desire a
"lasting correspondence with a Son of Idleness, you
"must cultivate intercourse, and friendship with
"me. *Charles* encourages me to make this over-
"ture, and I shall expect a favourable answer.

"Yours, N. HARDINGE."

I have named the *Archbishop of Canterbury* as another of MR. DAVIES's friends. — The Poem to which I alluded, and still in blank verse, is by some friends of mine thought not inferior to that which I have recently copied. It is perhaps a measuring cast between them. — But this Poem is additionally curious, because I think, as I have already said, that it marks, though with perfect complacency of temper, a disappointment in his ambition.—The energy of thought, and vigour of his intellect were, perhaps, improved by that moralizing spirit which disappointments like these often generate in feeling minds; but

* He was then First Clerk to the House of Commons; but he wrote verse all his life, *English*, and *Latin*.

† He was, like DAVIES, (though with a constant flow of animal spirits) diffident in his opinion of his talents, till conviction flashed upon him, that he possessed them.

but an amiable spirit is never absent, and beautifully tempers the satire. Perhaps there is more fancy and spirit here than in all the rest of his works.

To the Hon. and Rev. F. C.

By the same.

In Frolick's hour, ere serious thoughts had birth,
There *was* a time, my dear *C————s* *, when
The Muse would take me on her airy wing,
And waft to views romantic, there present
Some *motley vision*, shade, and sun, the cliff
O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins grey:
Mæanders trac'd, and bid me catch the form
Of shifting clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes Ambition, brushing by, would twitch
My spirits, and with winning look, sublime,
Allure to follow.—"What if steep her track,
"The mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
"The scaler's toil.—Her Temple there was high,
"*And lovely thence her prospect*.—She could tell
"Where laurels grew—whence many a wreath antique;"
But more advis'd "to shun the barren twig
"(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
"*And woo some thriving art; her num'rous mines*
"Were open to the searcher's toil and skill."

Caught by her speech, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse,
Sounded irreg'lar marches to be gone;—
What! pause a moment, when Ambition calls!
No: the vain gallops to the distant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the tame sit still!

* *Frederick Cornwallis.*—He would not let his friend fill up the name.

When

When Fortune at the mountain's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent garb, though somewhat thin,
Smiling approach'd, and "what occasion" ask'd
"Of climbing? — She, already provident,
"Had cater'd well, if stomachs can digest
"Her viands, and a palate not too nice;
"Unfit," she said, "for perilous attempt,
"That manly nerve requir'd and sinews tough."

She took and laid me in a vale remote
Amid the scenes of gloomy fir and yew,
On poppy earth where *Morpheus* laid the bed,
Obscurity her curtains round me drew,
And syren *Sloth* a dull *quietus* play'd.

Sithence, no fairy sights, no quick'ning ray,
No stir of pulse, or objects to entice
Abroad the spirits, but the cloister'd heart
Sits squat at home, like *Pagod* in a niche
Demure, or mutes, with a nod-watching eye
And folded arms, in presence of their King,
Turk or *Indostan*—Cities, forums, courts,
And prating *Sanhedrims*, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told the bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,
The same dull round, the same unchequer'd scene —
Such are thy comforts, *blessed Solitude!*

But Innocence is there,—but peace of mind,
And simple Quiet with her lap of down,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams,
And saunter with a book, and warbling muse

In

In praise of hawthorns *. — Life's whole business, this?
Is it to bask i' th' Sun? if so, a snail
Were happy, loit'ring on a Southern wall.
Why sits *Content* upon a cottage-sill
At even-tide, and blesses the coarse meal
In sooty corner? why sweet Slumber loves
Hard pallets?—Not because, from crowds remote,
Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap;
'Tis labour makes the peasant's cheering face,
And works out his repose—for *Ease* must ask
The leave of *Diligence* to be enjoy'd.

O! turn in time from that enchantress *Ease!*
Her smiles are feign'd; her palatable cup
By standing grows insipid — and beware
The bottom, for there's poison in the lees.—
What health impair'd, what spirits crush'd, and maim'd,
What martyrs to her chain of sluggish lead!
No such observance *Russ* or *Persian* claim
Despotic — and as vassals long inur'd
To servile homage grow supine, and tame,
So fares it with our Sov'reign and her train.
What though with lure ensnaring she pretend
From worldly bondage to set free? — what gain
Her vot'ries? what avails from iron chains
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast?

Bestir! — and answer your Creation's end!
Think we, that man, with vig'rous pow'r endow'd,
And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still?
Sluggards * are Nature's rebels, not her sons,
Nor live up to the terms, on which they hold

* This appears to me very much in the best manner of *Shakespeare,* polished by *Milton.*

Their

Their lease of life—laborious terms, and hard,
But such the tenure of our earthly state.
Riches, and Fame are Industry's reward;
The nimble runner courses *Fortune* down,
And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold *.

Think what you owe your Country, what yourself!
If splendour charms you, yet avoid the scorn
That treads on lowly station! Think of some
Assiduous booby, mounting o'er your head,
And thence with saucy grandeur looking down!
Think of Reflection's stab, the pitying friend
With shoulder shrug'd, and sorry! Think that Time
Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd:
And if an exemplary indolence
To warn, and scare, be wanting — look on me!

I cannot better mark the versatility of DAVIES's poetical talent, than by annexing to this beautiful Poem a *galanterie in rhime*, no less gifted, of its kind, "on the *Hon. Miss Cornwallis's* carpet:" she was afterwards *Lady Betty Southwell*, was the eldest daughter of *Lord Cornwallis*, and was the *Archbishop's* niece.

In this fair work, the needle's light and shade,
Studious of use, and guiltless of parade,
The Nymph displays the model of her mind,
With beauty, neat,—and solid, though refin'd.
What if no flow'rets in the texture bloom,
Nor fruits and foliage deck the varied loom?

* The very soul of *Shakespeare* is in these lines, to *my* ear at least.

Yet,

Yet these are threads, the Sister *Graces* join,
Their off'rings to *Minerva's* hallow'd shrine.
I hear her voice, and see her genial smile;
" It's thus *my* chosen fav'rites ever toil.
" 'Twas thus,—by me inspir'd,—that *Grecian* Dames
" Employ'd their vacant hours—illustrious names!
" These in the fair *Andromache* were seen,
" Thus, when return'd, *Ulysses* found his Queen.
" Their silks unsullied laugh at fading age;
" The *Tyrian* carpet glows in *Homer's* page.

" Not that such meaner tasks engross the fair,
" Though pleasing samples of domestic care:
" The same bright eyes can traverse Learning's field,
" The same fair hands the pen, or pencil wield.
" My golden fanes to *them* unbar the gate,
" On their own sex the zealous *Muses* wait,
" And when to join the virgin-choir they deign,
" How sweet the notes! what spirit in their strain!

" O that *Britannia's* daughters would approve
" The paths that lead them to esteem, and love!
" Would know—unhappy wanderers—the way
" Lies not through balls, the masquerade, or play!
" What!—can they *chuse* to build upon the sands,
" When solid *Fame* on *Virtue's* pillar stands?
" Like some fleet cloud be hurried by the wind,
" A gilded cloud that leaves no trace behind?
" Not so *my* votaries;—'tis *theirs* to shine
" Where use and elegance direct the line.
" *Time* that hangs weighty upon slothful hands
" Attends *their* beck, and runs at *their* commands;
" The tyrant, as a vassal *they* employ,
" The foe that others *murder*—*they* enjoy.

" Ye

" Ye who, to follies prone, to wisdom shy,
" To cards and fiddles for protection fly,
" Ye pert, though listless,—and ye busy vain,
" What is *your* service in *Minerva's* train ?
" *This*—in reward of light and silly toils,
" 'Tis what *they* want not,—you can serve,—as *foils*."

The next Letter of DAVIES, improved by a date, is of October 18, 1744. It is interesting personally to me, because it alludes, at least as I conjecture, to my Father, as I shall have the opportunity of explaining.

" MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Oct.* 18, 1744.

" I was much pleased with your answer. I see " your spirits were struggling with your weariness, " and were getting the better of it, which proves at " once friendship, and resolution.

" I will enclose the lines on *Knoll* *, because I " mentioned them in my last; but in transcribing " them I am not pleased with them.

" Your humorous translation of *Scaliger's* epi- " gram pleased me well; and in return I send some " *Latin* and *English*. The *Latin* Ode, in my opi- " nion, has much of *Horace's* spirit, and manner, " and is almost the only good modern *Alcaïc* I ever " saw †. But of that you will judge, when you peruse " it. I do not pretend to enter into the justice of " his encomiums on the two great men. But this

* A romantic seat of my Father's in *Derbyshire*, which DAVIES had visited.

† This, alludes to an *Alcaïc* Ode which I possess, and have printed with my Father's other *Latin* Poems. It is addressed by *Mr. Hardinge* to *Mr. Poyntz*, maternal grandfather to *Earl Spencer*. He was Preceptor to the *Duke of Cumberland*. Mr. DAVIES made a version of it into *English*.

" may

"may be observed, to take off the imputation of a "courtier's flattery; that he is not a follower, but "has long been an intimate acquaintance of theirs, "&c. &c. &c."

I am not enough acquainted with *Scaliger* to know what are his works; but, if the *Latin* epigram in *Whaley's* volume of 1745, page 178, is written by him, the version, which is very neat, is by *Thomas*:

On a young Lady of the North.

By ———.

Though from the North the damsel came,
All Spring is in her breast,
Her skin is of the driven snow,
But sun-shine all the rest.

I have a Letter with no date, but, from the context, in 1744: it is in itself so excellent, and above all, *to me*, so interesting *ad homines*, that I must copy it.

But I have another reason for it. You will see in it not only his wit, but the amiable simplicity of his character, and his readiness to believe that all his friends loved him, as he loved *them* — upon the least hint of their good-will to him.

You will see too his romantic *Stoicism* in those days, carried, I think, to a weak extreme, against all preferment, against even the *acceptance* of it.

He had therefore most wonderfully changed his tone in 1766, if he then solicited that which here he reprobates even if *accepted*. Nor do I *know* that

that he did solicit preferment, although, when out of spirits, he may have complained, that it was not obtruded upon him.

I know from the *Bishop of Lichfield*, who saw him at *Bath* in 1761, that he was then paralytic, and weak in his health; a fact, which accounts for the nervous irritation of his mind in 1766, and for a new turn to his thoughts of rising in the Church. This too agrees, in point of date, with *Miss Seward's* portrait of him in the declining period of his life.

"My dear Doctor,

"I desire you to send *Stanhope*, and *Simplicius*, "having questions to put to them, and in doubt as "to the meaning of certain words, and passages.

"I perceive you bestow more of the *lima* upon "some chapters than upon others; but at the same "time shew your judgment in the choice of them.

"You ask whether modern allusions be allowable "in such a work—strictly speaking, not—for the "*persona loquens* should be *simplex, et una*— "whereas *you* sometimes are in his place, and at "other times leave him to himself. For example, "when the names that are modern are used, *T. T.* "speaks*—when he complains of lameness, we have "*Epictetus** before us. Cannot you *acquire*† *the* "*gout?* and the exception then will be disarmed.

"You do *Pratt* great honour, which, if I tell

* In *Epictetus*, which he was translating into verse. This critique is very sound, and chaste; but one laments that such a masterly Poet as *Dryden* should be guilty of a similar outrage—yet in his *Translation* of the *Tyrrhena Regum Progenies*, amongst the *Roman* figures he introduces the *Lord Mayor*.

† This reminds me of the celebrated painter in landscape, *Wilson*. My Father desired him to paint one of *Tully's* villas.—He *did* so; and, as a help to the *picturesque* in the portrait of the scene as he found it, introduced the orator and his friends.—An arch critic recommended that he should whiten their faces, and make them *Spirits*.

him

" him of it, will hurt him; for in his very last Let-
" ter he desires to be remembered by you, but not
" in the same breath with *Murray*, whom he does
" not presume to rival."

[" A paragraph in the same Letter gave me infi-
" nite satisfaction; because I *now* again can say,
" that I never contracted *an intimacy with any man*
" *in whom I was deceived.*

" The words of *Pratt* are these:

" The night I came to *Bath* I met with *Mount-*
" *eney* *, to my extreme surprize, who was going to
" *London* the next day. We sat up together till
" three in the morning, and amongst other topics
" *we talked much of you.*

" He is the same he ever was, and he acknow-
" ledges the sin of negligence to you as unpardon-
" able. He promised that you should hear from
" him before he left *England*; yet I doubt whether
" he has kept his word, because of the natural aver-
" sion most of us feel to do now what should have
" been done years ago.—He said, the cause of
" his delay was the intention to have answered you
" *in verse*—and so he has waited all this while for
" inspiration! as if any Muse would have the con-
" descension to visit a Judge!—*Hactenus* PRATT.]

" You ask after *Theocritus.* — *Hardinge* and
" *Pratt* will not suffer me to go on. The last ex-
" torted my promise to translate no more, which
" he calls *loss of time.*

" I believe you never saw the enclosed. It will
" be dark to you as you never saw the odd place
" here described, *Knoll-Hills* †. I will add a
" maxim which I think you will admit:

* A Baron of the Exchequer in *Ireland*, a good scholar, and the Editor of *Demosthenes*.

† It was uncommonly beautiful, but eccentric and wild.

" Sure

"Sure as the needle turns unto the pole,
"Sure as the byass ever guides the *bowl* *,
[*Second line now added*]
"The man who takes preferment sells his soul.

"My courtier friends are angry with me for it, "and they dispute the oracular truth of it.—I fore-"see a paper war on this head; and make a formal "requisition, *by our Embassador Rees*, or *in our* "*own person*, of your auxiliary force as *our confe-* "*derate* and our *ancient ally* in so just a cause. "Come into the field! under banner of your *ma-* "*nual* †, and pray do not serve me as the *Dutch* "have served the *Queen of Hungary*.—N. B. I tell "them, the best way of disproving our maxim will "be to get me additional preferment, and then leave "me as independent as ever.

"What have you done to the roan mare? I ne-"ver saw such a change in so very short a time. "She went from hence *as plump as Whaley*; and "she has returned as lean as *Vaughan* of *Lemster* "—from a country of oats too, for which I will pull "*Ralpho* by the ears.

"You see I am in good spirits, notwithstanding "the moist atmosphere, and you will take these "fooleries by the right handle. They are *deposita* "of confidence, that I would place in very few.

"S. D.

"*Dr. Cranke* is just arrived, and I cannot send "you *Knoll-Hills* as I intended."

"My dear Doctor, *Nov.* 15, 1746.

"* * * Who should occur to me, as I sat musing "by myself, who—(and with you I think—an odd connexion) — who but *Lord C——t* ‡, and yet "it may be you will see the chain.

* This line is archly interposed, the *Doctor* having a passion for *bowling*.

† The *Enchiridion* of *Epictetus*.

‡ *Lord Carteret*.

The

The time at *Oxford* pass'd, hear *Gr—nv—lle** tell,
At *Mother Red Cap's* had been pass'd as well,
The grove of *Christ Church* where the Muses sing,
The *tongue* of *Aldrich* was an idle thing,
Your tree owes nothing to its pruner's care,
And grounds untill'd the noblest harvest bear,
E'en let us drink the cool and limpid stream,
But curse the needless fountain whence it came.

" There are more of these lines, but I think we " had better leave off here, and so, good night.

" *Mr. Phelps* † desired his service."

I am so delighted with DAVIES in his *Milton's* habit, that I wish no part of it, when he had become familiar to it, should be lost.—I therefore add with pleasure a very humourous address to his friend *Whaley*, as employed in ranging his pamphlets. The following passage, *I think*, alludes to it.

" You may conclude that I must have been disgracefully *idle* when I wrote the enclosed burlesque " *Miltonics*, which, as I am now spying them upon " my table, I send, not as being specimens of genius, but only to amuse you, and make you smile."

To J. W.

What ken mine eyes enchanted ? — man of ease
In elbow chair, and under brow of thought
Intense, on some great object fix'd, no doubt:
What mean the *Myrmidons* on either hand,

* *Granville.*
† Of this gentleman we have more to say hereafter.

In

In paper coats, and orderly array,
Spread far and wide on table, desk, and stool,
Variety of troops, white, purple, pied,
And grey, and blue's battalion trim, and who
In marbled regimentals, some in vest
Gay-edg'd with gold, of chequer'd garb, and tongue,
And clime;—extended o'er the wooden plain.
Not force more num'rous from her teeming loins
Pours forth *Hungaria* to the *Danube's* bank,
Croät and *Pandour*, nor the host in war
Of *Turk* or *Nadir*, nodding opposite
With turban particolour'd.—Sing, O Muse,
Their marshal'd numbers and puïssance. First
With sable shield and arms opaque advance
Divinities polemic—sober feuds
Yet deadly—and can rage the soul divine
Inhabit? Councils, synods, cloyster, school,
Cowl beats off cowl, and mitre mitre knocks,
Presbyt'ry here, in wither'd face askew,
Revenge demure! and there devoutly fierce
Catholicos in lawn, but streak'd with blood.
Not far behind, with her divided troops,
Comes Policy, with democratic shouts,
On one hand—on the other loud acclaim
For pow'r hereditary's boon divine!
I see the various portraiture display'd,
Nimrod and *Brūtus*—liberties—and slaves,
And crowns and breeches * flutter in the air.
Who next, with aspect sage, and parchment scroll,
Voluminous come on? I know their beard

* "This alludes to the arms impressed on the money of the *Commonwealth*." Note of the Editor in *Whaley's* book.—N. B. It is whimsical that *Sans-culottes* should have been the title of the modern republicans in *Paris*.

Historic, and their style acute, whose edge
Fights hoary Time, maugre his desp'rate scythe,
And as he cleaves the pyramid, apply
Their fumbling props.—Hence Annals—hence *De Foes*,
And Memoirs, doubtful truths and certain lies,
And tales, and all the magazines of war.
  What Muse, O Poesy, can pass unsung
Thy flowing banners, and gay tents adorn'd
With air-borne trophies? or would leave thy name
Un-catalogued, were it but, *Ninëus* like,
To beautify the list?—nor wantest thou
Offensive darts, till *Satire's* quiver fail.
  All these, and more, came flocking, but await
Their dread commander's voice, and dare no more
Start from their place than did the stone of *Thebes*
Ere yet *Amphïon* sung.—From side to side
The sedentary chief, in studious mood,
And keen research, darts an experienc'd eye.
Forth from his presence hies the aide-de-camp,
A doughty *Cambro-Briton* *, to survey
The posture of the field; from rank to rank
Posting, succinct he gives the word, how best
Light squadrons to advance, and wheel the course.
"Vanguards to right and left."—Forthwith a band,
As at the sound of trump, obedient move
In phalanx—each and all their stations know,
And quarters, as the General's will ordains.
  First at the call spontaneous Verse appears
To its due rank, and prompt as light obeys
The summons.—Peaceful Controversy sheaths
Her claws contracted, and makes room for *Scot*,
Leagued with *Aquinas*, nodding side by side,
And *Bellarmine*, and *Luther*, heard no more

* *Rice Price.*

Than

Than *Delphic* shrine, or *Memnon's* form. — Now mute,
All in due order, and in silence look,
A modern Convocation—Hist'ry lies
With Hist'ry—*Hyde* and *Oldmixon* agree *.
Which, when the Marshal, from his easy chair
Of calimanco saw, knit his calm brow,
Thoughtful, and thus address'd the subject leaves :
" Ye Hierarchies, Commonwealths, and Thrones,
Folio, octavo ; and ye minor pow'rs
Of paper, ere to winter-quarters due,
Hear me, ye list'ning books.—First I direct
Submission to your lord, aud faith entire.
Did I not list you, and enroll your names
On parchment?—See the volume !—Look at me.
Did I not mark you (as the *Prussian* mark'd
His subjects) for my service, when requir'd ?
'Tis well—and let me next, ye flimsy peers,
Love, brother-like, and union recommend ;
Live peaceful, as by me together tied
In bands of strictest amity. Should then
Your master lend you to some neighb'ring state,
Auxiliaries †, remember ye preserve
Your first allegiance pure, and cheerful home
Return, when summon'd by your nat'ral prince.
Be humble, nor repine, though smear'd with spots,
Or dust inglorious : know your birth and end,
Rags ye were born ; to rags ye must return.

For a little variety, though of a date posterior to that of the Poems which remain to be copied, I

* "The Author begs pardon of *Lord Clarendon* for placing *Mr. Oldmixon* so near him."

† All this wit upon his books lent out is admirable.

shall transcribe a passage in a Letter of *Mr. Pratt* (copied by DAVIES); in which he appears to have marked, at this early period, no common power in delineating character. The date is December 1743. It gives a portrait of *Dr. George*, Provost of *King's*, who had been a Master of *Eton* school. I suppose it was written at *King's* College.

The character is masterly; it is like the banter of *Tully* upon *Cato*, in the Oration for *Muræna*, and the words, but I confess liable to the suspicion of a pun, "quæ nonnunquam requirimus, ea sunt omnia non à Naturâ, sed à *Magistro*." I am not sure if I do not think him a little too cold, upon the subject of his poetical genius, in one sphere of it—in *Latin* verse. He had there an ear, taste, and spirit of the highest order, with a command of beautiful and elevated thoughts: but, when that classical *pen* dropped from his hand, he relapsedinto an absurd, though a good-humoured and lively pedant.

"The new Provost is the delight of the Society, "and behaves to every one's perfect satisfaction — "released from all care, free, and jovial.

"This is very different from his carriage and "conduct at *Eton*. I will try if I can account for "it.

"He is naturally, in the same degree, good-na-"tured and absurd. He undertook the care of that "school without parts, of the kind I mean that was "necessary to govern it. This brought him under "difficulties, from which he had not either sense or "spirit enough to extricate himself. These plagues "and vexations wrought upon his temper, and "made him sour. His absurdity, the gift of Na-"ture, still remained; and, by working upon a "mind crossed by ill success, made him not only "foolish, but proud, ill-mannerly, and brutal.

"You may see how that perverse disposition, "which I call absurdity, or blundering ignorance "of decorum, will make the same individual odious

"or

"or entertaining, as the temper in which it acts is "in or out of tune.

"At present, as he has no care, his good-nature "has returned; so that now his absurdity, which is "rather heightened than diminished, gives an agree-"able turn to every thing he says or does.

"These men are very unfit for business which "calls for steady abilities and steady resolution; but "make very excellent companions in private life, "especially where they are tinctured with *letters*, "and have, like *him*, quick fancies, a good ear, "and a powerful memory."

I venture to suggest my opinion that nothing in *Plutarch* is more shrewd, is more philosophically just, or marks a deeper knowledge of the human character.

Dr. Thomas thus writes to DAVIES on this subject:

Dec. 23, 1743.

"I often have smiled at the character of the Pro-"vost, which is drawn with much liveliness, and "your correspondent must be a pretty fellow.—The "absurd is completely wound up in quickness of "parts and a great memory, which are generally "considered as inconsistent, even to a proverb."

It may here be observed in general, that MR. DAVIES, by keeping up at intervals his acquaintance with men of the world, and by his good sense, though leading more habitually a secluded life, writes like no hermit, but like a social companion to the best and the most polished intercourse. The society at *Lichfield*, a sort of *London* to him, improved these habits —By the way, he had more preferment there than I had imagined, or than his monument has recorded; for he had the Prebend of *Longdon*—was Master of the Hospital—I learn too that he was Archdeacon of *Derby*.—All these (and one records it with delight) were the gifts of that incomparable Prelate *Cornwallis*, then Bishop of *Lichfield*.

From

From one of his connexions at *Lichfield*, and by the favour of the *Dean*, I have received a composition quite new to me, and supremely beautiful; an Alcaïc Ode, which, for a little variety, and as marking the versatility of his talent, I here insert.

It is the rivulet *Pinsley*, above mentioned, which is here addressed.

O nata *terno fonte* *, volubilis;
Te, Lympha candens, quâ celebrem lyrâ!
Quæ lenè distillas, meosque
Officiosa lavis Penates;

Quippe æstuoso † sidere frigidum
Servas tenorem; nec glacialibus
Obstricta brumis, usque ‡ ripam
Lambis aquâ metuente vinc'lum.

" Hoc monte quondam *Regia* §," dixeris,
" Stetit tyranni parvula *Mercii*,
" Urnâ repercussus solebam
" Exiguas numerare turres."

Saxi vetustus quin pereat labor;
Dum tu salubri || murmure præfluens
Æterne curras, in propinqui
Lætitiam, geniumque pagi.

* *Pinsley* takes its rise in *three lakes* under *Shobdon Court*. They are called *The Lady Pools*. *Mr. Richard Price*, of *Knighton*, M. P. describes them to me as romantic in their scenery, and as well deserving a visit from travellers who love the wild and picturesque forms of Nature undrest.

† Mark here the coincidence! In a Letter to *J. Dodd*, 1740, the Writer says — " on *Pinsley's sunny* banks."

‡ Here too is another feature.—The admirable Poem in praise of Water, has " *Pinsley's* EVER FLOWING tide."

|| " *Health* comes rolling on in every wave." Ibid.

§ It is reported by Antiquaries, that the Kings of *Mercia* had a Palace at *Kingsland*.

If

If I translate this, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, or the country ladies, I fear they will not thank me for it; but I cannot resist an impulse to the attempt.

Wing'd and bright stream of triple fountain born!
What harp shall thee with recompence adorn!
In my domain the currents trip along,
Soliciting no tribute but a song:
Cool in meridian summer's parching heat,
The tenor of their step has twinkling feet;
Chain'd by no winter's ice the waters flow,
And grace the bank with music as they go.
"Upon this mountain"—I could hear them say,
"Stood once a palace of the *Mercian* sway,
"When from this urn renew'd my course I pac'd,
"The *turrets* my observant vision trac'd."

Perish these ancient piles of labour'd stone!
Be *mine*, dear wave! but not be mine *alone*!
The genial boon of *health* extend around,
Joy to the peasant—by the village crown'd!

The following lines are admirable, and in *Martial's* best manner:

Feb. 5, 1744.

Ad T. T. D. D.—S. D.

Dum tu fraterno celebras natalia ritu,
  Si quid me poterit detinuisse, rogas.
En obstant mihi multa, repagula multa negotî,
  Cur te non visum, cur mihi non placeam.
Non adsum, fateor, convivas inter amicos;
  Sin animam spectes—nec minùs alter abest.

A curious

A curious Letter now before me again brings *Lord Camden*, his favourite, upon the scene. It opens with four ludicrously polished lines of mock-heroic verse, and gives the hint of an Opera intended for *Handel*, which, I suppose, came to nothing, for we never hear of it again.

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"O you that lobsters in a basket bring,
"And bottled shrub to make *Apollo* sing,
"Come, often come, nor think I grudge the feast,
"A miser would rejoice at such a guest."

[You see (were it only from this one specimen) that he had an easy and fluent command of *rhime*.]

"*You* have a right to these lines, not only because "I address them to you, but as being the legitimate "produce of your punch the night you left me.—At "least I hope you will accept them in part of pay-"ment for the *Latin* couplet received this morning.

"The Opera for *Handel* is begun, at the request "of his friend.—Be sure it is the first and last of the "kind as a foolery of mine.

"The *Argument* is taken from *Livy*. You will "have the contents and plot when you hear next.

"*Pratt*, who is a musician (that is, he *was* be-"fore Law *un-harmonized* him) bids me lie upon "my oars till he can find leisure to give directions "concerning the genius of *musical* verse — the "length of the performance—the numbers and the "talent of the singers—how to adapt the subject of "each air—to ascertain the number of choruses, "and their position. These are very arduous diffi-"culties. &c. &c. S. D."

I resume DAVIES, the *Miltonic* Poet. He has written a *Night Thought*, which I am not afraid of setting by the side of *Young* himself.

Oct.

Oct. 4, 1744.

"Why should not *we* have *Night Thoughts*, as "well as *Dr. Young*, though less voluminous?"

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Mortal, whoe'er thou art—beware! since *Time*
To a thatch'd hovel, or triumphant arch,
Levels alike the undiscerning scythe,
And *Death*, wide-sweeping, no distinction owes
To the crown'd villain;—all alike in hell,
Caligula, and *Chartres*, seated both
On burning couches in the fiery hall.

Whence is that milder blaze of æther pure,
As op'ning clouds a scenery divine
Unfold? where brightest in a robe of sky
Sits *Virtue*, under shade of palm, with look
Stern, tho' serene—*Herculean* strength behind
Waiting, and trampled worlds beneath her feet.
Nearest her throne, associate ever dear,
(Not sullen *Cato*, nor the patriot's aim
Of *Brutus*, nor imperial *Cæsar's* pride)
Epaminondas, smiling at his blood,
For his lov'd *Thebans*; *Antonine*, the just,
The wise, the humble; *Nerva* too is there,
Humanity imperial, pleas'd in death
An heir * adopting, who shall bless mankind.
All the choice few, union of great and good;
Poor *Epictetus*, with his free-born soul;
More's cheerful wisdom, *Boyle* with study wan,
Beneficent, and meek. Th' *Athenian* † sage,
The *Indian* ‡, in abstruse debate sublime

* *Trajan.* † *Socrates.* ‡ *Confucius.*

Of

Of the first good, their eyes turn'd up to Heav'n.
The shielded saint rejoices in her sons,
Gather'd around, and pick'd from all the world.

In the *Kingsland* Collection I have obtained the sight of a few Letters, addressed by *Dr. Thomas* to his friend; but they make one regret that one has not more. They unite the gentleman, scholar, and friend.

" My dear Friend,

" I thank you for yours of yesterday, and particularly for the sheet enclosed in it, which I do " not mean to return till the next opportunity.

" If I were any judge of such performances, " which I am not, I cannot be an impartial one, on " account of the bias which my regard and friendship create in your favour. Whatever appro-" bation, therefore, I may express in perusing this " new flight of your Muse, will be regarded by you " as little more than prepossession.

" You know I have always thought your genius " would exert itself successfully in *dramatic* enter-" prize. Indeed I was led into this opinion on per-" using an extemporary essay of yours in that line.

" The little sketch now before me confirms me in " this creed.—As it is the first onset, it really sur-" passes what I expected even from the earlier hint " of your hand.

" In your three first speeches, if I must establish " precedency and preference, I should rather incline " to that of *Valerius*.—It is, according to your own " rule, more negligent and familiar, but strong.

" Of this at our next meeting; but let me desire " in general that you would not suffer your nicety " of taste, and of judgment, in compositions like " these, to exercise too powerful a check on the vi-

" gour

" gour and bold spirit of your genius.—Catch your " thoughts at the first hand, and fly with them to " your paper; a revisal will soon find but little *pec-* " *canios;* or, I should rather say, will destroy the " beauties of nature.

" Do you design that *Brutus* should make his " first appearance in that speech? or will you shew " him first as personating the fool, and played upon " by *Tarquin?* What think you of introducing " him in that very scene, whilst they are talking of " this ramble, and frolic to their wives? Let them " sport with him, and let him answer with all the " habitual archness of the lunatic fool.—When they " are gone to horse, let him burst into this high-" spirited soliloquy."

[I can scarce recollect an example of such modesty in two such ingenious and cultivated minds.]

" MY DEAR FRIEND, *Nov.* 5, 1745.

" I now return the MS sheet. * * *

" I long to see the *scene* where *Lucretia* is visited, " with her maids employed about her. You know, " that story is told by *Ovid* in his *Fasti.* Upon " reading it there, I have been thinking that after " some chat with her maids (to one of whom you " could give a lover there) about the news of *the* " *Camp,* one of them could ask her mistress to sing " that *pretty song* (and it may be adapted to the " occasion) which she used to amuse herself with; " and while this scene of the woman is transacting, " *Collatinus* and his companions may be looking on, " and listening in the anti-chamber, and may then " break in upon them.—But am not I impertinent " in offering any hints?"

" *Nov.* 17, 1745.

" Your design of not imposing upon yourself the " task of a regular progress from scene to scene is " right.

"right. You will find the method of working up "a scene or character here and there, just as hits "your fancy at the time. preferable on many ac- "counts, and the last work is to sew them together "in a regular form.—I own to you, that when I first "gave the hint of a song, I imagined *Lucretia's* "attendants might be introduced, as *Ovid* and the "History have represented them, at the wheel and "the distaff; and I have observed that it is as natu- "ral for women, in that business and situation, to "be diverting themselves by a song, as for a cobler "in his stall.—But what particularly gave me the "notion of it was, those lines in *Ovid* put into *Lu-* "*cretia's* mouth, and which I have sometimes fan- "cied her to sing.—*Mittenda est domino nunc, nunc* "*properate puellæ:*—and what if I should make "you smile, by singing you a stanza on the occa- "sion? But the method you have taken in shewing "them at needle-work is better, for it would be "hardly possible to represent them at the other "business without offending the taste of a modern "audience. But representing them as you do must "answer, as it is agreeable to our notion of the em- "ployment of good *Queen Bess,* and her Maids of "Honour."

Dr. Thomas's Letters are very unequal, are in general short, and, upon the whole, much inferior to those of his friend, especially in style; yet there are some clever passages here and there.

He ends one of them prettily, and with a good heart,—as well as good *Latin.*

"*Feb.* 14, 1742.

"In hisce rei nummariæ angustiis—(*Bentleii* "verbis utor) non est cur tibi sis molestus de com- "puto inter nos conferendo: *noveris* enim (sed mini- "mè noverint universi) domum hanc (saltem quo "scribo

"scribo tempore) non esse exilem; sed multa su-
"peresse quæ (si perruperint) prosint furibus.—Ita
"pronuntiat T. T; *scilicet*
"Timotheus *Tuissimus*."

In a letter of the same year thus he interrogates him:

"Is *Whaley* come, *teres atque rotundus*, that "you may *unfeed* him in *South Wales*?"

In a Letter of 1741:

"If *Pulteney* has deserted, it will often put me in "mind of *King James's* expression when *Prince* "*George* left him: "What! is '*Est-il possible*' "gone too?"

"*Aug.* 2, 1742.

"When I told them how *extra-generously* it was "given to me *in usum Timothei et amicorum*, they "condemned me for accepting it;—'but indeed it "'was most kindly done; and I have not had any "'venison this year, and I think I never tasted "'finer;'—'nor fatter,' says another;—'and it is "'admirably roasted—another piece, if you please— "'and now your hand is in, pray cut *me* another— "'a little of the fat, if you please, for there is quite "'enough of it for us all.'"

"*Dec.* 1745.

A most incomparable Pun!

He says, "You see there is a Regiment of Lawyers. "They never can *make a stand;* for is not *their* "maxim, '*Currat Lex*?'"

Of DAVIES's *Dramatic Muse* there is not a vestige to be found; and of *Thomas*, nothing but these Letters;

Letters; yet both were authors, and Mr. DAVIES often alludes to his friend as a joint Poet with himself, especially in Imitations of *Horace*.

In this difficult branch of composition, DAVIES, I think, had peculiar merit; and, consulting variety again, I will part with him at present in blank verse. Indeed, I am not aware of any other Poems in that measure but the *Epithalamium* to *Mr. Dodd*, the Song of *Moses*, and that of *Deborah*. The two latter have passages in them which are truly sublime, and the rhythm is inferior to none in the other Poems which I have copied; but there is less of originality, and less power in the general effect of the verse.

The *Epithalamium* is too beautiful to be suppressed, and will have its place.

To resume the *Imitations of Horace*, I shall now produce one of them, in the shape of an address to *Lord Camden*, written, I should think, between 1732 and 1745; perhaps a very little time before 1745, because he alludes to his friend's professional occupations; which, I think, were not commenced (in power and command) before 1740.

To C. P. Esq.

Translation of *Horace*, Book I. Ep. II.

[I must here beg of the learned and classical reader to put the original before him; because much of the happiness, in this branch of his Muse, arises from the accuracy of the version, without prejudice to the air and spirit of an original.

From this time, except in the *Epithalamium*, I shall produce MR. DAVIES in rhyme alone. I confess myself delighted by the ease and flow, grace and spirit, of these compositions in a Poet who has marked that he was averse to rhime, and who shone in a more stately measure.]

While

While you, my friend, were pleading at the bar,
I read the Writer of the *Trojan* war.
Whence good or evil, shame or honour, flows,
The Philosophic Bard exactly shows,
With useful rule and sage instructions fraught,
Beyond what *Crantor* and *Chrysippus* taught.
What makes to me this bold assertion clear,
Unless a golden brief detains you, hear.
The tale which tells how, arm'd by wanton Love,
For ten long years two bleeding Nations strove,
Contains a turbulence of tide that springs
From heated mobs, and witless pride of Kings.

Give up the *cause* of strife, *Antenor* cries:
But hear the lover, and what *he* replies;
"Nor health, nor life, nor empire's easy charms,
Can force the ravish'd fair-one from his arms."

Good *Nestor* strives the fierce disputes to quell,
In which *Achilles* and *Atrides* swell.
Keen love deprives one hero of his rest,
But rage in either sways the ruffled breast.
The people's loss from Regal error springs,
And subjects pay the want of sense in Kings *.
Sedition, falsehood, guilty lust, and rage,
The camp, alike, and garrison engage.

Again, what virtue, wisdom-join'd, can do,
The wand'ring Prince of *Ithaca* will shew,
Who, *Troy* in dust, on many a distant shore
Had studied human arts, and manners more.

* There is often a peculiar force in the dignified simplicity of thought and language It appears to be exemplified in the energy of this line, which has the additional merit of improving the subject by the variation,—for the word *pay* goes *beyond* the word *plectuntur*, and it serves to heighten the image it sustains.

He,

He, o'er the sea by raging tempest borne,
Toil'd for his friends, and for his own return;
Stemm'd Fortune's wave, and, with unwearied pain,
Plung'd in adversity, he rose again.
The *Syren* lays are known, and *Circe's* draft,
Which, like his comrades, had their leader quaff'd,
Unmann'd, he would have rued the harlot's wine,
Yelp'd as a dog, or roll'd in mud a swine.

We are life's expletives, to eat or drink,
Shunning its only good employ—to think.
We are *Penelope's* disorder'd train,
Youths of the soft *Alcinous's* reign—
A vicious crew, that lull the tortur'd breast
With midnight song, and sleep at noon caress'd.
The murd'ring felon leaves the restless bed,
And ere the sun is up his victim 's dead:
When to his neighbour's doom the villain hies,
To save *yourself* can you be loth to rise?
In health you will not leave your easy chair;
But stir you must, when dropsy finds you there.
Call then for book and candle ere 'tis light,
Stretch your whole mind in search of truth and right,
Lest a worse cause may rob the bed of rest,
And Love disturb, or Envy taint your breast.
If penetrating gravel tries the reins,
Physicians are call'd in to ease the pains;
And shall the mind a worse disease endure,
When you let years elapse, and seek no cure?
Set out!—the race defied will soon be run!
The work is half accomplish'd when begun.
Who lets the hour of present claim pass by,
Waits, like the rustic, till the river 's dry.

Poor

Poor senseless idiot! the unvaried stream
Flows on, and will for ever flow the same.

Wealth to obtain, is Man's habitual care,
And then a wife, to give that wealth an heir;
Improving ploughshares in the waste are seen,
And barren heaths in fruitful tilth are green.
The satisfied should no increase implore,
Nor waste a momentary wish for more.
No stately equipage, or splendid plate,
No sumptuous house, no rental of estate,
E'er gave the fever'd blood a moment's rest,
Or pluck'd one thorn from out the master's breast.
Who thinks * to know the use of joy and wealth,
Must first be well in mind, and strong in health.
Who lives in fears, or longs, though rich, for more,
Has the same pleasure from his languid store
As age-dim eyes from painting can receive,
Or music to an ear imposthum'd give.
The tainted cask sours all it's to contain:
And pleasure is a curse that's bought with pain.
The wretch that *covets* ever lives in want;
To *av'rice* † deaf, the Fates no more will grant.
The envious are to self an abject prey,
And, as their neighbours thrive, they pine away,

* There is here a whimsical coincidence of the two idioms, and which I never saw elsewhere—"*cogitat uti,*" *thinks to use.*

† In our language the word *avarice* does not appear to be used with sufficient precision. It is often confounded with a *miser's* jealousy of his wealth, and fear to make use of it; but this inaccuracy was never so glaring as in a late publication by *Helen Maria Williams,* who is in general a very correct, and a very neat writer of prose.—Twice in this work she makes *avarice of blood* pass for *œconomy in shedding it.*

With pains refin'd and keen their bosoms prickt,
Beyond what fell Inquisitors inflict.
The impotent, his anger to controul,
Shall rue the sallies of the heated soul;
Shall wish, in agony of heart, undone,
What Passion will'd in absent Reason's throne:
Anger 's a short-liv'd madness, and in sway
A despot, if no master to obey.
Keep strongly in, the hot rebellious mind,
With curb restrain'd, and with a bit confin'd.
The docile horse in prime of years is broke
To bear the rein, or stretch beneath the yoke.
The whelp that hunts the deerskin round a court,
Staunch at the field enjoys the labour'd sport.
Drink early then, dear friend, at Reason's bowl,
And fill with wholesome draughts the youthful soul.
If gall or wine the recent vessel stains,
This or that scent the faithful cask retains.

Start then in Virtue's cause with no delay:
If you get on but slow, I shall not stay,
Nor press upon you if you lead the way.

I am almost afraid of proceeding with his Imitations, which are very numerous, and yet so excellent that I am equally afraid of suppressing them. But, as a compromise, I will threaten you with only two more; because, though both of them are Imitations of the same Poet, they are in a very different vein, and shew the ready powers of the Artist.

Perhaps the following lines are the most gracefully polished rhymes of his Muse.—They reconcile perfect elegance to familiarity—nothing is more difficult.

IMITATION

IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK I. EPIST. XI.

Feb. 1744,

What says dear *A——th* * to fine places seen,
Magnificent *Versailles*, polite *Turin*?
Is *Paris* quite so charming as we hear,
And not one sigh for *Thames* and *B——r* †?
With *Roman* glory is thy spirit fir'd?
Or to *Geneva* ‡ studiously retir'd,
With arts delighted, and with rambling tir'd?

"Yes," you exclaim, "that corner be my lot,
"Of English friends forgetful, and forgot:
"Repose oblivious by the *Rhône* I'll take,
"Or musing view the wide-expanded lake."

'Tis well, I own, to bait upon the road;
But who would make an alehouse his abode?
Arriv'd in town, thro' cold, and dirt, and snow,
Late, wet, and weary, to the bagnio go;
The bagnio for a night affords good cheer,
But not the best of lodgings by the year.
Too wise to cast upon a distant shore,
To sell the vessel, and return no more.

* *Mr. Aldworth Neville,* Father of *Lord Braybrooke,* then upon his travels.

† *Billingbear.*

‡ He was then resident at *Geneva;* and there, as I learn from *Lord Braybrooke,* with many other accomplished friends, he instituted a theatre, in which they acted plays; and *Mr. Aldworth* became so admired, that *Garrick* heard of it, and cultivated an acquaintance with him on his return, in honour to his talent.

 France,

France, *Italy*, and *Spain*, and ruin'd *Greece*,
Are in the mind, as useful to its peace,
As in the raging dog-star warm attire,
A stream in winter, or in June a fire.
At ease, in affluence, *Naples*, *Florence*, *Rome*,
Are pretty things to chat about at home.
Commend the soft *Montpelier's* balmy air,
But, hale and vig'rous, why should *you* go there?

When Fortune hails you with auspicious wings,
In gratitude enjoy the boon she brings,
Nor put it by; nor, if you like your meat,
Be nice, and scorn the room in which you eat.
If sense and reason can alone give ease,
Not airy views or prospect of the seas,
Travel and voyage are but loss of time,
The temper will not alter with the clime.
In idle diligence from day to night,
We aim at happiness with all our might;
For this in *Scythian* cold, or *Indian* sun,
On horse, in ships, we ride, and swim, and run.
But well to live demands no help of sails;
No matter where,—in *Cumberland* or *Wales*;
Content is captive to no certain space,
The *man* may be in fault—but not his *place* *.

* *The mind is its own place*—are the words of *Milton*.

TO J. W.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK I. EPIST. X.

[Again I beg the Reader to have the original before him.]

1735.

D——— *, of rural scenes a lover grown,
Salutes his friend, a lover of the town:
Except the variance this and plumpness make,
Who think we disagree, perhaps mistake;
The difference much the same as lies between
The egg of parent swan, or of a hen;
Debating, scribbling, saunt'ring, sitting still,
Studious of ease, and brothers of the quill.
London 's your choice—I know it—but approve
The seat of moss, the rivulet, and grove.
If you should ask how I employ the hour:
Better than some in place, and some in pow'r,
Not plagued with patrons here, nor slave to pelf,
Lord of my time, and master of myself †.
What have your noisy streets like this to give,
Or what like this *Sir Robert* ‡ to receive!

Cotta, disgrac'd, in *Ariconian* vales,
Likes, I am told, the neighbourhood of *Wales*:
Sick of parade, attendance, and resort,
Flies—to exhale the surfeit of a Court §.

* DAVIES himself;—and this one initial is the single hint that he gives the Reader of his name.—So amiable was the modesty of this philosophical recluse.

† There is not a verse in *Dryden* or in *Pope* to which I could fear to name this for a competitor.

‡ This would have been sufficient to date the Poem at some period before 1741, when that able and great Minister (with all his blemishes) resigned his power, had not the date of it since occurred to me, *viz.* 1735.

§ I beg your attention to the beauty of that verse.

Consult

Consult the voice of Nature at her shrine:
"Build in the country," says the voice divine.

Where can the winter joy so pure inspire,
Morn's wholesome frost, and evening's brilliant fire?
Where has the summer's heat such cooling gales,
To fan the hills, and cheer the drooping dales?
Where 's discontent so rare an inmate seen,
And slumbers light so innocent of spleen?

What is that marble portal to my bow'r,
Array'd in green, and pearl'd in ev'ry show'r?
What the dull stream, that pipes or conduits yield,
To the soft rill that whispers in my field?

Confess at once your wants; for it is clear
In town you faintly mimick what is here;
Look at *St. James's*, or at *Lincoln-square*,
The rustic scene's tame counterfeit is there.
Say why that *Sheffield** mansion pleasant stands?
Because a length of country it commands.

Nature, in spite of changes and removes,
Returns elastic to the point she loves.
Rais'd from distortion, she appears the same,
And from her bend recovers like the palm.
Not she, whose want of taste, or want of care,
Buys the resembling *Delft* for *China* ware;
Nor who to City-publicans resort,
And buy for claret's price deceitful port,—
Are more the dupes of counterfeit, than who
Mistake false blessings for the gem that 's true.

* *Buckingham-house,* now the Queen's Palace.

Who

Who launch too far in Fortune's purest lake,
The tempest of Adversity will shake.
Slow to discredit what allures the eyes,
We pause before we drop the tempting prize.

Come to the shade, where peace eternal springs,
Despise the Court with me, and pity Kings.
Britons, impatient of the *Saxon* reign,
Call'd in their *good ally* suppos'd, the *Dane*:
Their *good ally* to conquest led the way,
But swept the whole dominion—for his pay *,
The wanton stranger, in his new abode,
Upon the neck of high-born vassals rode.

Thus for the golden fleece if *you* shall trade,
And sell your mind, of pinching want afraid,
That hideous monster is expell'd, I own;
But a most lordly tyrant mounts his throne.
If, by *dependance*, treasure you obtain,
I wish you well—but leave you to your chain.
It 's known that shoes, and why not an estate?
Pinch or slip off, too little or too great.

Be wise, and be content: though short in wealth,
Rich in the gifts of competence and health,
Don't throw away the happiness they bring,
For virtuous freedom is a sacred thing †.
And when you see me lay my honour down,
When you detect me fawning in the town,
Give indignation the uncheck'd career,
Don't spare the satire—pr'y thee be severe!

* Is not this a little applicable to *Napoleon's fraternal embrace* of *Holland*, *Italy*, and *Spain?*

† Here again is a verse to be remembered.

These

These high-spirited verses, and the Poet is full of them, convince me that avarice never at any one moment invaded or touched the purity of his mind, —and that he had shaken off the *influence* of a nobler appetite, that of ambition itself. But I think it is impossible to dispute the existence of *pique* in his mind, at the obscurity into which the nature of his course in the world had thrown him, operating, not in the malevolent asperity of cynic spleen, but in a virtuous pride, at the neglect he had experienced, as he thought, and felt, from the world.

Upon this awful theme of moralizing reflection upon the miscalculated view of his nature and fortune, which threw, but in a very gentle degree, a shade over his happiness, I cannot forbear to copy the temperate, judicious, and philosophical remarks of *Lady Knowles.* They confer honour upon her taste, and upon that *language of the heart*, which is of eloquence the best.

* * * " I regret much any little blemish in Mr. " Davies's judgment or feelings.—I had almost " thought him an absolute model of perfection in " his profession's elevated sphere (for such in its " essence it really is)—blessed with tenderness of " heart,—noble, independent, and great in himself, " above the levities or temptations of the world.

" I never can so degrade the image I had formed " of him, as to think he was ambitious of profes- " sional advancement, or suffered any disappoint- " ment to embitter him.—But a portion of our en- " thusiasm for it we must and we may resign—we " can afford it, and still admire him enough.—We " moralize, however, upon these frailties of the hu- " man character.

" The science of life surely is the most abstruse of " any.—Else how comes it that such highly-culti- " vated minds, and such commanding spirits, fail in " unity of action, or in a just conception of its parts.

" *Johnson*

"*Johnson* had naturally a morose temper, besides a "morbid and a distempered habit. DAVIES had the "temper of a Saint.

"But is there not in the minds of the gifted few, "a certain *fierté*, which induces them to act as upon "the defensive against inferiors, who are children of "this world, and wiser than children of light.—I "often have observed a refined and a delicate state "of the feelings, too keenly alive, in the nicety of "their distinctions, to the casual and the unintentional "neglects of the world.—I attribute, therefore, MR. "DAVIES's false estimate of the public sphere, and of "his own, to this or a similar cause, which a retired "and secluded habit of solitude, or partial intercourse, "would rather encourage than stifle—in a brilliant "vein of moralizing satire."

I can add, that wherever I can reach a vestige of him, in the few who can speak of him, from the written opinion of others, or traditions concerning him, the picture is that of unqualified praise and love.

As far too as I can learn, he was cheerful and social, but with a temperate and gentle enjoyment of Attic mirth and wit.—Of ill-nature no syllable in him is the mark.

The *Epithalamium*, to which I alluded, is before me, and says, or seems to say, "let me in." It is, I own, a favourite of mine, and in a very different strain from all the rest of his works.—It has all that *couleur de rose*, which is adapted with taste of choice, but with a familiar and graceful air, to the nuptial bower.

It is also in blank verse; but I am not sure if I should not have preferred it in rhyme, though he has caught the mantle of *Comus's Poet*.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Ye Nymphs, that, from *Diana's* sport retir'd,
Your forest leave awhile, and love to haunt
The bord'ring valley, saw ye, as ye pass'd,
A chosen pair, the glory of your plains,
Array'd in youthful bloom of Nature's prime?
Saw ye that glance of beauty, when the fair
Quiver'd with charms, and by the Graces dress'd,
March'd on: with joy her bridegroom flush'd, beyond
What fancy unpossess'd can ever dream?

Heard ye the music of their groves around,
Warbling, as choirs of gratulation sprung
From ev'ry bough? The nightingale was there,
Whose note peculiar trill'd the nuptial song,
Such as in *Windsor's* music-loving shade
They chaunt; and, if their *Handel's* * ear is true,
No where in silence steal with lay so sweet.
Auspicious omens brood in the fair hour;
Did ever *Hymen's* cheek more fresh appear,
Or his bright vest with deeper yellow glow?
The vest that on *occasions high and rare*
Pontifical he wears †, when hearts with hands
Combine, of healthy cheek and sparkling eye,

* This alludes with graceful and charming address to the circumstance that both of the nuptial parties lived in the perambulation of *Windsor Forest*, where, *Handel* said, the nightingale had a more harmonious note than he ever heard it elsewhere.—This note, as well as many others, I owe to *Lord Braybrooke*.

† This copied image, from *Shakespeare's* fancy, in a perfectly new application, acquires a character of its own, equally original.

As

As in the rights of Nature, ere the shafts
By gold were blunted.—Here the blazing torch,
Fann'd by Love's pinion, sheds unusual fire!
Lo! by the trail of light he left behind,
As homeward the gay jubilee return'd,
The Muse, invited guest, attends her theme
On to the nuptial bow'r; there ent'ring, hail'd
Preludes of happiness to come; her lyre
She strung—it was the heart's unborrow'd strain.

"Hail," she began, "distinguish'd pair! how fit
To join in wedded love! each other's choice!
Bridegroom, thy taste is elegant indeed,
And fingers nice, that on a sunny bank
In Beauty's garden, cull'd so bright a flow'r,
To thine transplanted from her native soil.
Cherish, be sure, thy blooming charge; keep off
Each blush unkind; and zephyr's gale alone
Blow there, and genial suns for ever smile.
Who not applauds thy vow?—hereafter who
Disputes thy palate, judging and exact,
Owner of curious bliss? Nor thou, fair bride,
Repine, or homeward cast thy wav'ring eye!
'Twas time to sever from the virgin choir.
What joy in loneliness to waste the hours
Unfruitful! See, hard by, *Lodona*'s stream
Cold and inactive creep along, her face
Shaded with pensive willow, till anon,
Married to jovial *Thames*, briskly she moves
O'er many a laughing mead.—'Twas Nature will'd
Such union—blest society, where souls
Move, as in dance, to harmony divine,
Fit partners.—How unlike the noisy feuds
In wedded strife! Hence Friendship's gen'rous care,

At

At Love's high noon, and hence the sober flame,
Steady as life declines: all comforts hence
Of child and parent, Love's endearing ties.
Think not the fair original design'd
To flourish, and be lost.—The world expects
A copy to adorn a future age.
Thank the kind Gods!—be happy, live, and love!"

[The date of this Poem was Sept. 24, 1739.

Mr. Dodd married his neighbour *Miss St. Leger*, of *Trunkwell*, distant three miles from *Swallow-field*, his country seat.

The parishes of *Shenfield* (of which *Trunkwell* is a part) and of *Swallowfield* join.

Trunkwell is one of a thousand entertaining proofs that *John Bull* is never to be entrusted with *a hard name.*

Mr. St. Leger, the father, one of the refugees after the Edict of *Nantes* had been (so infamously) revoked, called this place *Tranquille.*

This gentleman was Father also to *Mrs. Blossett*, who was mother to the late *Miss Blossett*, the justly admired singer (as an *amateur*), and to *Mrs. De Salis*, now living, the widow of *Dr. De Salis*, one of my *Eton schoolfellows.*]

So virgin-like was the modesty and blush of his Muse, that he is afraid he shall be accused of *indelicacy* in some of those lines, which he declares that he did not *intend.*—The simplicity of his alarm is ludicrous.

"You mentioned the *Epithalamium* favourably, "but you intimated some lines in it which *made* "*you smile.*

"After this hint, I perused it, and find *what I* "*never intended*, that an *indelicate* construction, or, "to use prettier words, a *double entendre* might be "put upon the metaphor that I carried on upon the "garden-

"garden-flower.—It is also true that a hint is given, "perhaps too broad a one. I was aware of it, but "considered that I was writing to a young and "merry couple."

[It reminds me of a ludicrous account which *Mr. Bryant* gave to me of *Dr. George*, who, when Master, from an outrage and refinement of prudery, was in the habit of putting into the heads of the boys indecent allusions, which, but for the horror which he expressed when they construed the passage, they would never have dreamt of endeavouring to discover. One in particular was in *Theocritus*. As that Author is not before me, and as I am not *sure* of *all* the words, I will give the *Latin*.

Utinam devenerim apis murmurans,
Et ad tuum antrum profectus fuerim
[Hederam—]
Penetrans, et involucrum quo tu tegeris.]

Lucina heard the Muse, perhaps in hopes of a serenade; and here it is, not only ingenious, but, like all his works, of a cast original and peculiar to himself.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

Oct. 22, 1741.

Thy sanguine hope completed in a boy,
Hymen's dear boon, my friend, I give thee joy.
Of strange, fine things, and miracles to be,
Expect no flatt'ring prophecies from me:
It 's Time's maturing business to call forth
Degen'rate meanness, or transmitted worth.
Under that sliding course of hours or days,
The limner's effort mellows, or decays.
First, let me see, what my fond wish bespoke,
The lively colouring, the manly stroke,

The

The gentle sweetness, and the modest grace—
Maternal beauty—shed upon the face?
The gay and frank benevolence, the fire
Sincere and gen'rous, darted from the Sire.
The judging Muse, where lines like these can strike,
Will own the copied portrait 's *very like*;
Will mark each virtue, each perfection tell,
Pleas'd that his parents drew *themselves* so well.

At every turn we discern the same dignified grace and manliness of spirit—no base homage to the rich and great. The panegyric springs from the *heart*, and the heroes of it personal friends—unsolicited for patronage—nay, of minds unlike his own, though with points in them that pleased him; and one of them never deserted, who had not even a virtue in his favour, and was thrown, by degrading indiscretions, to say no worse of them, into poverty. What can be a higher panegyric upon this affectionate spirit, than to attest, record, and perpetuate, the fact? that nothing but the distress of this mendicant could ever seduce the modesty of his Muse from its home, and then, upon conditions that veil'd her from the world, suppressing, by obstinate initials,

The local habitation, or the name.

By the next Poem I should think it not improbable that he was acquainted in early days with *Horace Walpole;* for it alludes to his birth, and that of *Mr. Dodd* the same day. This Poem has the additional recommendation of shewing that he had great talent in the discriminating analysis of character.

The two friends, as *Lord Braybrooke* first informed me, were the *Hon. Horace Walpole,* and *John Dodd, Esq.*

ON

ON TWO FRIENDS, BORN THE SAME DAY.

Sept. 1736.

There are, it seems, who think a natal star
Softens to peace, or animates to war;
That yon bright orbs, as in their course they roll,
Dart their strong influence on the dawning soul:
Whether to empire led by radiant *Jove*,
Or lull'd in pleasure by the Queen of Love;
Whether *Mercurius* gently wav'd his hand,
That points to arts and sciences the wand;
Or angry *Mars*, inspiring warlike heat,
Alarm the pulse, and at the bosom beat.

If so, in these, of uncongenial mind,
Whence can the Muse her pointed contrast find?
The one, of nature easy, and compos'd,
UNTOST BY PASSIONS, AND IN ARTS REPOS'D *;
The other, of a keen impatient soul,
Wing'd in the race, and stretching to the goal*:
One calm as *Theodosius* to desire;
The other glowing with *Varanes'* fire:
This pleas'd to wander in *Pierian* glades,
Where the rill murmurs, and the laurel shades *;
The other warm'd in what his heart approves,
The chace, the mistress, or the friend he loves.

Yet the same beam saluted them on earth,
And the same planets glitter'd at their birth;
The same soft gale had whisper'd in the wood,
Or the same tempest arm'd the raging flood.

* Can these lines be forgotten?—Where is *Pope* superior to them?

It

It is enough, no question of their *stars*,
That *Friendship* reconciles where *Nature* jars.
Nativities! resign your dreaming plea!
Their *planets* differ, but their *lives* agree.

Upon this elegant and poetical *jeu d'esprit* I cannot forbear to solicit your acceptance of two comments.

It may seem to militate on my character of DAVIES in the sacred article of independent sincerity; for I may be asked, how sincerity could account for this panegyric upon a man who made no figure in the world, who had no genius, or literature. I answer by the fact, as it has reached me from the best authority. *Mr. Dodd*, as I have before observed, had a generous heart, and zeal for his friends, with a delight in those who, in their talents and attainments, were as unlike him as *Walpole* could have been; DAVIES, for example, and *Lord Camden*.—He loved their genius, and was proud of it.—He had also, I have no doubt, social talents, which require no Attic wit, but have a peculiar humour of their own. In a poetical dialogue, full of pleasant ridicule upon *Whaley*, and published in your admirable Collection of Poems, there is a festive and jovial spirit given to *Mr. Dodd*, which, I dare say, made him very entertaining as a companion.

But, in the next place, nothing is more common than to see what the Poet so well expresses here, the union which *Friendship* can form of *dissimilar characters*. We are all of us vain, the least of the little, as well as those at the top of the leaf; and we do not like *partners upon our throne*. Either inferiorities are cultivated, or equalities in a different sphere — besides that in society one loves the amiable varieties which two friends produce, who have attainments and merits of a different kind.

By

By the way, as that Poem is before me, though it is too long to be inserted here, and perhaps a little too burlesque to suit the Attic though brilliant wit of the rider, I cannot forbear to catch a passage or two, as proving his talent for parody, which he does not appear to have indulged, but certainly possessed.

The opening of this Dialogue upon the subject of *Mr. Whaley's* cowardice in a fox-chace is incompable, as a banter upon *Dryden* or *Lee.*

Dr. Thirlby.

There 's pleasure sure in being clad in green,
Which none but green-men know.

The passage in view, if I am correct in it, is this:

There is a pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.

Whaley solus.

——————— but chief, of thee *,
Of thee I most complain, O want of meal.
* * * * * * *
Must I then leave thee, *Burgundy* †, &c. &c.

——— No more I'll to the window—beauteous scene
Of river and of hills, of lawns and trees,
What respite can ye give to my distress!
And you, plump deer, that feed upon the lawn,
Serve to awake the ven'son appetite.

Davies.

Am I deceiv'd, or through the waving boughs
An alehouse-sign peeps forth. I 'm not deceiv'd;
For through the boughs an alehouse-sign peeps forth.
Would I were there!

* *Sampson.*
† "Must I then leave thee, *Paradise,*" &c.

This imitation of the attendant Spirit in *Comus* deserves to be noted.

Was I deceiv'd, or does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there *does* a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night.

We have alluded to, and shall in the Appendix produce, one of Mr. DAVIES's travelling correspondents. Let us now produce Mr. DAVIES himself as a *Tourist.*

We have read *Musical* travels, *Astronomical* and *Botanical* ones, *Antiquarian, Political, Historical,* and *Sentimental.* The all-accomplished *Addison* and *Eustace* (I wish we had more of them) were *Classical* Topographers. DAVIES, in *his* few rambles from home, viewed every scene *with a Poet's eye,* nor has even *his* Muse produced any thing more gifted than two Poems which are now to be introduced, both of them in rhyme; one upon a voyage to the Ruins of *Tintern Abbey*; the other upon *Archbishop Williams's Tomb.* They are of the same æra, between 1732 and 1745.

I am bold enough to anticipate the Reader's delight in them, who will not fail to observe the difference of the *tone* (if I may use that phrase for want of a better) between the picturesque and the moralizing Poet.

A Voyage to *Tintern Abbey* in *Monmouthshire,* from *Whitminster* * in *Gloucestershire.*

Aug. 1742.

From where the *Stroud,* smooth stream, serenely glides,
We reach the peopled *Severn's* rapid tides.

* Where, at his country seat near *Stroud,* he had visited Mr. *Cambridge.*

Stop

Stop ere we sail! and from this point survey
The hill-encompass'd sea-resembling bay;
See the tide's * ridge with sober grandeur heave,
And float in triumph o'er the river wave!
Lo! where it comes! with what extensive sweep,
Like a whale sideling rolling in the deep!
Wide and more wide it joins the distant hills,
And swiftly the expanded *area* fills.

We sail; — now steadily; now gulphs inform
The tumbling waves to imitate a storm;
The rising shores a thousand charms bestow,
Lawn at their feet, and forest at their brow;
The polish'd villas, neighbours to the flood;
The taper spire; and the surrounding wood.
These lines, my *C*——— † read, and smiling view
How faint the hope thy landscape to renew.
That image of thyself how soon decay'd —
See all its beauties in description fade!

Where to each other the tall banks incline,
And distant cliffs, though sever'd, seem to join,

* This coming-in of the tide is called the *Eager*. There is a beautiful allusion to it in *Sprat's History of the Royal Society*.
DAVIES.

† This was the late *Mr. Cambridge*, another friend of MR. DAVIES, and, as I can proudly add, of my own. He then lived at *Whitminster*.—Amongst the verses addressed to *Mr. Cambridge*, and published by his son amongst his works, there is an allusion to DAVIES by name, which, for the honour of them both, I shall insert. They are dated in 1739, and are the lines of *Henry Berkeley, Esq.*

"Ask verse of him who knows to sing;
His well-tuned lyre bid DAVIES * bring,
And boldly strike the docile string:

* A friend of the Author's, and of *Mr. Cambridge*, who was a very elegant Poet. EDITOR.

 Drawn

A narrow frith — our gallant *Argo's* way,
A door that opens to the boundless sea —
What if a ship with strutting sail come on,
Her wanton streamers waving in the sun!
Just in the midst, as Fancy would contrive,
See the proud vessel o'er the billows drive.

The *Streight* is pass'd, the swelling surges beat,
The prospects widen, and the shores retreat.
Ye *Nereids* hail! for now we leave behind
The town and palaces with tide and wind,
Here noble *Stafford's* * yet unfinish'd dome,
And thence the long-stretch'd race of *Berkeley* † come:
Till, tossing and full-feasted, more than tir'd,
We change the wilder scene for paths retir'd,
Quit the rough element of noise and strife,
As from a public to domestic life,
Skirt the mild coast, and up the channel ride,
Where *Vaga* ‡ mingles with *Sabrina's* ‡ tide.

From the same hill the sister streams their source
Deriving, took, when young, a parted course,

Drawn § by the pow'r of that sweet sound,
The list'ning herd shall gaze around,
Whilst from the deep and oozy bed
Sabrina rears her aweful head,
And, as *his* notes harmonious glide,
Forgets to roll her ample tide.
Ah, *Cambridge!* may the chattering pie
With *Philomela's* music vie,
Then shall be heard my *Clio's* tongue,
Where you and Davies deign a song.

* The remains of a noble seat, begun by *Stafford Duke of Buckingham.*

† *Berkeley Castle.*

‡ The *Wye* and the *Severn.*

§ Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca,
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.
Virg. Ecl. 8.

And

And many cities, many a region seen,
High tow'rs, and walls antique, and margins green,
Now gladly meet, nor now to part again,
Go hand in hand, and slide into the main.

In spite of *Time*, though wars and tempests beat,
Ascending *Chepstow* shews a castled seat;
Beneath slope hills, and by the rolling flood,
Clasp'd in a theatre of rising wood,
With air majestic to the eye stands forth,
Tow'ring, and conscious of its pristine worth,
Sublime in its decay, in age's pride
Erect, it overlooks and braves the tide.

Pass a few moments! — the returning sea
Shall those high-stranded vessels sweep away;
That bridge, from whence the eye descends with fear,
Low with its flood, and level shall appear.

The giddy bank still winds to something new;
Each turning oar diversifies the view;
Of trees and stones the interrupted scene,
The shady rocks and precipices green;
Or where the forms of Nature, to surprize,
Curve into bastions, or in columns rise;
Here sinking spaces with dark brows o'ergrown.
And there the naked quarries look a town:
At length our pilgrimage's home appears,
Her venerable fabric *Tintern* rears;
While the sun, glancing in its calm decline,
With his last gilding beautifies her shrine;
Enter with reverence the hallow'd gate,
And trace the aweful relicks of her state;
The meeting arches—pillar'd walks admire;
Or musing listen to the fancied choir;

Encircling

Encircling groves diffuse their solemn grace,
And dimly fill the op'ning window's place,
While pitying shrubs, on the bare summits, try
To give the roofless pile a canopy.

Here, my lov'd friend, along the mossy dome,
In pleasurable sadness let me roam;
Look back upon the world, in haven safe;
Weep o'er its ruins, at its follies laugh.

It may seem an impertinence to comment upon this Poem; but I cannot forbear to recommend the appropriate features of the scene in this living memoir and portrait—the happiness of the expressions, and the chaste abstinence from all those vapid superfluities which the taste of modern poetry seems to court. The picture of *Chepstow Castle* and of its bridge—the wish for the ship and its arrival—the comparison of the sea to public life—*and last, not least in love*, the solemn cast of the concluding lines, which are like the scene they describe, appear to me the gifts of genius in poetical description, if I at least can even guess what those gifts are.

But how different is the pencil in the Poem that follows.—In *painting*, the artist who has a *manner*, too generally adopted in all his works, bears the title of a *mannerist*. *Horace*, with infinite humour, to make this degrading vanity more ludicrous, tells a painter that "perhaps he can paint a cypress" —"And what has the cypress to do," says the Poet, "if you are to paint a shipwreck?" Even a *good manner* may be tiresome if it is not varied, especially when the *subject* requires the difference.

This remark applies with powerful analogy to writers in prose and in verse, but in a peculiar degree

degree to the latter. It is very seldom that one finds a diversity of *manner* in the same Poet. If it is not profane, I would say that *Pope*, charming and brilliant as he is, wants light and shade in the cadence of his measure, and in the turn of his thoughts. *Prior*, a very inferior, but still a most engaging and fertile Poet, is in *variety* more distinguished. The Muse of *Dryden* is in this view of it pre-eminent. *Young* has written with a masterly hand in blank verse and in rhyme: a solemn strain in the first; and pointed wit in the latter—brilliant epigrams and satire. *Thomson* is decidedly a *mannerist*. *Gray*, though his forte is *Lyric*, is enchanting in the *Elegiac* strain.

DAVIES, if I can presume to introduce *him* in the company of these Luminaries, cannot be accused of *sameness* in the character of *his* Muse.—What I have produced in blank verse of a sententious and moralizing cast is very unlike his *Imitations of Horace*—the *vers de société*—his *graceful compliments* —and *his fancy in description.*

But, if I were to chuse, I would select as the favourites those of a moral cast, whether in blank verse or in rhyme; and what follows would, I think, of itself stamp the character of a Poet upon the modest *Rector of Kingsland.*

It is whimsical enough, but it is the fact, that, after his friend the *Bishop of Litchfield* bestowed preferment upon him *there*, we have no further trace of his Muse; and all that he has left (except the Alcaïc Ode, which has no date) was prior to 1745, though it cannot be supposed that he laid aside his poetical habits; and in a Poem written by *Mr. Seward*, his brother Canon, father to the *mascula Sappho* *, he is represented as enlivening the *Litchfield* sett by the powers of his Muse.

The lines are these:

DAVIES shall bring a concert of the Nine,
And treat with genuine *Heliconian* wine.

* *Horace*.

In

In 1745 he was not more than thirty-five years of age, when, as it should seem, his vein disappeared, though his life reached fifty-nine.

But I have scarce a doubt that his rooted and constitutional diffidence induced him, in these later periods of his life, to be more nice in his judgment of his own works, and rather to play with his Muse, than to aim at the improvement of its powers; more especially if the weakness of his frame and constitution made him *struggle with his energies*, to use the excellent phrase of *Miss Seward*.—Perhaps the *religious duties* of his pure and sainted life may have infused a more serious turn of thought.—Another key, however, to this blank of intelligence may be found in the devolution of all his Manuscripts upon the Rector who succeeded him, and who had no turn for literature, so that perhaps many of the later works may have been destroyed, and what remains (which, but for *Lady Knowles*, would soon have been consumed) may have been saved more by accident than design.

At seeing ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS'S * Monument in CARNARVONSHIRE.

1737.

In that remote and solitary place,
Which the seas wash, and circling hills embrace,
Where those lone walls amid their groves arise,
All that remains of thee, fam'd WILLIAMS, lies.
Thither, sequester'd shade, Creation's nook,
The wand'ring Muse her pensive journey took;
She came to mark the wand'ring Statesman's *home*,
And moralize at leisure on his tomb.

* *Dr. John Williams* was consecrated Bishop of *Lincoln*, Nov. 11, 1621, was translated to *York*, Dec. 4, 1641; died March 25, 1649, and was buried at *Llan Degla*, near *Bangor*.

She

She came, not like a Pilgrim, tears to shed,
Mutter a vow, or trifle with a bead;
But such a sadness could her thoughts employ,
As in the neighbourhood of sober joy,
Reflecting much upon the mighty shade,
His glories baffled, and his wreaths decay'd.

"How poor the lot of the once honour'd dead!
Perhaps the dust is WILLIAMS, that we tread.
The learn'd, ambitious, politick, and great,
Statesman or Prelate, this, alas, thy fate!
Could not thy *Lincoln* yield her Pastor room?
Could not thy *York* supply thee with a tomb?
Was it for *this*, a lofty genius soar'd,
Caress'd by monarchs, and by crowds ador'd?
For *this* thy hand o'er rivals could prevail,
Grasping by turns the crosier and the seal *?
Who dar'd on *Laud's* meridian lustre frown,
And on aspiring *Buckingham* look down?
How gay the morn!—But, ere the day decline,
Clouds gather, and adversity is thine.
Though 'twas thy doom to see the fierce alarms,
What had thy tott'ring age to do with arms?
Thy lands dragoon'd, thy palaces in dust,
And life suspended only to be curs'd;
Thy king in chains, thyself, by lawless might,
Stripp'd of all rank, supremacy, and right."

Awhile the venerable hero stood,
And stemm'd with shaking limbs the boist'rous flood:
At length, o'ermatch'd by injuries of Time,
Stole from the world, and sought his native clime.

* He was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, July 20, 1751.

Cambria

Cambria, for *him*, with moans the region fills :
She wept his downfall from a thousand hills,
Caught, as he fell, her Prelate, though undone,
Stretch'd out the rocks and caves to hide her son ;
Search'd, when alive, each vale for his repast,
And when he died, receiv'd him in her breast.

Ambition! what are all thy tow'ring schemes,
But waking terrors, or ensnaring dreams!
For ever tott'ring on the heights of state,
This monody can stamp thy hero's fate.
Great in his projects he has this to gain,
A tomb thus homely, and a bard so mean.

Cicero himself, whose mind had no frivolous taste, condescends to vindicate us Antiquaries; for he tells, that we are prompted by a just, as well as natural enthusiasm, for men of genius and virtue in all ages to visit, and consecrate every scene which they inhabited. *Pope* is in the same tone of local superstition, when he tells us, "*where St. John sat—and thought*,"—unfortunate in his hero, but happy and sublime in the picture—for he says, the oak of *Marius*, proof against the axe, or the injuries, will for ever live, because it was planted by Genius.

That pleasant Wit (Poet indeed in his way) *Sir C. Hanbury Williams*, kept his hat off in the boat with a party as they rowed him by the side of *Pope's* grotto several years after his death : "I am afraid (said he) of that *Gunpowder Percy*, though he be dead."—I have copied in the Appendix *Mr. Phelps* upon Horace's villa, and we have all admired *Eustace* upon that subject.

I would therefore make a point with your friendship, if you were a little younger, and if it could be

be summer at a word from us, to visit *Kingsland*, for my sake, in honour to its Rector: though, if my uncle was not more peevish than just, it is in itself "*a wretched place*," for those are his words.

On the same principle one likes the memory of such men upon their tomb, and I admire extremely the work of *Mr. Godwin* upon that subject *(O si sic omnia!)* in one of the best written essays I ever saw.

This amiable superstition made the burial-place of *Archbishop Williams* interesting.

It is carried a little too far by *Mr. Malone*, when he tells us where *Dryden* lived in *Gerard-street*; but I recollect that my neighbour *Mr. Walpole* had a picture of the identical street in which *Ma'me de Sévigné* lived, and in which the painter has given us the very house. I presented *Mr. Walpole* with some beautiful drawings of the *chateau de Grignan*, which I visited myself in honour to that most charming woman. A similar passion makes *Vaucluse* the rage of modern travellers, more than even the scenery would, sublime as it is.

Another whim of curiosity is, to develope the character from the *Infant* upwards to the *Man*; and we are told with rapture of *Dr. Johnson's* verses upon the duck.

In truth, however, nothing is more capricious than times and seasons of talent in the age of man—besides that many a genius when a boy has made no figure as a man; but least of all prophetic is the talent of making verse, *Latin* or *English*, at school. I cannot agree with *Dr. Johnson* that *Milton's Latin* verses are inferior to those of other *English* Poets; but I lay no stress upon them as promising the genius which at a later period inspired him. And we shall hear no more of youth as the period indispensable to sublimity of inspiration, when it is recollected that "*Paradise Lost*" was written by a man who was blind at the age of 41.

Yet

Yet one likes to read these early indications of talent, and may indulge the whim of discovering in the first hints of the future Poet what he was likely to be.

This long digression terminates in DAVIES, resumed, but carried back to *Eton* school. I have caught some of his *Latin* verse in that seat of the Muses; but there is one Poem in *English*, which is quite the verse of a boy in general (and therefore I do not copy it), but has passages which are stamps of the *manly character* that formed a ruling feature of his poetical mind, and shewed him very unlike the "ELEGANT AND THE GENTLE DAVIES" of his panegyrical defamer *Miss Seward.*

He was to write upon *Henry the Sixth,* Founder of *Eton College.* In general he has marked a peculiar judgment in the selection of his *topics* for that poor creature of a King. But I *must* quote the following lines, which few Poets have surpassed in dignity or spirit in the meridian of their genius and fame.

"No papal legends, consecrated lies,
Shall o'er *thy* merit cast their spurious dies;
Dull monkish miracles, and clumsy paint,
That wrong the *man,* to canonize the *saint.*"

There is another passage equally beautiful and chaste—nor have I ever seen the architecture of *King's College Chapel* so honoured in verse.

"Thy works, beyond the reach of art, proclaim,
"In living characters, the Author's fame,
"Fit for their *great Inhabitant's* abode,
"*In aweful height, and worthy of a God* *.

* There is here a very curious coincidence, and it is noted by DAVIES himself in his own hand, *viz.* that he wrote this Poem before *Mr. Pope* wrote the following line:

Bid Temples worthy of the God ascend!

"Fit

"No cumbrous *Gothic*, of enormous size,
"Heaves into air, and swells the aching eyes:
"In graceful symmetry the piles advance,
"With chaste reserve, and simple elegance,
"Here soften'd stones the downy rose express,
"And figur'd glass can *Raphael's* touch express;
"Contending arts their magic have display'd,
"Self-balanc'd * hangs the roof, and scorns the pillar's
"aid."

I often have thought *Horace* of all the *Roman* Poets could fall the best into *English* verse, and without any modern infusion. But I do not recollect that I ever saw this proposition better exemplified than by MR. DAVIES, in a *version*, as it could well be called, but which he entitles, an Imitation of Book II. Ode 4.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

It is almost literal, except in a beautiful turn at the end of it in honour to *Fielding* and *Shirley*, two celebrated beauties of that period.

This too must have been written in 1732 at the latest, for that is the date of the book in which it appears, and he was then *two and twenty*. I am pleased with it also, because it is the only *English* Lyric of his pen which I have reached.

Don't blush, dear Sir, your flame to own,
Your sable mistress to approve,
Thy passion other breasts have known,
And heroes justify your love.

* This, which is *the fact*, produces in the verse a sublime effect.

By

By *Æthiopian* beauties mov'd,
Perseus was clad in martial arms;
And the world's lord too feeble prov'd
For *Cleopatra's* jetty charms.

What if no sickly white and red,
With short-liv'd glow, adorn the maid,
The deeper yew its leaves ne'er shed,
When *roses* and when lilies fade.

What if no conscious blush appear,
The tincture of a guilty skin,
Here is a colour sure to wear,
And black will never harbour sin.

Think'st thou such blood in *slaves* can roll,
Or that such lightnings can arise,
That such a dart could pierce the soul
In vulgar and plebeian eyes?

No—by that air—that form and dress,
Thy *Fusca* of uncommon race
No doubt a high-born offspring is,
And swarthy kings her lineage grace.

Such decent modesty and ease —
But, lest my rapture be suspected,
Cease, prying, jealous lover, cease,
Nor judge the Muse too much affected.

Me, paler, *Northern* beauties move,
My bosom other darts receives;
Think not I'll toast an *Indian* love
While FIELDING or a SHIRLEY lives.

One

One other Poem solicits me. It is the Tatler of No. 249, by the immortal *Addison*, put into a poetical habit; and shews the versatility of his Muse. It is in the same volume of 1732, and consequently juvenile.

THE TRAVELS OF A SHILLING.

The busy path of active men,
Who tread this foolish worldly scene,
When bustling on their crowded stage,
Could my reflecting thoughts engage;
Till soft repose, and gentle rest,
Hush'd ev'ry tumult of the breast;
And my ideas, much the same,
Arrang'd themselves into a dream.

Methought a SHILLING, round and fair,
In silver sounds harangued my ear;
Which, from its usual prison freed,
Chanc'd on my table to be laid;
And, op'ning oft its polish'd mouth,
Related an historic truth.

* Here, Critic, spare the dull objection,
Nor sneer the tale as idle fiction;
Tripods, you know, in *Homer* walk,
And *Bacon's* head of brass could talk.
Thus, whether use or whim requires,
Things known to modern theatres,
Unheard-of prodigies, advance;
Tea-pots can sing, and chairs can dance*.

"Me fair *Peruvia's* climate nourish'd,
Where long the family had flourish'd,

* This digression is the exclusive right of the Poet.

Witness

Witness the deep and spreading vein,
That in the Earth's rich bosom ran,
E'er since the sun, with genial power,
First visited our sultry shore:
But, fearing sad *Peruvia's* fate,
And loathing *Spain* with inbred hate,
Lest I should sneak, as others did,
In *galleons* pris'ner to *Madrid*,
There take the habit of my foes,
Their spectacles, and mustachoes;
Better to live in utmost *Finland*;
I e'en took ship with *Drake* for *England*.

Then good *Eliza's* golden sway
Adorn'd the Isle, and bless'd the sea:
Soon as we reach'd fam'd *London's* shore
I was conducted to the TOWER;
There by an ART of curious power,
And quick'ning touch, no shapeless ore
As once I lay—in ev'ry feature,
Improv'd, I look'd a diff'rent creature;
Chang'd in my form, in air, in dress,
To my surprize, became Queen *Bess*:
A ruff* upon my neck was plac'd,
My hands her globe and sceptre grac'd,
And, in a beauteous round convey'd,
Her titles grac'd my letter'd head.

Thus, by adoption's forming bounty,
I seem'd a native of each county;
And, privileg'd, my fickle mind
To rambling strangely was inclin'd;

* All these paraphernalia are added by the Poet, and surely with admirable effect.

'Twas

'Twas LIBERTY'S alluring smile
Drew me to this her fav'rite Isle.
Too long in close confinement pent,
No sooner had I left the MINT
But I had gossip'd, and had run
To ev'ry corner of the town;
In square, in street, in court, in alley,
From *Tower Hill* to *Piccadilly*;
Or, when my lodging I would change,
And in a suburb chuse to range,
My locomotive charms were seen
At *Hampstead* or in *Turnham Green*;
In better mansions, or in worse,
In silken or in leather purse *;
In galligaskins, whole or torn,
To markets, taverns, playhouse borne;
Now on a MERCER'S counter seated;
In a fat BREWER'S pocket sweated;
Or, honour'd with a secret place
In *Cælia's* or in *Chloe's* grace,
There took my short and fleeting stand,
And softly touch'd my charmer's hand;
In a fair station grac'd and blest,
Where kings would give their crowns to rest;
Or left the service, yet content,
Upon some pretty errand sent.
What kind attentions I have shewn,
To each possessor well is known:
When stomachs did for victuals ache,
I 've treated MACER with a steak;
When the BEAU fear'd a shower's approach,
For a spruce TEMPLAR call'd a coach;

* *Philips.*

With me no student in his cloysters
Or sigh'd for ale, or pin'd for oysters *:
So happy was the fav'rite's case,
Whose honour'd fob my touch could grace.

Say, CHEMIST; what could more be done,
Had you possess'd your fancied stone?

Thus I in restless journeys went
From place to place, from *Tweed* to *Kent*,
When Fortune, ere I could apprize her,
Convey'd me to a sordid Miser,
Where many sufferers I found,
And my relations in a pound,
Unhappy victims! and opprest
In the deep cavern of a chest.

There num'rous years in bondage pass'd,
Till the *Old Hunks* had breath'd his last;
At the young Lord's commanding voice
The box flew open in a trice;
Again we catch the SUN'S dear face;
Again renew the jocund race;
Away to diff'rent shops we pack,
For brandy one, and one for sack.
† In BRITAIN thus, when Monarch dies,
And Royal Heir his room supplies,
Through *Newgate* joyous cries are heard,
The debtor freed, and prison clear'd ‡.

Thence I continued much the same,
In honour, figure, and esteem,
Till the fam'd SOUTH SEA'S flatt'ring year ‡,
When palaces could rise in air.

* *Philips* again.
† Added by the Poet, and with infinite humour.
‡ This also is added.

As

As the fond schemer ey'd my figure,
Methought I look'd some inches bigger.

But one adventure has impress'd
With grateful joy my pious breast;
Once, and but once, the tale you 'll stare at,
I visited a POET's garret,
When the Bard, smit with grateful zeal,
Awhile forgot his cheese and ale;
Preferr'd me to each lovely dame,
Near *Vaga's* bank, or *Severn* stream;
Invok'd each Muse my charms to tell,
That in his native mountains dwell;
And while in verse my theme bewitches,
Regretting less the tatter'd breeches.—
Thus a wit's hand at last I fell in,
His ever-living SPLENDID SHILLING."

Here I would close my *élite* of DAVIES's works, though I leave many other of his effusions that have striking and original passages in them; but I hope these extracts will recommend him, in your popular work, to the notice of a generous, enlightened, and impartial age.

"*No dispute upon taste*," we are told; but I may at least indulge the *wish*, if I must not call it the *hope*, that men of genius and virtue, regardless of the feeble Champion he has found, may admire the Poet, and may love the Man.

Your affectionate

GEO. HARDINGE.

To JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, *Walton Grove, Mar.* 9, 1816.

I have received a mass of recent acquisitions to my DAVIES-IANA.

To save myself a little trouble, as well as to overcome a difficulty, in adapting these new materials to the memoirs hitherto collected and arranged, *fallere et effugere*, I shall make a *Postscript* of all that I think worth your acceptance.

Dr. Thomas being ten years older, DAVIES appears uniformly in all his Letters, even of *badinage*, to mark the respect for him due to the difference of age. There is nothing so difficult, or so amiable, in the junior of the two ages.

It appears to me, that both of them were, like DAVIES's earlier friend *Lord Camden*, epicures, though not a hint appears that either of them was intemperate.

The Poet was fond of smoking his pipe, and banters himself as being no hero in cavalry. He piques himself, however, upon his gun, and represents that he shot a buck with his own hand.

Thomas was a huntsman; but, except in occasional visits to his patron the *Earl of Oxford*, he appears to have been more stationary than DAVIES, who made frequent rambles, and especially into *North Wales*.

I am afraid that, although he calls himself a *Whig*, his personal affection to *Sir Watkin Williams Wynne*, the most popular man of his day, *Toryized* him, imperceptibly to himself. *Lady Wynne* appears to have been one of his favourites.

He was, at least, *very Anti-Walpolian*.

The

The Dean of Lichfield has obtained for me copies of three *Latin* exercises written by DAVIES at *Eton* school. I intend making extracts from them; but am arrested, *in limine*, by an elegant and accomplished man, the celebrated *Melmoth*, who, in *Fitzosborne's* Letters (a most charming work, too little read) turns all *modern Latium in verse* into ridicule.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, my own father having made so brilliant a figure in that line of composition; but, as *Tully* said, "*libenter erro*, nec mihi hunc "*errorem* dum vivam extorqueri velim."

I make one previous remark, *ad homines*, to all the defamers of modern verse in the *Augustan* measure. I never met with any one of them who had the talent of writing it. *Dr. Johnson* holds it cheap. He wrote in it, and was *under par* in the attempt. He was not at home in it; and I have detected in him what, in the *régime* of *Eton* discipline, would have subjected him to the penalty which he inflicts upon *Milton* at College.

Mr. Melmoth's arguments do not surprize me, though I think them feeble, and a little disingenuous, because I recollect his Notes upon the *Letters of Cicero*, translated by him with such grace of eloquence that one hardly misses the original. But his notes are those of preconceived antipathy to all the public virtues of that wonderful creature, and much even of his domestic fame. They are comments of polemic asperity and spleen, many of them ungenerous, and ill argued, though specious in the surface.

One of his remarks upon the *Latin* Poet of modern periods can immediately be refuted. He demands, with an air of triumph, if any *post-Augustan* Bard, since the language became *dead*, has written a *considerable Poem* in *Latin* verse. I answer, by the celebrated work of *Isaac Hawkins Browne*, on the Immortality of the Soul. It is true that *he* could not have read that Poem when he

wrote

wrote his defiance. But the after-existence of it proves that in theory he was wrong.

He says, the language was difficult, even to the *Romans* themselves; and that of course we have no chance, unless by patches of unequivocal plagiarism from *Virgil* and *Co.*; for that else we are not sure of the idiom.

I would first concede the *minor* of the syllogism, which, however, could be safely denied, and challenge him upon the *inference*.

If, by the occasional adoption of passages like these, an elegant and classical air can be given to a modern theme, it is *autant de gagné*; it is a difficulty overcome, and the effect is pleasing. Nay, to do this well, may as much distinguish a poetical ear and judgment, as if all the words and phrases had sprung from the writer alone.

There is a kind of surprize in wit, and *Locke* defines it as the union of two dissimilar images.

But where is the fact, that modern verse in *Latin* must be, for the sake of accuracy, a theft of the idiom in the very habit of the antient Poet? Is it in the Poem I have mentioned? Is it in *Mr. Gray's Alcaic* left at the *Grande Chartreuse*? and is it not an honour to the habit of an attempt at least in *Latin* verse, that such a man chose it as the vehicle of his poetical feelings, at the impulse of the moment, and with a sublime effect?

But I go further, and I ask if a knowledge of *Latin* idiom in verse or prose is not indispensable to a just perception of classical beauties; and, if it is, whether even the miscalculated ambition to attain it, though sure to end in failure, does not improve the taste?

Will any man, who knows the effect and principle of style, deny that a knowledge in the taste and charm of other languages improves eloquence in our own?

What

What shall be said of *Milton?* *Dr. Johnson*, who hates him with one of his *excellent hatreds* *, would have us believe that others have written at his youthful age better *Latin* verse than *he* wrote. It may be so, though it is new to me; but at least it will be admitted, by those who have an ear, that nothing in *Ovid* himself is more beautiful, and, I was going to say, more *Ovidian*, than his early and flowing verse in that measure.

It reminds me of a Pedant (like *Melmoth* in this article), who told me that "*Ovid* stood alone, and that half an ear would refute the counterfeit."

I made believe to acquiesce; and repeated the following lines "*out of the Fasti!*" at a future day, under pretence of ridicule upon them, and of difficulty in making sense of them. He was enraptured when I took a *Milton* out of my pocket, and read them *from him*.

They are so beautiful of their kind, that I will insert them here, and close the discussion.

But can it be ever obliterated from the memory of dispassionate criticism, that *Warton*, another *Milton-hater*, affirmed in his first edition the following paradox:

MILTON HAD NO EAR!

He withdrew it afterwards, and without apology.

"Desere,"—*Phœbus* aït, "thalamos *Aurora* seniles;
"Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
"Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,
"Surge;—tuos ignes altus *Hymettus* habet."
Flava verecundo Dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyùs urget equos.

Was Paradise Lost the worse for these lines?

* "He *hates Whigs*, and he *hates the Scotch*, &c.—He is an "*excellent hater*."

Having

Having made these apologies, I will take the courage to lay before you DAVIES at *Eton* school, the writer of *Latin* verse.

Of course I shall not claim for him the merit of his patterns, *Ovid* and *Horace*. But the Reader will, I trust, give him credit for taste and feeling, even in these productions.

I will admit, beforehand, partial thefts of the kind which *Melmoth* has deprecated, but which, as far as they extend, are, in my conception, beauties, and marks of genius.

One of these compositions, in *Ovidian* measure and style, is upon *Jealousy*; and it will not elude the remark of the Reader, which I can venture to anticipate, with how much delicacy of judgment this Poet in his teens, a boy at school, has combined *Othello's* different soliloquies into one; or how he has varied them, without losing their spirit, in the extract I am now to lay before him.

Nec minùs ardescit furíis agitatus *Othello*,
 Invitisque gemens pollúit ora sonis.
Non mihi * *Lethæo* perfusa papavera somno
 Jam referunt pulsi munera cara dei;
Pallida lassatos macies depascitur artus,
 Anxiaque in fixo lumine cura sedet;
Ingruit atra dies, et noctis amarior umbra est,
 Dum fœdo læsus crimine sordet amor.
Mens tranquilla vale, et virtus quascunque corollas
 Texuerit nostris ambitiosa comis.
Non animum exacuunt *Mars* et *Bellona* dolentem,
 Ingratos edit buccina rauca sonos.
Jam *Stygiâ Nemesis*—*Vindicta*que surgit ab undâ,
 Sanguineo cedit corde sepultus amor.
Ut pereat lasciva,—novos ne perdat amantes,
 Una dies vitam finiet, una dolos.

* Admirably varied and shifted from *Desdemona* to *him*.

These

These are manly, affecting, and spirited lines, in the best manner of both his models.

The other subject was that of *Despair;* to illustrate which, he selects *Milton's* eloquent speech of *Mammon.*

Thus early was DAVIES's predilection for *Britain's Homer.*

Here too, which is a discipline of infinite use in forming the poetical taste of boys, he has aimed at the tone and spirit of the *English* original, clothed in a Pagan habit, and with Lyric melody.

As to his plagiarism, if it must be so called, from *Horace,* I take the liberty of expressing my opinion that it is not servile enough to degrade the copyist, and is ingenious enough to recommend his judgment in the passages which mark his imitation of so exquisite a model.

Orci per ædes turba silens favet
Gratè elocuto conciliantibus
MAMMONE—" Demens fortitudo
" Quò rapit et malesana virtus?

" Pulsus redibit scilicet acrior,
" Et marte cœlum proteret irrito!
" — Speremne cum spes ipsa fugît?
" Stratus humi superare coner?

" Te quod negatum est quidlibet impotens
' Sperare in armis, te, SATANA, incitat
" Vindicta?—surgas;—et sub orco
" Præcipitem ejicias tyrannum!

" Te, cinctum in armis, instrue!—lugubris
" Fortuna sævâ clade iterabitur:
" Victusne victorem lacessit?
" Nec metues MICHAELIS ensem?

" Vindicta

"Vindicta fallax! plùs vice simplici
"Assurgit ultor; desuper igneös
"Intorquet ignes; pœna vindex
"Crescit et ingeminat procellam.

"Cœlo tonantem sensimus obruti,
"Regumque Regem:—Scimus ut arbiter
"In bella se accingens per altum
"Fulmineïs equitârit alis.

"*Tunc* experiri vim decuit: Jacet
"Effracta virtus;—sulphure livido
"Involvimur;— quis tela sumet
"*Tartareïs* manicis gravatus?

"Salusne aperta est hostibus in jugo
"Cœlum obsidebunt?—Fulmina muniunt
"Et Fata portas,—an tonantem
"Compositis veneremur armis?

"Absiste, cui victoria denegat
"Palmam, à duello: seriùs induit
"Ille arma, cui victorem opimus
"Fallere et effugere est triumphus."

In December 1741, DAVIES wrote the following spirited advice to the QUEEN OF HUNGARY. *General Newperg* had been defeated, and *Prague* had been taken.

LINES TO THE QUEEN OF HUNGARY,

AFTER THE LOSS OF PRAGUE.

'Tis not *thy* fault that *Europe* is undone;
Retire; enjoy the calm and setting sun
While yet the conscious dignity remains,
Nor base compliance wears the *Gallic* chains:

Assume

Assume the glories of the fallen brave,
Nor deem *that* lost, which valour could not save.
Know there is triumph in well-earn'd distress,
'Tis thine,—let others quake at their success.
The princely dupes, of half thy realms possest;
E'en leave the field, and blast them with the rest:
Leave them, O leave them, to the curs'd event,
To reign, and sigh—to conquer, and repent.
See *Fleury* with one hand presents the Crown,
The other hides the scourge within the gown.

Thus *France* rewards her gay confed'rate slaves,
The *Prussian* Boy shall have the rod he craves;
And *Poland*, on his sons, if he prevail,
Descending servitude, not crowns, entail.

Who would not trust such venerable things
As hoary Prelates, and Most Christian Kings?
A violated faith, unheard, and new is,
In successors of *Mazarine* and *Louis!*

But see the *Eagle* to *Bavaria* flown,
Happy the man who mounts the *Roman* throne;
Happy to flutter in Imperial plumes,
With length of titles, and with sound of drums.
Eas'd of all pow'r, that *Gallia* shall supply
For her good cousin, brother, and ally!

From *thine*, what memorable aids ensue
(Firm to thy int'rest, if their own they knew),
Let unimpassion'd History declare,
To make the future generation stare.

Retire thou peaceful to *Etruria's* seat,
In soul, superior to all sceptres, great;

There

There shall kind *Neptune* fence the wat'ry bound;
There Nature stretch her guardian-hills around.
No more thy towns be sack'd, thy armies bleed,
But noble arts to diadems succeed.
There shall thy joys begin;—thy labour ends,
Secure from Foes, Relations, *Turks*, and *Friends.*

Her Majesty, I dare say, like other Ladies upon similar occasions, thanked Mr. DAVIES; and went her own way.

I have just received many other Letters, in the original of *Lord Camden*, to his friend.

One of them is dated the 29th of November 1742, and being, as I think, an excellent Letter in itself, I copy it here.

"DEAR DAVIES, *November* 29, 1742.

"I am obliged to you for your Letter, and shall "be for your verses when I receive them, which I "have not yet; for, though *Whaley* has brought "them to town, *Naylor* * has laid hold of them, "and he detains them.

"You desire to know how the world goes: I "might bid you come and see; for a man who lives "apart and sequestered from the reach of all news, "and that wilfully too, deserves to hear none.

"I suppose you know, in general, the temper of "Parliament; and of its monitors: the desperate "instructions of *your friends, the Tories*, have "shewn clearly enough *their* hope to be that of con-"fusion. In a word, finding *they* are as obnoxious, "even since the change of Administration, as be-"fore, and as far distant from *places*, the only mo-"tives in this age to conversion: they cry out against

* *John Naylor, of King's College, Cambridge,* B. A. 1730; M. A. 1734; D. D. 1749.

"the

"the new Ministers with more vehemence than "against the old, and want already to *reform* their "own *reformation.*—They are, it seems, betrayed; "they are deserted; and they denounce vengeance "against those who, as they assert, have deluded them.

"To-morrow is appointed for an impeachment of "*Lord O.* upon the *Report* of the *Secret Commit-* "*tee.* This is the last card they have left; and they "hope it may have one or other of these conse- "quences—either to carry their point by the assist- "ance of their old friends the New Ministers; or, if "they should refuse their concurrence, to make "them universally odious. What the event will be, "cannot be seen with certainty at present, but *Lord* "*Orford's* friends are very sanguine. They, in- "deed, appear to be confident of success.

"If this point should be lost, the Session will be "an easy one; for the majority of the House, upon "all other questions in support of the new men, will "beat all opposition down.

"However, I must inform you that all the new "placemen are not satisfied. *Lord Gower* will cer- "tainly resign, as will my *Lord Cobham*, and of "course *Pitt* and *Lyttelton*, who remain still in the "opposition, but will be forced, as I hear, to quit "the service of the *Heir Apparent.*"

"*Dec.* 2, 1742.

"I left off, as you see, and postponed the convey- "ance of my Letter, to give you an account of the "*Great Motion*, and of its result.

"It was moved yesterday to revive the Committee "of Enquiry against *Lord Orford*; but the Motion "was lost. The Numbers against it were 253; for "it 187.

"All the new Ministers were firm to *Lord* "*Orford* at this time; for they looked upon it as

"rather

"rather an attack upon them, in its object, than "upon him.

"They menace other questions of the same kind; "but I suspect this majority will discourage them "from any further attempt.

"*Mr. Murray*, who is made Solicitor-General, "was introduced yesterday into the House, and voted "as one of the majority.

"Here, I think, are politics enough. How they "will please *you*, I cannot even guess; for the people "at a distance from town have conceived so invete- "rate a hatred against *Ministers* and *Courts*, that I "am afraid they would never like *any* Government, "where either of those two parties are concerned.

"You tell me that *Liberty* and *Opposition* are my "proper sphere. Perhaps they are; but these "words have been perverted, by those who have used "them to such wild and strange purposes, that I am "half sick of them, and would preserve the medium, "if I could find it, between a bad government, and "the opposite alternative—no government at all.

"The last Instructions are so outrageous, that I "am ashamed of calling them *Liberty*; for to me "they appear to mean the coarse and brutal fierce- "ness of *Misrule*, and of *Anarchy*. Therefore, if a "party should rise to *oppose* the *Opposers*, I would "join them, and be in the *Opposition* still.

"Yours most affectionately, C. PRATT."

I cannot help touching here upon a curious and whimsical coincidence between two future Chancellors, the first *Lord Hardwicke*, and the first *Lord Camden*.

I had the singular good fortune to read a series of Letters like this, written by the first of these great men to a Couutry Gentleman, his friend, when he had just commenced his professional career. They are easy, natural, and pleasant, relating anecdotes, like

like these, in a most entertaining manner, and apparently well informed in the political circles of the day.

Nothing is more amiable than such attentions to an absent and rural friend, as calculated for the single object of social benevolence.

DAVIES, who was proud of his newsman, conveys a copy of this Letter to *Dr. Thomas*, and, piqued against him, proposes to his friend a reply to him, in these words:

" DEAR PRATT,
" By *Opposers* to the *Opposition*, I suppose you " mean the Court and the Ministers; to whom if " you are not already a convert, I foresee that you " will be, and speedily too."

But whatever *in jest* he intimates here to his political associate, his nature was too gentle, and his partiality for the writer too deeply rooted, for even this ridicule upon him.

In the following January we find *Mr. Pratt* engaged at *King's College* in the election of a new Provost.

" DEAR SNEYD,
* * * " We are all busy in the choice of a new " Provost. *George* and *Thackeray* are the candi- " dates.—*George* has all the power and weight of " the Court interest; but I am for *Thackeray* — so " that I am *at present a Patriot*, and vehemently " declaim against all unstatutable influence.

" The College are so divided, that your friends " the *Tories* may turn the balance if they will: but, " if they should be moody, and either absent them- " selves, or nominate a third man, *Chapman* for " example, *Thackeray* will be discomfited.

" Why

"Why are not *you* a Doctor? We could chuse "*you* against all opposition.—However, I insist upon "it, that you shall qualify against the next vacancy, "—for, since you will not come to *London*, and "wear lawn sleeves, you may stay where you are, "and be a Provost.

"*Frederick Cornwallis*, who is come to *London*, "will solicit *Snape's* Prebend. You wish him suc-"cess, I know; but I fancy he must wait till another "turn.

"We think the Session will be short, and that "you will see your Patriot friends in the country "soon.

"I perceive that we differ somewhat in our poli-"tics.—But I do not care; we agree well enough in "the main, and we had best, I think, defer any further "mention of these topics till we can debate them "over a bottle.

"I rejoice in your verses."

I have principally copied this Letter for the purpose of marking a simplicity in Davies, not unworthy of the *Rev. Mr. Abraham Adams.*

He writes the moment he has received this Letter to his friend at *Presteigne;* and, construing the light phrase of good-humoured flattery as a concerted opinion of the College, he writes these words:

"*Audi, Amicitia! aliter non dixerim.* You know, "I suppose, that a new Provost is to be chosen at "*King's.*—This to me is no actual success, but a "little self-satisfaction.

"There is much division amongst them, three "candidates on different grounds of interest; *but* "*I am told that I should carry it against all* "*opposition*—but am not of standing enough by "one year. It may be *impudence* to add, that they "seem *determined to have a statutable election,*— "one of their own choosing, without Court influence!

"Yours ever, S. D."

"Upon

Upon the celebrated party-contest between *Lestock* and *Mathews*, DAVIES wrote a most animated epigram in honour to the memory of *Cornwall*, who was killed in the action.

I have a short Letter of *Thomas*, dated May 1744.

"I see *Lestock* and *Cornwall* are got into the
"Evening Post, which got hither to-day.—They
"seem to have been put in by *Velters*, or some
"friend of *his*; for you see they are inscribed to *Mr.*
"*Cornwall*; and I warrant you there are several
"who have claimed the merit of them.
"*Sic vos non vobis.* *Tuus* T. T."

I have these lines in DAVIES's hand, and copy them with enthusiasm.

What is the vollied bolt's corporeal maim
Of limbs dissever'd—to a blasted name!
Laurels and honours wait the mangled brave,
With *his whole fame* descending to his grave.
Who does not hail the gallant *Cornwall's* wound?
Who does not spurn at *L*——*k* safe and sound?
Spare the fond sigh!—and *Britain's* tears be shed
For dastards living—not for heroes dead!

It happens whimsically that I possess a Letter intended for his friend *Mr. Pratt*, but not sent.—I have no doubt that he thought it uninteresting, for he had no mercy, and gave no quarter to his own works.

It appears to me worthy of his pen.

"DEAR PRATT,
"You know you saw me in town: we dined toge-
"ther at a tavern, and I was to breakfast with you
"the next morning; but, upon a serious computa-

"tion with myself, I found the time destined for my
"absence outrun by some days, and away I scampered.

"It is well I did, for I came home just in time for business. This I know, that I missed seeing *Mr. Hardinge*, whom it was my full intention to see; and, if I had not been misinformed, I should certainly have called at *Kingston*.—I shall be glad to be better acquainted with him, *and in less awe of him*, which a little time would bring about.

"Between *Windsor* and *Wokingham*, in the Forest, I mused not a little about you and me, and versified boyishly enough: but since forgot our contrary situations, tending to the same point of dullness and of indifference, one by weight of business *perhaps* hereafter, the other through idleness; you working at Law till you become insensible to joy, when I shall quietly sink into nothing.

"I recollect, however, to have lately heard that you had thoughts of matrimony.

"This will destroy the comparison between us, and will turn the balance of advantage to your side. It will keep you awake and alert, better than *Grand Cyrus* *, after a long cause at *Westminster*.

"When I began to write, I thought I had a great deal of humour for you; see what it is—tamed and checked in the very act of writing what you will not answer.—Why then do I send it? Why? It is to let you know that I am

"Yours affectionately, S. D."

"*July* 22, 1748 †.

* *Lord Camden* had in every part of his life a passion for the old Romances, and I believe he had read every one of them.

† It may sound a paradox, but I must correct this date, though it is in Davies's hand, and should think it a mistake of *ten years* if it *is* a mistake, for his figure 3 is not unlike a 4, and *vice versâ*.

I think

I think it is clear that in 1761 he had *solicited* preferment; for one expression contained in *Lord Camden's* Letter to him, dated in that year, which I possess in the original, marks it without asserting it.

" DEAR DAVIES, *Camden Place, Sept.* 13, 1761.
* * * * " As to yourself, my old friendship and " esteem will always preserve you in my thoughts " *without the aid of a memorandum*; but God " knows whether I shall have interest or authority " enough to obtain *Church preferments*, &c. &c.

" C. PRATT."

What is the inference from the contrast? That man is ignorant of himself, and is like *Benedick*, who did not *think of being ever married* when he *said he would live a Bachelor!*

There is another passage in this Letter, not a little striking, from that credulous, amiable, and fond simplicity of character which constituted a leading feature in the portrait now before us. Though *Mounteney* had neglected him, and had not even acknowledged the receipt of his Letter; yet, because in a convivial meeting between him and *Pratt*, their common friend, he was kind in his inquiries after the Rector of *Kingsland*—he affirms with pride that no friend ever deceived him!

He appears to have been fond of humour and wit, but never to have courted it; though, if it fairly came across him, he picked it up, dropped it again, and thought of it no more.

In 1739, Dec. 23, at an early period of the intercourse with *Presteigne*, he writes, in this natural and familiar style, a charming Letter to his new friend.

"Dear Sir,

"When I return you many thanks for your kind "Letter of Saturday last, I must at the same time "acquaint you that I fear you have a good deal to "answer for, in speaking so favourably of certain "rhymes; for you must know that I grew vain upon "it, and continued in that state for half an hour, "till, after searching into the merits of the cause, I "found that certain things, called *Partiality* and "*Candour*, at the best had perverted a judgment "which, unbiassed, is of sterling value. I agree "that you shall keep what is the subject of this de-"tection, that you may be convinced, at your lei-"sure, how much you have proved yourself in the "wrong.

"To dissemble with you no more, I will now "disclose the fact, that I enclosed these trifles to "entice you into something infinitely superior out "of *your* hands; for I dare say the Muses are no "strangers in your house. You see that I am a man "of the world, and that I have interest in view.

"As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
"Bring landlords pepper-corn as rent,
"Present a turkey or a hen
"To those might better spare 'em ten:
"Ev'n so—says *Matthew Prior*—I,
"For first men instance, then apply,
"Send you ———— a homely letter,
"Who may return me a much better.

"*Dr. Cranke's* * horse, upon which I had pro-"posed a visit in *Presteigne*, has constant employ-"ment under *him*; but I shall with all practicable "speed look out for another. To convince you that

* This gentleman eludes all search after him, though he appears to have been very much admired and beloved by Davies, and by all his friends. He was a Physician; and lived at *Eyton Hall*, about three miles from *Kingsland*.

"*Presteigne*

"*Presteigne* is in my thoughts, I acquaint you "that I have discovered a new way to it by the help "of road connoisseurs;—but how shall I be accurate "in spelling it—through *Conhope*, over *Darvel* *, "and through or near *Lye*, or a name somewhat "like it.

"I intend putting these theories into the earliest "experiment; and I hope to give you an account of "the new-found passage at your own house the week "after next.

"Is not there a sea-passage in the North of *America* which has the name of DAVIES'S STREIGHTS? "But how shall I establish the application? The "last question is not so foolish as the former. But "I have stepped into nonsense before I was aware "of it.

"Have you seen the *Enquiry into the Meaning of Demoniacs in Scripture* †, and the *Answer* ‡ to "it. I intended a longer chat; but the Fates, in the "shape of supper on the table, and company just "come in, will not have it so.

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SN. DAVIES."

I have laid stress on the felicity of DAVIES in the acquisition of such a neighbour, genius, guide, and friend, as THOMAS. He seems to have been struck with him when he solicited correspondence with him in 1737. He had not been possessed of his little Rectory, a feather compared with *Presteigne*, which he calls in one of his Letters *a fat Rectory*. Their

* He is generally facetious upon these roads, and in one of his early banters upon them he calls the rocks on one side *Comblane* and on the other *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. Who will believe me when I say, that in 1815, at the distance of more than 70 years, they are very little improved?—I have experienced the *infandam dolorem*.

† By the Rev. *Dr. William Worthington*, a *Welsh* Divine.

‡ By the Rev. *Dr. Hugh Farmer*.

fate

fate is different: the latter has fallen off; the former has become "*fat.*"

In 1751 DAVIES lost his friend, who died in that year at the very age which DAVIES attained at the time of *his* death, near twenty years afterwards, *fifty-nine*; a disparity of years which makes their friendship more honourable to both of them.

I have a copy of THOMAS's will.—He makes DAVIES a co-executor. He leaves him his Cornelian seal, set in gold, with the head of *Plato* done by *Mr. Christian*; his rough tortoise-shell tobacco-stopper finished with gold, and two diamonds; and whatever books he shall chuse out of his collection; and he returns those which DAVIES had given to him out of his uncle's library; the six pictures bought by the Testator at *Lawton;* and the silver candlestick for wax-light, formerly his uncle's.

After marking where he wished they would bury him, he desires a marble slab, or brass plate, with a short inscription, in *English* or *Latin*, which he desires may be drawn up by his dear friend the *Rector of Kingsland*; a last favour, which he makes no doubt that he will readily grant to one so long acquainted with his great virtues, and who loved and honoured him accordingly.

Is it credible?—No—but it is true—that of this inscription, *known* to have been written—in *Latin*—there is not a vestige to be found! In some of the church-improvements it has been *mislaid*—another word for *lost* and *thrown away*.

Upon the 4th of July 1740 he writes thus:

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"I wish myself joy of my arrival at *Kingsland*, "within six miles of my good friend.

"A few hours before I left *Berkshire*, I received "a Letter from you, in answer to mine from *Lon-* "*don*, which helped me to set out in good spirits.

* In which county he had visited *Mr. Dodd* at *Swallowfield.*

"Several

"Several friends accompanied me as far as *Gloucestershire* *; and in the way to it we made a circle through *Newbery*, and paid our homage to old *Chaucer's* mansion.

"Where can I with more propriety mention *Pope* than after naming his parent? How unhappy was I, in ignorance of the fact that I should have been welcome under his roof! But, had I known it, how could the knowledge avail me? *I had no one to introduce me* †. Some time or other I may possibly be introduced by yourself, and then I cannot fail to be well received.

"The enclosed Ode was written by *Mr. Hardinge* after visiting *Pope*; which I send you, that you may wonder, as I do, they are not better acquainted. SN. DAVIES."

HORTI POPIANI; WRITTEN IN 1738.

POPII fas sit nemus, et penates
Ingredi; quamvìs strepitum malignæ
Plebis, hìc grato vacuus sub antro,
Spernit, et arcet ‡.

Ipse *Musarum* comes, et virentis
Hortuli cultor, per amœna vatis
Rura vicini, pede non profano,
Dum licet, errem;

Quò ducas, quò me rapitis, *Camænæ*,
Saxeïs lætum latebris, et antri
Semitâ § lætum *Thamesis*que fluctu
Prætereüntis.

* Where he visited his friend *Mr. Cambridge*, at *Whitminster*, near *Stroud*.

† Such was the *modesty* (upon the verge of *mauvaise honte*) inseparable from the habit of his life.

‡ See *Mr. Pope's* Epistle to *Dr. Arbuthnot*,—
"*Shut, shut the door, &c.*"

§ "Fallentis *semita vitæ*" is inscribed on the entrance of this grotto.

Me

Me levis lymphæ trepidante rivo
Sparge, muscosi mihi *Naï* venas
Fontis, et sacros penitùs cavernæ
Pande recessus.

Est tuum, fessi renovare nervos
Ingenî ;—nec vos, *Lemures*, coruscis
Dedecet conchis domino * *coronam*
Nectere vestro.

Quis procul summo lapis in vireto
Candet ?—agnosco memoris querelæ
Signa, et incisam meritâ † parentis
Laude columnam.

Quò vagor ? magnis simulata cernam
Tecta, apum sedes ? caveämne lentis
Quà salex ramis tremulâque mœrens
Imminet umbrâ ?

An toros herbæ magìs, an comantis
Copiam sylvæ, nitidæque mirer
Plurimum lauri decus, an patentis
Læve palæstræ

Gramen ? O quis me speculâ reponet
Frondeï collis, juga quà supinæ
Clara *Shenææ* ‡, vitreumque latè
Prospicit amnem ?

* A piece of shell-work in the form of a *crown* supported by pillars. It is here supposed a work of the *Fairies.*

† An obelisk erected by *Mr. Pope* to the memory of his Mother : " Ah *Editha* vale, matrum optima, *mulierum* § *amantissima.*"

‡ *Richmond*, formerly called *Shene-hill*, till the reign of *Hen. VII.* For the sake of the verse the word *Shena* is lengthened.

§ With submission to *Mr. Pope*, I cannot admire the *Latinity* of his idiom, which makes the compliment so equivocal, that it would suit the gallantries of *Sappho*. G. H.—The same objection to this epithet has been made by others.

Talis,

Talis *, O *Musæ*, ferar ipse, vestro
Fonte decurrens,— nec iners, nec acer,
Plenus, at ripæ patiens, profundo
Flumine purus.

Quid novâ posco prece? me procacis
Barbito solers leviore cantu
Musa me nugis voluit jocisque
Fallere vitam †.

Littore hoc saltèm viridante tecum
Considens *Flaccum* videar ‡ tueri,
Dicta depascar || tua, sub cavernæ
Tegmine, POPI.

" *April* 11, 1744.

* * * " I could wish you had not shewn *Mr.* " *Proctor* the lines on ———. They are trifling, " and he really had no intention of plaguing me " with a visit, and such a notion reported might put

* Imitation of the celebrated lines in *Denham*:

" O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My bright example as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle never dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

A *Spanish* writer commends *Manzanares*, the river of *Madrid*, for *not* being *deep*, for *not* being *full*, for *not* being *navigable*, and polluted with traffick.

† *Fallentis vitæ—Pope's* inscription, above quoted.

‡ In imitation of the compliment paid by *Mr. Pope* himself to *Mr. Pelham*, in the Dialogue entitled, *One thousand seven hundred and thirty eight*:

" Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove,
Where *Kent* with Nature vies for *Pelham's* love,
The scene, the master op'ning to my view,
I sit, and dream I see my *Craggs* anew."

§ A metaphor borrowed from *Lucretius*:

" Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem *depascimur* aurea *dicta*
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ."

" it

"it into the fellow's head. It was told me in jest—
"though my contempt for the man is so very supe-
"rior to my abhorrence, that, if he came hither to-
"night, I would send him a-packing to-morrow as
"sure as his name is ———."

I have copied this extract for the purpose of shewing that one of the best-natured beings upon earth could be personally bitter, and for the purpose of introducing the verse to which he alludes.—It is more bitter still, but a most brilliant specimen of satirical powers.

That he had these powers at command many little escapes like this from his pen would prove.—But his temper and benevolence kept them in order, and at bay.

His were, in general, the energies of a moralizing spirit.—But, that he *could* write with *personal asperity*, the following spirited impromptu upon the subject of this *Mr.* ——— will afford ample evidence; and the Reader will be much pleased with it for its mock-heroic solemnity, which, I think, was the favourite cast of his humour. At the same time he has copied the polished grace of *Pope* in his numbers with happy effect.

AD PRIAPUM;

Sent to a Friend at Cambridge, to be read to ——
on hearing that he intended him a visit.

Droll, heathen pow'r;—divinity obscene;
Save the ripe fruit, and keep the garden clean.
Come in thy tatter'd coat, and paunch of straw,
Terror of thieves;—thy wooden rapier draw,
Assist and guard me from the rifling foe,
And shake thy turnip-noddle at the crow,

With

With rustling gales redouble thy alarms,
And, if thou canst, avert all other harms!
Avert—what more I fear than jays or owls,
I tell thee—'tis a visit—and from ———.

It has often struck me that in every man's life extraordinary and romantic felicities may be found, as well as extraordinary misadventures. I have seen it in the first *Lord Camden's* life, and felt it in my own. *Family pictures* would be a romance in every house, little or great, if they could be faithfully delineated, as they are by *Augustine Fontaine*.

It was a boon of the Fairies, that, just at the period of DAVIES's heaviest blow, the loss of his friend at *Presteigne*, *Cornwallis* had become the Bishop of *Lichfield;* and by his endearing attentions made the remainder of his life a scene of delightful intercourse with him, and with a most interesting sett of literary men at *Lichfield*, who were charmed with him, and left the most affectionate memorials of him behind them which tradition has preserved. All his few Letters upon the subject of this Prelate make one love them both.

Every word in DAVIES breathes a "*language* of the heart."

He writes thus to his friend at *Presteigne*.

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Feb.* 5, 1749-50.

"Saturday night's post brought me a letter, pen-
"ned by *my Lord of Lichfield*; who takes me *at*
"*my word* *, and says that I have freed him from a
"difficulty which had perplexed him, the choice of
"a proper Chaplain;—a point, he adds, of the

* Does not this prove that he had *asked for it?*

"utmost

"utmost consequence; for, after much thought, he "could fix upon no one that would answer his pur-"pose; that, if he could have thought I would have "accepted, he would have immediately offered it *. "He desires I would be *domestic*, so that we might "live together a good part of the year; and, though "he cannot promise great things, he will find some-"thing worth my acceptance †. In short, it is a "most friendly and kind Letter—in the fair spirit "of his early acquaintance with me. As he desired "an answer immediate, as to the point of being *do-"mestic*, at least of my appearing ‡ in that character "when he should be at *Lichfield*, by last night's post "I consented.—It was too late for consulting friends "(yourself); and I had gone too far before to think "of receding.

"Thus, against former and vehement resolutions, "I am become a dependant—but I surrender to an "intimate and an old friend, *which makes a differ-"ence* §.

"Do you not wonder that I should find him per-"fectly disengaged, and that neither his Relations, "nor the Ministry, should at all interfere?

"Well—I am in for it, and may be lost in the mud, "if not even drowned; but I dare believe that I have "strength and vigour enough to swim out again, "and recover land, whenever it may suit me. I will "not venture out of reach from the shore.

"How will *Harrons* applaud his keen sagacity! "for it appears ‖ the Bishop did really think I would "not accept; and you know I promised you in print "that we should *wear no liveries*, &c.

* Here again is the simplicity of DAVIES's character.—"*Cre-"dula res amor est.*"

† He showered upon him whatever he could give.

‡ How charming was the delicacy of the condition! It was like *Alworthy's* lodgings in town to be *kept for him*, who scarce ever used them, by *Mrs. Miller*, who was to *let them* in the mean time.

§ Oh, what a self-deceiver is man!

‖ Simplicity again!

"Seriously,

"Seriously, may not this appointment, as I am "in effect sole Chaplain, *put it in my power to do* "*some little good* *; which I have more at heart "(you must not call it vanity) than all preferments "in the world?

"Perhaps I am too sanguine, having so little ac-"quaintance with mankind; and you, who know "more of it, may foresee difficulties which do not "occur to me. Yours ever, S. D."

June 25, 1750, he dates from the Bishop's Palace at *Eccleshall*, in the county of *Stafford*.

"My dear Doctor, *Eccleshall Castle*; for a Castle it is, and shall be.

"Am not I tardy in writing? But can you not "suppose that my time has been pretty much taken "up between attendance and company, morning "and afternoon excursions? You must know that, "by his Lordship's good permission, I am pre-emi-"nent as a *Rambler* far and near. The late Bishop's "Chaplain and Secretary declare that I have seen "more of the County in less than a fortnight than "either of them has done in a course of nine years.

"You will rejoice with me that all things are to "my perfect content and satisfaction. The Bishop's "behaviour is free and kind. These, you will say, "are too early days for conjecture to rest upon "them; yet, knowing as I do (and have done for "years) the man, as well as my own resolution, "never to intrude or trespass upon his amiable tem-"per, I venture to believe that I shall find him ever "the same. He remembers the host at *Presteigne*.

"As I honour him, it is with cordial pleasure that "I observe his obliging treatment of all the world;

* Simplicity again! He is a casuist without meaning it.

"though

" though with strangers he supports dignity, but " with ease, and without reserve or stiffness.

" Without saying too much in his praise, I verily " think he is in all respects equal to his high station, " willing to perform all his duty, and making a con- " science of it.

" Is it not a *comfort* that I should live to see this? " Believe me when I say it is.

" *Eccleshall, July* 30, 1750.

" I did not receive your Letter till we arrived at " *Lichfield*, in our way to *Coventry*; and though " my Bishop made some little stay, especially at " *Lichfield* (where he was received with uncommon " respect, and more, as they tell me, than was paid " heretofore to those who have preceded him); yet, " between visits there and in the neighbourhood, " and constant company, I could not find a moment's " leisure to write—no—not even to *you*, till my re- " turn hither.

" Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter, et situs.

" I told you it had been a Castle.—All that re- " mains of it is a deep moat, that is dry, and is lined " from top to bottom with free-stone, a large octan- " gular tower converted into a pigeon-house, and " one apartment which is handsomely vaulted, and " supported by pillars, now a cellar.

" The house itself is but indifferent, if considered " as a Bishop's residence, and has barely room to " hold his family.

" The best thing out of doors is a handsome and " pleasant grove of tall firs, branching out into va- " riety of paths and walks. It has also a further " convenience, for without it the house would be " exposed very much to the neighbouring town.— " Were I to address the said grove on the subject " of his Lordship, it would be thus:

Though

Though form'd by *Hough's* indulgent plan
Your hospitable bow'rs were made,
No breast more gen'rous, more humane,
Has yet enjoy'd your friendly shade.

"Can you suspect that I have sent you here a new
"stanza of some complimentary Ode in honour to
"the Bishop, and as courting his favour?—Not so:
"nor is there any Ode from which it is a runaway;
"nor is panegyric necessary, for I persuade myself
"that I have something better without it, his good-
"will and his warm heart.

"Of all that I have yet seen, and I have seen
"almost every thing, *Mr. Anson's* place captivates
"the most. It has the happiest and the most grace-
"ful union of Grecian taste and of Oriental magni-
"ficence, particularly one room.—I find it thus de-
"lineated upon my tablets:

"'*Mr. Anson's*—a beautiful house and river;
"grounds well disposed; Chinese buildings and
"bridges; a church-like pigeon-house; excellent
"modern ruins.—He has erected a pile of broken
"arches, and of imperfect pillars, to counterfeit the
"remains of antiquity.—The architect could not
"perform *his* part satisfactorily without finishing the
"whole. Then comes *Mr. Anson* with axes and
"chissels to demolish as much of it as taste and
"judgment claimed; and this without affectation,
"for he is very disciplined, grave, and sensible *.'

"As we meet him frequently upon visits at other
"houses, I look upon his peep at *Kingsland* as a
"lucky circumstance, from the marked notice which
"he takes of me. SN. DAVIES."

When DAVIES wrote his lines to *Lord Anson* upon this enchanting spot, is not ascertained.—Per-

* This accomplished and most amiable man has been my host, and at *Shuckburgh*. G. H.

haps

haps at a period not very distant from this. At all events I insert them here.

TO LORD ANSON.

Thy course in various travel has been run,
O'er paths illumin'd by the rising sun.
Here, ANSON, rest; thy labour is no more;
Waves and the tempest recommend the shore.
See from this port the length of Ocean past,
Look from this *Eden* to its dreary waste!
Serene, enjoy the contrast of thy pains,
The burning sand, the aromatic plains.
Here to reflection thirsty deserts brought,
Here groves of citron through the gales be caught!
The boast of *Europe* and of *Asia* thine,
Their bloom and their decay for thee combine;
The radiant splendour in *Versailles* display'd,
And the mild beauty in *Frescati's* shade;
Where fretted gold *Elcairo's* roof adorns,
And *Balbec* her majestic ruin mourns;
On the maim'd architrave in shrubs o'er-grown,
The living eagle soars in sculptur'd stone,
Jove in the wreck, still awful and sublime:
Barbarian ravage, and the worm of Time,
To charm thy view, restrain their havock's power,
Spare the rent pillars, and the falling tower;
Palmyra's columns to thy mansion guide,
And bid *Minerva's* Fane resume its pride.

Can thy fond wish beyond possession roam,
And sigh for Arts or Nature's charms at home?
Can fam'd *Pactolus* grace a richer mead,
Or *Tempe's* lawn a softer carpet spread?

May

May not that broken pile's disorder'd state
Express in emblem all-consuming fate;
Recall in lov'd remains departed skill,
Grace the memorial, and the wonder still?
Upon that storied marble cast thine eye,
The scene commands a moralizing sigh;
Ev'n in *Arcadia's* bless'd *Elysian* plains,
Amidst the laughing Nymphs, and sportive swains,
See festal joy subside, with melting grace,
And pity visit the half-smiling face;
Where now the dance, the lute, the nuptial feast,
The passion throbbing in the lover's breast?
Life's emblem here, in youth and vernal bloom,
But Reason's finger pointing at the tomb!

Yet, while thou may'st, enjoy, and love the bow'r,
With soul sedate above the passing hour,
Behold thy Oriental structures rise,
Though turban'd pride, and Sultans they despise;
From servile climes their *Grecian* arts demand,
And rear *Athenian* domes in Freedom's land.

These lines, elegant, ingenious, and appropriate as they are, come with a disadvantage against them to me; for I was presented by *Mr. Anson* himself at the time of my visit with a Poem on the same topic, written by his neighbour and friend, the father of this *Lord Bagot*, which I cannot enough lament that I either mislaid, or gave or lent away, especially as I never could obtain a copy of them.—I am pretty sure they exist; but where they are now deposited, I have reason to fear that it is under the hermetical seal of his request, that no copy of them should be taken. I recollect in particular the affecting Episode of his Muse upon the "*Et in Arcadia ego*," to which DAVIES alludes.

To resume the Bishop: — Amongst the papers at *Kingsland* are two kind Letters, friendly and confidential as if his brother had written them, from the Bishop to his Chaplain, one of them in 1766.

Let us also resume *Lord Camden*. I have two or three short Letters from him to his *Eton* friend, which are proofs that his affection to him had not cooled, or lost its youthful spirit. It appears too that in the Letter of the Bishop, dated September 1766, he tells Davies he had just been to congratulate their *friend the Chancellor*.

I shall give the Letters word for word as I have them before me; and shall then make a short comment on them, reinforced by personal recollections.

Lady Knowles, in the kindest manner, shares my zeal for the vindication of *Lord Camden*; and reasons well upon the calumny of supposing that he was cool to his friend, who never complains of it— and kept all his Letters, which breathed affection to the last.

"Dear Davies, *May* 1741.

"Your horse, your cyder, and your Letters, are "all come safe, and I am in your debt upon the "balance £.3. 2*s*. 6*d*. The horse neither has "been tried nor seen, though I dare say it will an- "swer; your Letters are good; and your cyder is "excellent; so that you have reason to be satisfied "in every point. The cyder is approved, even more "than perhaps you desire, when you read the con- "sequence of its popularity. *Mr. Page* and his "brother *Sir Gregory* have urged me to intercede "with you for two hogsheads more; and I was "pressed so earnestly that I could not refuse. How- "ever, I told them it was not fair you should be at "such trouble *gratis*; but that, in return, they "should give me leave to introduce you as their "guest when you shall come into these parts. This, "if I know you and them, will be an ample reward.

"I have

"I have not yet seen *Hardinge* since your last, "but can venture to answer for him, that he will "assign his claim to me.

"Our Letters begin to be the correspondence of "two merchants; and I cannot advise you better "than to set up for a cyder-factor, and claim so "much for commission, to learn accounts, and the "art of drawing bills—nay, once in a winter to see "your customers, and settle your accompts.

"As you are *determined not* to rise in the Church, "what better way can you take to get money; es-"pecially as your Curate runs away with your sur-"plice fees?

"Where do you go in the summer? If it is pos-"sible, I will contrive to see you. If you go into "*Derbyshire*, I can meet you there; if you remain "at *Kingsland*, I will endeavour to make a third "with *Naylor* and *Cornwallis*.

"Alas, my horse is lamer than ever; no sooner "cured of one shoulder but the other began to halt. "He has two rowels in him, and must graze the "whole summer. My losses in horseflesh ruin me, "and keep me so poor, that I have scarce money "enough to bear me out in a summer's ramble; yet "ramble I must, if I starve to pay for it.

"Are you one of the seven voters who polled for "your neighbour, *Bryan Crowther*? Poor man! "with all his honesty, good sense, and *Jacobitism*, "to get but seven votes! I conclude, from this "fact, that he did not stand upon *your* interest, but "was deserted by his good friends the Parsons.

"I am, dear SNEYD, yours most affectionately,

"C. PRATT."

"DEAR SNEYD, *Nov.* 8, 1742.

"What good man is upon earth who is not in charity with you? I am—though you have no

"cyder in your country, and though you never an-"
"swered my Letter of last year; nay, though you"
"clubbed in writing the dull epistle which I received"
"at *Bath*.

"I shall desire you in future to write separately, "for this copulation of three Wits generates dullness; "insomuch that, if I had not previously known, from "a thousand proofs, that you had been three inge- "nious men, this Letter would have ruined you in "my opinion.—There was not so much as nonsense "in it, which I should have expected from the "Archdeacon—or poetry, the least that you and "*Whaley* should have sent.

"Are you so very bare of cyder that your county "will not produce one hogshead? I am sorry for "it; but a few dozen would be far preferable to "none. Try to carry this point for me, if it be "only with a design to keep up something like a "correspondence between us: for we are both so "lazy, that unless a subject, which has at least the "air of business, forced us now and then to write, "we should never set pen to paper.

"Adieu.—If you will answer this Letter, I will "behave better in future.

"Yours affectionately, C. PRATT."

"*April* 29, 1744.

"*Hardinge* has received his cyder. I received "your Letter; and though I intended every post to "answer it, I perceive it yet unanswered. This is "the case of all indolent men, such as you and my- "self, that we defer business of slight concern, or "of easy performance, because it may be done at "any time; and, for that very reason, it is very "seldom done at all. But you find that even to "answer a Letter, to look over a bill, &c. which "could be dispatched at those very times without "effort, become at last things of labour in your own

"imagination.

"imagination.—So it is with me, and I have at last "found it out; I am angry with myself, and will "correct it.

"*Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*, "is the active diligence of some great General, I "forget whom.—You are conversant in Classics; "you can tell me of whom it has been said, and "where the line is to be found. However, I would "recommend the example to your imitation.

"I have seen two epigrams of yours, and like "them extremely; yet one * of them is in danger, "for it begins now to be confidently said that *Les-* "*tock* is innocent, but I pray heartily it may prove "otherwise, for the sake of your verses. The Court "people will protect him if they can, in opposition "to *Mathews*, who is no favourite of theirs. "Whether he is really innocent or not, I cannot say; "but the general cry is against him.

"Two Poems in blank verse, I cannot say *Mil-* "*tonic*, have been lately published: one is called "*The Pleasures of Imagination* †, the other is *The* "*Art of preserving Health* ‡. They have, both of "them, their admirers; but my churlish motto is, "*Nil admirari*, in the literal sense. But the book "most talked of at present is a pamphlet of Bishop "*Berkeley's* upon *The Virtues of Tar-water*, which "he recommends as the universal medicine for all "complaints. There is a deal of abstruse inquiry "into the nature of air and fire, and the Lord "knows what. It closes in some conceits upon the "Trinity. You know how wild ingenious enthusiasts "are; but the book deserves to be read for the ele- "gance of its style, a thing rarely met with in this "age of bombast.

"C. PRATT."

* That upon *Lestock* and *Cornwall*.
† By *Dr. Akenside*.
‡ By *Dr. Armstrong*.

"DEAR

"Dear Davies, *Nov.* 29, 1744.

"I beg your pardon for not having demanded be- "fore this time the sequel of the verses addressed in "your Letter to me. I am very much pleased with "all that I have seen, but at present the Poem is "imperfect, and wants that finishing which is to "bind up and crown the performance. Do not "imagine that I shall be at all displeased with your "panegyric on me, for this kind of elegant flattery "has always been allowed in verse; and, for all *Pope*, "is not half so unprincipled as a lie in prose. All "such praise, by a kind of poetical charter, may be "given and received without blushing.

"As to your verses in honour to *Knoll Hills*, re- "specting which *Hardinge* has written you many "calumnies,—*Naylor* stole them, so that I beg you "will not believe his insinuations that I am a care- "less depositary of your verse. He hopes, I see, "to displace me from the office of General Receiver, "and get himself appointed in my room. But I "hope that he will fail in his attempt, and that you "will never change a reader so candid as I am for "one of his critical severity.

"Your caution to him, that I should hear nothing "of your intended Opera, came too late. I knew "it before, and will tell you at once, without reserve, "that, as I am not at your elbow to instruct you in "the nature of *musical poetry*, you had better desist "at present.

"Before you can write for *Handel*, you should know "how long the performance ought, in strictness of "rule, to be — the number and the talents of the "singers, how many songs are to be made for each, "and in what particulars they excel, whether in "the soft or the wilder passions, that you may suit "and may adapt the subject of each air to the genius "of each performer.

"Then you must know the number of choruses, "and in what parts they are to be inserted.

"These,

"These, besides other considerations, must be "weighed and calculated before you think of writing "an Opera. But, if you will come to *London*, we "can easily put you in a way; and I confess it would "be like a new sense to me, if I could hear good "poetry and good music united.

"*Lord Granville*, you see, is out. The Oppo-"sition are pleased, and the Parliament is just now "quite unanimous. But how long this harmony is "to last I am not prophet enough to foretell.

"Where are your hares and your woodcocks?— "Where is my Lexicon? you will say. To say "truth, I have not the heart after all to part with it, "though I am sure that I have no further use for "it; but I will give you another, for I cannot pre-"vail upon myself to part with my own.

"Yours most sincerely, C. PRATT."

The following is a copy of the Verses alluded to in the preceding Letter.

TO N. HARDINGE, Esq. of KNOLL HILLS,

DERBYSHIRE, 1748.

Hardinge, a native charm in ev'ry clime
Earth's varied scene displays: from *Mona's* Isle
Beheld, the distant amphitheatre
Of mountains, rock and verdure intermix'd,
With *Snowdon's* central spire, delights; when I,
In pleasing rapture, on a *Cromlech* * sit,
Musing at eve. The time and place invite
My song; for here the tuneful *Druids* pour'd
Blest orisons, and charm'd with mystic strains
Their oaken habitation; or explain'd

* A *Druidical* Altar.

By

By lecture high, the moral, social ties.
Here on their craggy seats, tribunal rude,
Shaded with awful misletoe, the Seers
In hallow'd chanc'ry sat, dispensing law.
Hither of old the dubious world repair'd,
From the *Iberian* or the *Gallic* shore,
For truths oracular and righteous doom
Appealing, nor deceiv'd: the *Mede's* decree
Less firm, less visited the *Tauric* shrine,
Ammon or *Ephesus*, or *Eldest Thebes.*
But now no sainted thrones, or magic fanes,
Or groves this erst enchanted Isle adorn:
Where Inspiration, hid from vulgar eyes,
Her sacred orgies held, a desert lawn,
Dreary and bare, unletter'd hinds possess;
Nor Wisdom now, nor Legislature reigns.
No carol cheers the wild, no hymns resound,
Save where the shepherd, on a rock forlorn,
The legendary tale or ditty sings,
Memorial of his brave, though conquer'd, sires,
By savage foe subdued; innate revenge
Yet rankling in his patriot heart, and fell
Inexorable rage, and steadfast hate
Of alien tribes;—hence, prompted oft by guile
To lead bewilder'd travellers astray,
O'er shelves, and per'lous sands, and bogs impure.
Such greeting *Mostyn* found, puïssant Knight!
Who, here a *Saxon* deem'd, by *British* wiles
Ensnar'd, the penance though to aliens due
Bore guiltless; near o'erwhelm'd in surging seas,
With all his brav'ries trim, and liv'ried host,
At *Penmon Rhos*; though shining from his car,
His blazon'd shield, of *Arthur's* ancient stem

Boastful;

Boastful; and look sincere, and genuine, hoarse,
Rough rhetoric, his true descent declar'd.

Sprung as I am from mountaineers, of pure
Paternal blood; yet I to *Mona's* sons
A lurking stranger seem, by *English* air
And food corrupted, by exotic lore
And arts debas'd, ignobly civiliz'd!
With lowly diffidence, and modest awe,
Suppliant, I seek the colloquy benign:
They, with a keen suspicious leer, askance
Eye me, and look as if they fear'd a guest
Ambiguous, of an *English* mother born.
Nor wonder, if thus tempted by their foe,
A double-tongued apostate, they, inflam'd
With more than hostile fury, destine me
A victim to the shades of Heroes slain
By *Saxon* Lords. The *Saxon* yoke alone
Their Chronicles record; the *Norman* sway
Too late is deem'd for *Cambrian* ire; too late
Thy pedigree *, from *Danish* kings deriv'd.

But *English* thou! by these monitions warn'd
If search of dark antiquity, or love
Of Nature's beauties, hither should allure
Thy wand'ring steps, beware the jealous race,
Nor to the sisters of *Parnassus* trust,
Who sav'd not *Orpheus* from the jealous crew.

Content thyself in fair though humble scenes,
Thy secret *Nola's* † vale and verdant brow,

* An allusion to the descent of the *Hardinges*, traced (in joke) to the Kings of *Denmark*, through their supposed affinity, and partial resemblance in their coat of arms, to the House of *Berkeley*.

† The Poet here describes that *Elysian* scene like a painter — *ut pictura poesis*.

Her

Her grotto's waving slopes, and pendant groves,
And lapse of murm'ring rills, reflecting gleams
Of lustre from the sun's meridian blaze;
Nor less illumin'd when the moon full-orb'd
Hangs o'er the mirrour down the shelving glade,
And glitters on the gently falling stream.

Enjoy thy cave's recess, *Pierian* shade,
And blissful mansion—here thy *Lesbian* Muse
Attend, here tune the magic shell amidst
The vocal bow'rs, and echoing *Trent's* applause.
Here feast when wrangling Senates * are at rest,
Repos'd on *Latian* † flow'rs and *Attic* † thyme.

Perhaps I may here insert, with no unbecoming prejudice of grateful and filial attachments, two Rhapsodies of the Owner upon this favourite spot.

KNOLL HILLS,

Written in 1735.

Where lurks my cave's recess, my lov'd abode,
Near *Trenta's* playful stream, her bank, the road.
Beyond that rising dale with harvest crown'd,
Impending woods the secret nook surround.
Lead me, ye Muses, to the lov'd retreat,
Lead to *Nolillula's* ‡ inviting seat,
Where, by a fountain's gentle source supplied,
Down the soft bank still ebbs the silver tide,

* *Mr. Hardinge* was then First Clerk of the House of Commons.

† This charming verse contains an appropriate, as well as delicate, eloge on *Mr. Hardinge's* classical pursuits, attainments, and powers.

‡ A burlesque poetical name for *Knoll Hills.*

Where

Where interwoven trees an arch have made,
And the sun trembles through the dusky shade,
Cheers the gay mead, adorns the tufted hills,
And sheds new lustre on the falling rills.
Why should I ask the happy scene to change,
Or groves that *Horace* lov'd, capricious range,
Or ask, where, charming the poetic eye,
* Stretch'd beneath *Woodhouse*, *Darley's* † pastures lie?
Whence *Darwent's* flood to rocky *Matlock* roll'd
Laves the high shore, or where the *Manifold* ‡,
Kiss'd by the *Dove* §, in social rapture glides,
Or where smooth *Vaga* || leads her sportive tides?

*** The rest has been mislaid.

The copy of the other Poem is complete.

KNOLL HILLS,

Written in the same year.

What cliff's projected brow, what cave's retreat ¶,
What bow'r shall hide me from the summer's heat?
My ** indolence the shelter'd vale approves,
The tuneful streams, the deep-embosom'd groves.
Beneath cool steeps, in loftiest wood array'd,
Place and protect me with extended shade ††.

* The admired seat of *Captain Morgan* in *Darley Vale.*

† The vale of *Darley* near *Chatsworth.*

‡ A river which gushes out of a rock at *Ilam* (near *Dovedale*) the seat of *Mr. Port.*

§ The rivers of the *Manifold* and the *Dove*, having met underground, rise together, and form one river in *Mr. Port's* garden.

|| The *Wye*, a river in *Derbyshire.*—*Philips*, in his Poem upon *Cyder*, gives that name to *his Wye* in *Herefordshire.*

¶ Speluncæque tegant, et saxea procubet umbra.—Virgil.

** Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.—Virgil.
Sylvas inter tantum reptare salubres.—Horace.

†† O, qui me gelidis in vallibus *Hæmi*
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?—Virgil.

This was *my* wish *—Fate's pleasing gift—a farm
Not unadorn'd in rural beauty's charm;
A garden, clean, though guiltless of parterre,
A sylvan shade o'erspread—a fountain near,
Whence fresh-distill'd perpetual water glides,
Whose glist'ring path its verdant slope divides;
Trees o'er the gentle precipice incline
Their social † tops, no creatures of design,
Roof'd by no art a pendent *canopy* ‡.—
Swift through that slope arcade my raptur'd eye
Ascends to yonder hills majestic round,
Where tufted saplings grace the landscape's bound,
Sleek to the sun their gilded leaf display,
Or to the winds reveal his latent ray;
His influence pierces the meridian maze,
Cheer'd by his gleam, but shelter'd from his blaze.

May Knights and Baróns, toil *their* pleasure, chase
The bounding stag, or vex the feather'd race;
Calm be my joys, enchanting though serene,
Too proud for vice, though pure of cynic spleen.

Nor thou, companion of my youth, disdain,
Compliant Muse, to add thy wonted strain:
Sportive, yet chaste, resume thy lyric shell,
Nor cease to visit this *Pierian* § cell.
—And shall not here, where native *Dryads* rove,
A nymph of mortal race frequent the grove?

* Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus;
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.—HORACE.

† Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis.—HORACE.

‡ ———————————— A bank
With ivy canopied, and interwoven
With flaunting honeysuckle.—MILTON'S COMUS.

§ *Pierio* recreatus antro.

Dare,

Dare, *Celia*, to despise * the pillar'd dome,
Nor scorn the lowly roof and rustic home.
An artless cottage, elegant † though plain †,
Me and a willing guest may well detain.
Arise—for *us*, my fair, a purer day,
Pledg'd by the morn, attends ; with me survey
What *Pope* or *Kent* may satisfied admire,
Or *Pelham* praise, and *Burlington* desire.
Come, o'er that close-fed heath's dry carpet stray,
Where flocks on monumental ‡ hillocks play,
Or where the fount, in humid caverns fed,
Septemfluous § gushes from his latent bed,
Haunt of the *Naiads* || ;—*They*, incessant, pour
From copious urns profuse their liquid store :
Down leap their streams loquacious ¶ ; *here* they trace
Their way oblique **, and *here*, with bolder pace,
O'er many a native rock their surface break,
Or spread their modest brightness in a lake.

Lo ! where, inscribed with *Pastorella's* name,
Yon bank records enamour'd *Burdett's* flame.
Flourish the beach, beneath whose ample shade
The *Dane*, perhaps, with *Mercian* damsels play'd.
Here may we sit, and woods or fountains praise,
In *Georgic* raptures, or *Æolian* lays,

* Aude, hospes, contemnere opes.—VIRGIL.

† Simplex munditiis.—HORACE.

‡ Several ancient tumuli, where the *Danes*, defeated in this place by the *Mercians*, are supposed to have been buried. The place is still called by the country people the *Danes'* Graves.

§ A famous and singular spring which rose at *Knoll Hills*, and went by the name of the *Seven Springs* or *Seven Spouts*.

|| *Nympharum* domus.—VIRGIL.

¶ Unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt.—HORACE.

** Obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.—HORACE.

His

His who enjoy'd repose near *Anio's* flood,
And roam'd with *Lalage* the *Sabine* wood.

O may I thus from cares, like *him*, retir'd,
Studious of ease, by no ambition fir'd,
Far from the Senate, faction's hateful seat,
Inglorious loiter in this nook's retreat.
*I nor *Albunea's* echoing grove require,
Nor grots responsive to the *Latian* lyre,

* In a Letter of the Author's to *Lord Dacre*, then *Mr. Barret*, and making the tour of *Italy*, this and another emendation are explained a little more in detail. His words are: "I wish you would visit the famous *Tivoli*, and the *Anio*, if it were only to settle the reading of two passages in *Horace* where he delineates that scene.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam *Larissæ* percussit campus opimæ
Quàm domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps *Anio*, et *Tiburni* lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis
* * * * * *
Eripe te moræ,
Ne semper udum *Tibur*, et Esulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.

"In the first of the passages I have had the boldness to read *nemus* instead of *domus*, upon *Virgil's* authority.

Lucosque sub alta
Consulit *Albunea*; *nemorum* quæ maxima † sacro
Fonte sonat.—Virgil, Æn VII. v. 82, &c.
* * * * * *

"Ne semper udum, &c. I suspect this to be a false reading in all the Editions and MSS.

"For, as *Horace* invites *Mæcenas* from *Rome* to *his Tibur*, it seems inconceivable that he should press him to make haste, *lest* he should be always taking a view of *Tibur*. How much properer would it have been to recommend his departure from *Rome* that he might enjoy the scenes of *Tibur*. I therefore change *NE* to *UT*. N. H."

Ut contempleris may be rendered that you may take a *nearer view* of, &c. which is the import of the word.

Mr. Phelps had written upon this very passage a most ingenious Essay, which the Reader will see in the Appendix, as it forms part of his first Letter to Dr. Davies.

† *Horace* too himself appears to intend this word in that short picture of his villa—circa *nemus* uvidique *Tiburis* ripas.

Nor

Nor fam'd *Præneste*, nor the *Baian* coast,
Nor what sublimer scenes the Muse can boast.
Vies not that rising lawn with *Tibur's* hill,
This trembling brook with cool *Degentia's* rill?
To my pure stream *Blandusia's* mirrour yields,
And all *Campania* to my velvet fields.
There, o'er the summit of surrounding trees,
A world of charms the curious gazer sees;
Trent's wanton maze, and villages, and fanes,
The valleys half-conceal'd, or op'ning plains,
Here smooth declivities by wood embrac'd,
Here, in horizons lost, a distant waste.

Tempt me no more that *Alpine* scene to range,
Or with delight those wonders to exchange.
Though mountain summits oft aspire between,
Beneath a parching sun, with mantles green,
Though *Darwent* there in wild meander flies,
Though *Darley's Vale* allures romantic eyes,
Though *Matlock's* verdant cliffs heav'n-born appear
To musing Fancy, what *I seek is here*.

But to return to *Lord Camden*:—

"Dear Sneyd, *Feb.* 28, 1744-5.

"How can you have good-nature enough to keep "up so worthless a correspondent! Your Letters "unanswered! your Verses unpraised!—yourself "treated with such disregard that nothing but "your easy temper, unless I may add your persua- "sion that I love you, could prevail upon you to "forgive me!

"I assure you that I have the most affectionate "regard for you; but my laziness, and my aversion "to writing, are almost incredible.

"I am

"I am now going the Circuit, but I cannot leave "with a good conscience unless I make my peace "with you.

"In your last you gave me a hint that you would "like to see the pamphlets of the time. I am in "this article the most ignorant of men; for I have "not curiosity enough to read the common trash of "the day; and I do not think I have read five "pamphlets in the last five years.

"The politics of the hour, as I gather them from "conversation, are at present incomprehensible. "The supplies in effect are granted.—*Broad-bottom* "and the *Pelhamites* at present are one—but how "long this junction is to last I despair even to guess. "No *Popular Bills*, as they are called, are to pass "during the Session. But the day before yesterday "the House came to a *Resolution* that an inquiry "should be made into the conduct of the two Ad-"mirals in the *Mediterranean*.

"*Lord Granville's* friends are mute, and sit by in "hopes of a quarrel between the new Ministers "and the old, and they endeavour to sow dissention "amongst them. The new men wish to carry some "popular measures; and the old ones are unwill-"ing to weaken the Government by these conces-"sions—an outward unanimity in votes, but much "distraction of sentiment. However, as the main "business of the Session, the Supply, is over, they "will probably keep together at least this year.

"*Thomson* is going to exhibit a new Play, an "extraordinary thing in these barren times; for I "do not remember any period since the revival of "learning so deficient in good writers.

"*Jack Naylor** is in town, after preferment; "but I fear he will dance attendance for some time "longer.

"How are you inclined for a journey in Sep-"tember to the *Isle of Anglesey*?

* A *King's College* friend of them both.

"Our

"Our Summer Circuit falls late, and will not be "finished, I fear, till the end of August—perhaps "too late for a ramble.

"Poor *Rees* * ! I have to my shame forgotten "him; not in the article of preferment, which has "not been in my power, but in making the little "collection for him, which I firmly intended; but, "if you will mention it when I come back, I will "set about it.

"Farewell!—Service to *Dr. Thomas* and *Crank.* "—*Crowther* is a blab. He told *Mr. Harley* that "I was only within a hundred yards of his brother's "house, and I have been rebuked. I hope, as *Lord* "*Bateman* is dead, that *Shobden* will be inhabited "again.—Write soon, and your Letter will be for-"warded after me.

"Yours affectionately, C. PRATT."

From this time there are no traces of correspondence (amongst the *Kingsland* Papers) between these two dear and pleasant friends, till Sept. 13, 1760, when *Lord Camden* was Attorney General; and then we find this Letter:

"DEAR DAVIES, *Camden-place, Sept.* 13, 1760.

"Though your cyder is a daily *memento* that I am "*a Letter in your debt* †, yet I confess, with shame, "that I have deferred my answer *for three weeks* †; "for, when it came to *London*, I was in *Monmouth-*"*shire* upon a ramble. I heartily wish it may be in "my power to do any thing for poor *Rees Price.* My "*Lord Keeper* ‡ is now, and has been for above a "year, under promise to give me a Living for a Rela-"tion of my own; but has been so tardy in the "performance, that I can scarce entertain the hope "of his doing much for *Price* upon a new applica-

* *Rees Price.*

† This proves the corresponding habit between them.

‡ *Sir Robert Henley,* afterwards *Lord Henley,* and Lord Chancellor, and finally *Earl of Northington.*

"tion. Nevertheless, I will try my interest with "him, though I cannot answer for the success.

"As for yourself, my old friendship and esteem "for you will always preserve you in my thoughts "*without the aid of a memorandum**. But God "knows whether I shall ever have interest or autho-"rity enough to obtain Church Preferments. My "friends at present have no weight in these dispo-"sitions, as you well know; and they who have are "no friends to me. Times may change; and it is "*possible* that I may be more considerable than I "am at present; but I am afraid it is *probable* that "I shall not. Be this however as it may, and let "*Fortune* deal with me as she thinks fit, I shall, in "all conditions, remain, unalterably, your sincere "and affectionate friend, C. PRATT."

"MY DEAR DAVIES, *September* 21, 1761.

"When I received your Letter, I threw it amongst "a parcel of Cases, to be answered as soon as I re-"covered from an ill state of health, which then "rendered me incapable of business. I am now "got perfectly well, and should have answered your "question in two or three days."

[He then gives him a Law opinion, lamenting that "he cannot by a dash of his pen alter the Law for "his sake," but which is "too stubborn;" *see p.* 497.]

"*Lincoln's-inn-fields, Feb.* 12, 1762.

"I remember you prophesied formerly that I "should be a *Chief Justice*, or perhaps something "higher. Half is come to pass. I am *Thane of* "*Cawdor;* but the greater is behind; and if that "fails me, you are still a false prophet.

"Joking aside, I am retired out of this bustling "world to a place of sufficient profit, ease, and "dignity; and believe that I am a much happier "man than the highest post in the Law could have

* Does not this appear to point at a memorandum as having been made, though superfluous?

"made

" made me. If I regret any thing, it is that I shall " never now be able to promote you to the Reverend " Bench of Bishops.

" I am a cloistered man; and, as you have now de- " serted *London*, I shall never see you till I go the " *Oxford* Circuit, and that I fear will not be soon. " I wish that our lot had placed us nearer to one " another. But I have been too much in the world, " and you too much out of it, for conversation be- " tween us. My love is the same towards you that " it ever was; neither time nor distance can make " me, any other than, &c. C. PRATT."

" DEAR DAVIES, *Bath*, *Jan.* 8, 1764.

" I am so lazy, and so deeply immersed in " the diversions of this place, that I have not been " able till this blessed Sabbath to bestow a few mi- " nutes on a reply to your Letter.

" I thank you for the verses *. The worst of the " two copies pleases me the best, because it is flat- " tering to myself. But the other is a fine perform- " ance, and valuable to every body. These waters " have perfectly restored my health; and I begin to " think I shall become a regular visiter to this place, " where I shall entertain some hopes of meeting " you now and then, since I despair of that pleasure " in *London*.

" I would have you think seriously upon this sub- " ject; for I do verily believe that solitude and " the bashful shunning of company, have been the " true cause of your indifferent state of health. — " My prescription therefore is, come hither every " year, and write a good many verses when you are " alone at *Kingsland*. I would advise matrimony; " but you are too far gone for that, and have lost " your opportunity. — Farewell! and follow my " orders."

* What these verses are does not appear. Perhaps the Poem on *Caractacus* forms one of the topics.

In 1766, *Mr. Davies* had a copy made of his own portrait, and sent it as a keep-sake to *Lord Camden.* He was by this time in town; and *Lord Camden* writes to him this note: the direction is,

"*Mr. Grove's, Park-place, St. James's-street.*

"DEAR DAVIES, *April* . . , 1766.

"I delivered your verses to the old gentleman, "and shall be glad to see you and the *Bishop of* "*Lichfield* on Thursday.

"The old gentleman begs me to paste the verses "on the back of his picture, near *Mr. West's* in-"scription. CAMDEN."

"*May* 7, 1766.

"I am extremely pleased with your picture, be-"cause it is like, and your gift. I shall be very "glad to see you as often as you may contrive to "call, either here or in the country; and will take "care to obey all your commands.—My time, "however, is so awkwardly circumstanced, and my "avocations are so uncertain, that you may not al-"ways meet with me, &c. CAMDEN."

"DEAR DAVIES, *Lincoln's-inn-fields, May* 12.

"I have inclosed and franked your Letter, and "return you a thousand thanks for your picture. "It shall be hung up by the side of old *Camden,* "and the verses * shall be inscribed on the back, so "that the same canvas will represent your genius "and your person, and will remain a lasting me-"morial of our friendship.

"My sittings begin to-morrow, and will last dur-"ing the remainder of the week. This is the most "fatiguing part of my office. After this, I shall go "to *Camden-place,* where I shall be very happy to "see you. Yours most sincerely, CAMDEN."

* These verses will be given in a future page.

In

In the same year, *Mr. Cambridge* wrote an excellent quotation to him.

"*Sir John*, thy tender lambkin now is King.—
"I give you joy, that your old, amiable, learned,
"and respectable friend is now Chancellor. I hope
"it is also very agreeable to you, that your Bishop
"continues, with the addition of the Deanry, &c. &c.
"*Twickenham, July* 31. R. O. CAMBRIDGE."

I have alluded already to a misunderstanding on the part of DAVIES in 1766; but it seems to have made no impression upon *Lord Camden's* mind, who afterwards wrote this Letter to his friend, in which I see nothing distant or cool:

"DEAR DAVIES, *Aug.* 5, 1768.
"There is a little living vacant in your neigh-
"bourhood, called *Aymstry*. It is in my gift; and
"perhaps, as the parish adjoins to your own, it
"may be worth your acceptance. Be so good as
"to let me know if you like it. The benefice may
"be convenient for you, though the value is incon-
"siderable. It is not worth your thanks. CAMDEN."

I took notice that in 1766 DAVIES's nerves, temper, and spirits, were affected. This, I dare say, was paralytic. I understand from *Lichfield* that he was grown pale, and reserved. His picture describes him in perfect health, but with prominent eyes, which are indications generally of irritable nerves.—But I possess a Letter in the hand of DAVIES, written at this period, and the copy, no doubt, of his answer to the Chancellor.

Had the offer offended him, or had he *then* entertained the idea that his friend had been previously cool to him, he would have marked it in this reply, which is temperate, respectful, and friendly. But the hand is paralytic; and the characters, not easily read, *prove* that all his energies were flown; and the turn of the Letter marks the decay of stamina, which terminated in his death a very few months afterwards."

"MY

"My Lord, *Aug.* 9, 1768.

"Extremely obliged to you for having me in "your friendly thoughts, and should thankfully "have accepted your kind offer of *Aymstry* Living, "if my weak state of health permitted, which was "the reason I did not apply to you for myself, when "I took the freedom of writing to your Lordship "last post in behalf of *Mr. Evans*, a most valuable "man, and for whom I have the greatest respect. "May I again repeat my earnest request, that your "Lordship will be pleased to bestow it upon him?

"Upon recollection, *Lord Bateman* will proba-"bly apply, who has the best title to recommend. "In that case I by no means ask it. *Mr. Evans* "and myself are both of us obliged to his Lordship."

The answer was friendly, and in these words:

"Dear Davies, *Camden-place*, *Aug.* 14, 1768.

"I am very sorry your application for *Mr. Evans* "comes too late. I am engaged to *Lord Oxford*, if "you refuse *Aymstry*.

"I should think you might serve it, by a Curate, "without any inconvenience to yourself; but you "are the best judge.

"Your *Lichfield* Patron is gone to *Lambeth*. I "shall remind him of you, if your *modesty* should "be silent. Camden."

In January of the next year, five months at the most, *he was no more.*

As I never have been Chancellor, I am not at home in the difficulties of reconciling patronage to personal affections; but this I know, that *Lord Camden* was not accused of deserting friends, though he was often, to my knowledge, hampered, as in the case of this *Aymstry* Living, by Peers, or men of consequence, who lived in the neighbourhood of the vacant preferment. I can also recollect that he gave Livings and Prebends to men for whom he could not have a tithe of the regard which he uni-formly

formly expressed for his *Eton* friend. This may appear to be an ill-omen'd apology for his apparent inattentions to the Rector of *Kingsland*. But, if it is fairly analyzed, it is unanswerable. It *must* have arisen from circumstances which he could not overcome; especially when I add, that *Sleech*, a common friend of them both, was preferred by him. Perhaps the apparent, or, occasionally, the real indifference of Davies himself to any additional preferment, perhaps the observations which could not fail to be made upon his enervated mind, upon his age, and good circumstances, may have co-operated — when younger men who were necessitous became (if they ever did become) his competitors, and the influence of great men was thrown perhaps into the balance in aid of those feelings. But I lay great stress upon the absence of all proof that the *Bishop of Lichfield* was piqued for his friend, as he lived in constant intimacy with *Lord Camden*. Indeed, it should rather seem that a shyness had there also taken place; for, I am now to mark a confirmation of *Lord Camden's* affectionate reproof to the modesty of his friend on the elevation of *Cornwallis* to *Canterbury*, by a most pleasing fact of a date just prior, in the difference of only two days.

It is a Letter of *Mr. Richard Phelps*, whom we have dropped so long, and who, I should think, had scarce ever stirred from town after 1763. It shews the kindest affection to his old friend, when he had himself not more than two or three years to live. He dates it, however, at *Ross*, in August 1768 *.

* In this very month of August he made his will. In six months he was no more. It is pleasing to observe in his will a legacy to *Richard Phelps* of a cornelian seal, set in gold, and representing *Shakespeare's* head.

It is in these words:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Aug.* 12, 1768.

"I heartily congratulate you upon your friend's "exaltation to the *See of Canterbury;* suppose you "write him two or three words, by way of saying "you are very glad. I suppose, till the necessary "forms are passed, you are to direct, *Bishop of* "*Lichfield.* My landlord desires me to send you his "compliments and best wishes. Adieu, my worthy "friend. Most affectionately yours, R. PHELPS."

N. B. In the hand-writing is also perceptible a hint of his [*Mr. Phelps's*] premature decay.

But the heart is young and amiable still *.

Though, in general, after the death of *Thomas*, one has little of the Poet, and though, as I apprehend, he was more or less paralytic in the nine or ten last years of his life; yet, upon the 1st of December, 1763, he resumed his vein, and wrote a most elegant portrait of *Mr. Adams's* villa near *Bath.*

It is observable, that in this little Poem he has left the *Miltonic* measure, and falls with graceful ease into rhyme; perhaps because it was less difficult, and required less toil in thought or in the measure.

But the native turn of his genius was rather force, and weight of sense and of spirit, than of ornaments like these — we shall call his first manner before we have done with him.

In the mean time, what can be more genteel than his lighter effusions?

Could not *Waller* have written the Poem annexed, a little pruned in his conceits?

* It seems to have been a delightful part of *Mr. Phelps's* character that he gave himself no airs, whether as a traveller, as accomplished in languages, or as a popular favourite and keeping the best company in town, or as political for a time, and the Secretary of a Cabinet Minister. The simplicity and good humour of his deportment are often touched by his friend with due praise.

VERSES

VERSES ON MR. ADAMS'S VILLA NEAR BATH.

Smile, *Avon*, in thy course, and flow with pride,
Not that aspiring villas crown thy side,
That airy piles the raptur'd view surprize,
That Fanes and Cities on the bank arise;
Less haughty, and more pleasing views appear—
Look nearer—nearer yet—the scene is here.

Smile, *Avon*, in thy course, and flow with pride;
And, as thy currents mingle in the tide,
Ask the congenial rivers all their boast,
Or on the *Latian* bank, or *Grecian* coast;
Ask *Peneus*, warbling in *Thessalia's* field;
Ask *Arno's* Muse what charm her valleys yield.
And soft *Ilyssus*, in the tuneful shade,
Who points to names of glory now decay'd.
"Here, the pale envy of all-conquering *Rome*,—
"That shrine to *Theseus*—there *Apollo's* dome.

Pensive he wanders through *Athenian* plains,
And whispers to the ruin mournful strains.
Hail, happier thou, through *living* wonders glide;
Flow, *Avon*, in thy course, and swell with pride *.

I have received, Jan. 11, 1816, a Letter from a gentleman, who *saw* and *well knew* DR. DAVIES in that same year 1763. His Letter is very important in its value to me, as it accounts for all the *peculiarities* of the DOCTOR's deportment in 1766; confirms the Bishop of *Lichfield* and *Miss Seward;* agrees to the expression of the portrait; and marks, what I otherwise

* A whimsical incident followed this claim of the Poet upon the river: for almost immediately after this composition was written, the *Avon* had a very unusual flood, which of course, in jest, made the Poet vain.

otherwise knew by the evidence of a most acute, intelligent, and venerable witness, that in the declining years of his life he was not in his perfect mind. The substance of the Letter is, that he had a paralytic stroke in 1763, which left him enfeebled, but not broke down, feeble in health and spirits, *reserved*, and *retired*. He describes him as piqued that *Cornwallis* gave him only *feathers*, but no *substance*, and as having told the Bishop this remark; an assertion utterly unfounded, and a complaint irreconcilable to letters in which he describes the same *Cornwallis* in terms of the most grateful attachment —irreconcilable to the delicacy of his (perfect) mind, and the high spirit of his character.

Mr. Pennant has a description of *Caer Caradoc*. It is a part of his *Tour in Wales*.

His words are these:

" It has from very remote times been traditionally
" considered as a strong-hold of *Caractacus*.

" A society of gentlemen, struck with admiration
" of his virtue, met annually on the hill, to celebrate
" his name in prose and verse.

" *In one year* a gentleman, distinguished as much
" by his modesty as by his great ingenuity, inspired
" with the subject, almost instantly *extolled* the
" most brilliant part of the history of *Caractacus* in
" the following lines, which I flatter myself will re-
" lieve my long-suffering readers after the satiety of
" my *Welsh* pen, now hung up for ever."

Here, by the way, is a third instance of closing a work by an extract from this Poet, and a high compliment in honour to his genius.

Here too, as by *Mr. William Duncombe*, his *modesty* is not omitted in the subjects of *éloge*.

I have

I have a Letter from the *Rev. Mr. Archdeacon Corbet*, of *Longnor*, addressed by him to *Mr. Kynaston Powell*, Knight of the shire for the county of *Salop*, which throws more light upon this Poem, and is admirably well written by a most admired and respected person, as I have always heard from those who are acquainted with him. I shall extract from it what immediately relates to this Poem, with grateful thanks to him, as well as to *Mr. Powell*, who recommended my wishes to his attention.

"DEAR SIR, *Longnor, Dec.* 26, 1815.

"The late *Rev. William Russell*, originally of "*Sidley Hayes*, not far from *Caer Caradoc* (or the "*Caerdoc Hill)*, afterwards of *Overton* in *Flint-*"*shire*, and who died some years ago at *Chester*, "was supposed by my father to have instituted the "*Caractacan* meeting, by making parties to ascend "the hill, where they partook of a cold collation, "and where *Mr. Read*, the Rector of *Munslow*, "made an oration in honour of *Caractacus* one "year, and perhaps other gentlemen spoke at other "times. The dinner at the top of the hill was soon "discontinued; and the encouragers of the meeting "ascended the hill before dinner, but returned to "dine at the Bowling-green House at *Longnor*.

"DR. DAVIES called at this inn upon one of the "days of meeting; and, hearing the purport of it, "composed for the next year some verses, which he "transmitted, and which were then, and for many "succeeding years, recited by some one of the com-"pany before dinner.

"Your Letter led me to see what positive informa-"tion I could add to the general idea which I had "formed upon the subject.

"DR. DAVIES's verses were recorded in letters of "gold upon a black frame hung up in the Bowling-"green house at *Longnor*. When that ceased to "be a public house, they were brought to *Longnor* "*Hall*.

"When

"When I fitted up a court-house for the manors "of *Sydley* and *Cardington*, within which is the "*Caerdoc*, I removed the verses thither.

"The only inscription which they bear is *Caractacus*, 1757. I conclude, therefore, that was the "year in which they were composed.

"The meeting could not then be of long standing. *Mr. Russell*, the founder of it, was born in "1733: and though all who remember him will give "him praise for inventing schemes of amusement at "an early age, yet, as he would be only 24 years of "age in 1757, there had not been, I should think, "many returns of this celebration of *Caractacus* "prior to that year.

"*Mr. Wilding*, of *All Stretton*, informs me, that "the first meeting at the top of *Caerdoc* was called "by *Mr. John Russell*, of *Enchmarsh*, a person of "some estate within the manor. He was High "Constable, and summoned the Petty Constables "of the Hundred of *Munslow* to meet him at the top "of the hill, where he directed an Innkeeper from "*Church Stretton* to bring cold meat and liquor. "This probably suggested the idea to *Mr. Russell* * "of *Sydley Hayes*, of establishing an annual meeting.

JOSEPH CORBET."

All *Rome* was still—the Nation stood at gaze;
Forth came the mighty Chief, august in chains,
Unbroken, unsubdued;—his lofty air
Stern as in field of battle; round he look'd
With steadfast glare, a lion in the toils,
Yet mindful of his fate—to *Cæsar's* throne
He bow'd majestic, and majestic spoke:

* This gentleman, as *Mr. Archdeacon Corbet* reports, died two years ago, at *near* 100 *years* of age, and *married a second wife at past* 90!

"Had

"Had moderation sway'd my prosp'rous days,
"*Rome* had beheld me *Cæsar's* guest and friend,
"Nor blush'd, for I am of a scepter'd race
"That rul'd *Britannia's* independent Isle
"Beyond all annals of recording Fame.

"If *Rome* commands, must vassal worlds obey?
"What! not resist?—The undefended rights
"Are vanish'd—cowards only are your slaves.
"Yes, I had arms, and wealth, and friends, and fame;
"What?—tamely give them up! disgrace indeed
"That I so long withstood your baffled powers
"Forgive me, *Roman* virtue, that offence.
"Had I a cheap, an easy conquest prov'd,
"My ruin and your glory had been less;
"Oblivion soon had veil'd my dastard name,
"Unworthy *Cæsar's* triumph: death or life
"Are at his dread disposal: that or this
"I neither fear to meet, nor scorn to ask."

"Yes, noble Captive," said the Lord of *Rome*,
"Thy life is sacred, and thy freedom seal'd.
"My sole ambition, soaring high, requires
"Around *my* banners and triumphant cars
"To bear thy valiant Country's glorious name."

He spoke, and thund'ring acclamations rung,
Shouts that half rent the Capitol proclaim'd
"*Imperial mercy to the gallant Foe.*"
All eyes were put in wonder; some admire
His front erect, broad limbs, and martial port;
All, the unwearied valour that had cop'd
With *Roman* prowess, and well nigh prevail'd.
Not bold *Jugurtha*, nor the *Syrian* King,

Nor-

Nor *Persia's*, 'reft of *Alexander's* crown,
Attracted more regard, or gazing awe:
Ev'n *Claudius*, in his radiant seat sublime,
The world's great master, with his legions fierce
And glitt'ring eagles, with his trophied pomp
And pride begirt, look'd little on his throne.

Brave *Caradoc*! applauded by thy foes,
What shall thy friends, thy grateful *Britons*, say?
To thee what columns and what shrines are due!
Thrice told five hundred courses of the sun,
Thy age is green, thy laurels fresh in leaf,
Still on thy well-fought hill, whose stony brow
O'erlooks the subject plains, the gen'rous youth
Gladsome repair with annual flow'r and song,
And festal music, to record thy praise.
But whither fled is thy heroic fame?
If aught regarding this dull orb of earth,
Boils not thy wrath, and chafes not thy renown,
To see the rivals of all-conquering *Rome*,
Thy hardy *Britons*, foil'd by tinsel *France*?
Imagination frowning pictures thee
With featur'd veneration, scorn, and shame—
Henries! and *Edwards!* thunderbolts in war,
Where is the lion-heart, and sweeping sword,
That purpled *Agincourt*, and *Cressy's* field?
Assist—inspire our host! But chiefly thou,
The champion-guardian, Genius of the Isle
Hover around our tents, thy lance in air
Direct, and spread the visionary shield:
Call—rouze thy countrymen—to arms, to arms!
Ye antient Bards, ye mystic *Druids*, hail!
Prophetic transport seizes me—I see,

Though

Though dim in prospect, from this craggy height,
Unrolling clouds illuminate a scene
Of joy and triumph!—Hark—they shout—I see
Britannia's Trident vindicate the main,
Her colours waving in *Columbian* skies
Victorious—Peace returns, and *Albion* smiles;
Proceed, ye *Britons!* mark the kindled fire
In this unwarlike breast—my *vet'ran Muse*
Shall march along in spirit-breathing strain,
Sound her *Pierian* trumpets, to awake
Her sleeping Country, and her laurel'd hand
A wreath shall bear to grace the Victor's brow.



CHARACTER OF DR. DAVIES.

Arcadian simplicity would be one ruling feature of DR. DAVIES's life and manners, if the *Arcadians* had but a pipe for *smoking*, as well as a musical one.

He mentions, in one of his Letters, that *Lady Williams* told him "he knew the world as if he had never lived in it."

I am happy again to borrow the words of *Lady Knowles*: "Whether it is from their abstracted no- " tion of things or not, it has often been said, and " proved as a fact, that Scholars are not men of the " world in their manners and their opinions.

" As travellers, who overlook the beauties of their " own country, to expatiate with enthusiasm on the " attractions of a distant clime; so these men of " science, and of literary taste, fond of solitude and " of study, are often deficient in the common usages " of the world, and in the knowledge of the human " mind, which can only be obtained by collision " with men."

All

All the little spurs of ambition, or of public life, to the gentle spirit and most affectionate nature of this amiable man, were desultory and occasional. The domestic and prevalent habit was either solitude, or a society of individuals not likely to expand the energies of the mind, like the commerce of the world.

His darling friend was a good scholar, but stationary and recluse, indolent at home, and with no apparent energies abroad, except as a huntsman or a bowler. He was fond of good living, but in a retired way, ignorant of the world, and crippled by College-habits of self-indulgence.*

As a part of this native *simplicity* in the Rector of *Kingsland*, we must not overlook a readiness to be deceived, and a kind of literal *credulity* reposed in the words or the actions of his friends, whom he often injured by overstraining the import and pledge of their zeal for him, expressed in language of endearment, which is half poetical, and should never be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

His *modesty* was of no common degree or kind; he by no means undervalued his powers; and I am not sure whether, from ignorance of the world, he did not miscalculate their *extent*, or at least their *application*. He was disinclined habitually to what is called *business*; had no talent for *accompts*; had no taste for the polemics of the Church, or public display of any kind; was never so happy as in smoking, laughing, and writing verse; but, I dare say, thought himself equal to the highest of all departments in his own profession. His *poetical* talent had been so flattered, that, if his friends *could* have made him *vain* of any thing, it would have been there. Yet such was his *bashfulness*, and his *timidity*, that nothing but his compassionate zeal for a suffering acquaintance and friend would have enabled us to know that he could write a verse.

He

He had a *modesty* of another kind, which operated as a defect, and as a misfortune. A man of so elegant a mind would have delighted in the society of accomplished and well-bred women, if he could ever have *reached* them. But they are never *dreamt of in his philosophy*; and he appears to have been an old bachelor all his life, in dropping the other sex, as if they formed no part of the world around him.

In his verse, except the *Epithalamium* upon *Mr. Dodd's* marriage, there are no compliments to the fair sex, no raptures in description of their beauty and their grace. Here was at least *one* source of inspiration to his fancy and spirit as much withheld as the objects of sight are lost upon those who are blind.

But he had *modesty* of another kind, that was absolute heroism. He associated with convivial men, some of whom had little delicacy in their manners and their habits. But he was their *abdict*, and led a sainted life amongst them whilst he enjoyed their wit and good humour.

As to the *Rector of Presteigne*, any *Horace* of his day might have been tempted, unless traditions and collateral documents lie, to address him thus:

Ne sit *ancillæ* tibi *amor* pudori! *

You understand me, but the ladies are not in the *secret*. They may consult, however, the translation either of *Mr. Duncombe* or *Dr. Francis*.

I have mentioned that I can trace no attachment of DAVIES to the *fair sex*.

Lady Williams, wife to the King of *North Wales* (and who reigned in the noblest of all dominions—in the heart) appears to have been much in habits with him, and left him a legacy of £100.

I have discovered a most ludicrous anecdote, which combines the *modesty* and *simplicity* of his character. I cannot relate it better than in the words of my Historian.

" One day, upon his return from a visit, a lady, " who was visitor too, solicited the vacant seat in his

* Hor. 1 Od. iv.

"carriage, as far as to *her* door, in his way back to "*Kingsland.* Though secretly disconcerted, neither "good humour nor good manners permitted him to "refuse. When he drew near the town where he "was to lose and spill his companion, afraid of the "gossiping zeal which propagated and accepted "reports where *sex* was concerned, he thought it "most prudent and sagacious to disarm raillery of "its aim by eluding observation. He therefore "*drew up his blinds!*"

The cunning of the *Ostrich* is not more ludicrous.

His *ambition* was an artificial impulse; his genuine *passion* was for just the habits that accident arranged for him—*solitude* and a *few selected* friends. —In *friendship* he was above all praise; generous, engaging, and firm to all his youthful attachments. Except the Rector of *Presteigne,* they were all of them school and college friends. He lost none of them; all admired, revered, and loved him to the last. The partiality of his pleasant habits with them reconciled all the differences of their style in a centre of union with him.

Lady Knowles often has drawn his character as it appears to her in his Letters. They are breathing features of his mind. "You will join with me," she tells me, "in admiring all the *minor acts* of his "friendship. So warm and so affectionate, yet "maintaining so just a balance, he attached every "human creature to him, high and low. It is much "to be lamented, for his own improved interest when "living, and for his memory when the curtain fell, "that he did not let the world *know* him, and *love* "him. They were synonymous terms *."

He had weak health and weak nerves, but manly thoughts and a high-spirited mind. When he said that

* See, in p. 491, the beautiful verses written by this Sister-Enthusiast for Davies.—What noble creatures women are!—I believe this lady had not written a verse before I saw her a few months ago, unless mere *vers de societé,* and see how elegant a vein her feelings have displayed! G. H.

that even the *acceptance* of *preferment* was a *barter of the soul*, he *felt* the sentiment with *ingenuous and perfect honour*.

But when he *solicited preferment* at a later period, which he certainly did, it was not *avarice* or *caprice*, but a new turn of his mind, when it became *enfeebled* by age and by irritable nerves. He did not *want*, and he could not have *enjoyed*, any addition to his fortune. It was ample enough to give him every comfort, and gratify all his wishes. But his friends were importunate, and he was the dupe of *their* generous partiality for him. It appears from a Letter to him, 1759, that he had entertained hopes of being elected a Fellow of *Eton* College.

The little change of scene which his incomparable friend the *Bishop of Lichfield* obtained for him was delightful, and was just enough to animate or to interest him by the variety without prejudice to his general habits; but it is clear that he *offered himself* to that Patron.

I think it was no infelicity, but the reverse, that he died when he did, and just after the Archbishop obtained the See, because I am convinced that any thing like a public scene would have quite overset him, and would have thrown him into a perpetual fever, the bane of enjoyment.

It is impossible to conceive a mind that was more superior to *artifice* or *flattery*. The lines of 1743 to *Lord Camden* are as manly as they are encouraging; and those of 1766, which are more in the vein of homage, are proofs only that his *taste* was enervated, not that his heart was touched by the world.

Of his *Poetry* the Reader will judge for himself.— The beauties of it are *dignity of thought and phrase*, *elevated conceptions in tuneful numbers*, and *the command of poetical phrase*.

The general *defect* is, that it wants a little more ease, fluency, and grace of *dishabille*. I observe, and it certainly is a defect, no pathetic tenderness, no elegiac delicacy of sorrow—yet a more feeling

 heart

heart no man ever possessed. Upon *Whaley's* death he excluded all the world for a time.

His Letters, to *my* impressions at least, are just what Letters of an accomplished and gifted mind *should* be,—elegant, and familiar too, lively and chaste, affectionate without parade of sensibility, and social without negligence of decorum.

I hear from those who are living, that his *manner of preaching* was impressive, though delivered in a subdued and gentle tone.

No breath of calumny has imputed vice to him of any kind, or the absence of any virtue in domestic, social, and moral intercourse.

He had a comic vein, but (like all the rest of him) very original and peculiar, more accidental than habitual, and calculated for no effort but that of promoting innocent good humour. With a power of satire, proved enough by the lines on *B*——, and upon *Lestock*, he seldom indulged it, and seemed as much afraid of intemperate censure, as of lavish praise. At one of his pleasant meetings with *Lord Camden* he wrote a ludicrous, but shrewd, portrait of his friend. It is preserved in his own hand, and is countersigned by *C. P.* the hero of it. It was intended for *Whaley*, but not sent.

Half jest, and half earnest, there are traits of similitude in it which I can attest, as exemplified in the Hero when he was not in tune for that mirth which in general he enjoyed.

Pratt oddly is made;
For, when vex'd out of measure,
He calls Spleen to his aid,
And is pleas'd with displeasure.

Stranger yet his disease,
As I know to my cost;
For the most you displease
When you please him the most.

"Excuse seriousness. S. D.
C. P."

Rees

Rees Price, a harmless old man, but fond of drams and good living, in general seems to have interested both DAVIES and his friend at *Presteigne* by simplicities of mind. He was, like *Will Whimble*, officious in good offices of a minor cast, and gratefully accepted in return for them hospitable dinners. To men of talent and wit these are pleasant appendages; and, like the Jesters of *Kings* in early days, now and then can be a little arch. They could laugh at *Rees Price* with impunity; but their laugh is never insolent or overbearing in its raillery; and they speak of him, as well as to him, with friendly affection.

In a loose paper I observe this note in DAVIES's hand:

"Annotation on a passage in *Epictetus*" (which *Dr. Thomas*, by a singular taste, was turning into verse).

"*A Fact.*

"*Rees*, in a violent hurry, took the ferule of his "walking-stick, which had become loose, to a *Taylor*, who was *to mend it*."

Little strokes of humour appear scattered in the letters and scraps of notes to his friend, such as this:

"*Gilt*, because no other paper in the house—*pride of poverty!*"

I have an excellent performance of *Latinized English*, which is a model of its kind.

"Cum hactenùs summâ felicitate viarum et cœli, hâc nocte solus apud *Bon*, scribam occurrentia et cursivè in itinere. Imprimìs grates ago, deindè doleo, vel, ut *Anglicè* aiunt, mille est misericordiæ, te non potuisse simul ire: hujus mentionem facio, mei præcipuè, et nonnihil tui causâ. Redii ad *Cestr.* nocte *Jovis* invitus, at necessariò, ut rotas contraherem, ad insigne *Albi Leonis*, hospite *Smith Hopsono Cestriens.* cum quô cœnam longúmque colloquium habui—viro rationaliter comico, qui pro me, et pro meo judicio in vehiculis et in caballis, maximum

maximum habet respectum ac deferentiam. Subivi Castell. de *Hawarden*—reverenter suspexi, movique cucullum. Humanissimi sanè sunt Antiquarii, qui labantia et ruinas colunt. Ad *Flint*, villatam satìs elegantem, commeatu destitutam, quam mare allabitur, cui Castellum turribus circuitu latissimis, sed non excelsis. Ipse de muro descendi, ipse in arenâ steti; sobriam indulsi reveriam de fato *Ricardi Secundi*, et rerum humanarum vicibus. Hæc scribblavi, nec affectatione, nec vitatione *Latinitatis Anglicæ*, nec, ut tu soles, abbrevio, ut planiùs, etsi brevissimum, intellexeris. In eodem diversorio fuit *Griffith*, Preb. de *Cant*. Ita me D. &c. malim obscurus, et inter amicissimos virûm ire, quàm cum illo et mitrâ domum."

In one of his notes:

"I could not *smoke with serenity*, much less go "to bed, till I had set you right."

"*Oct.* 27, 1748.

"My wooden horse is arrived—an excellent ma-"chine for exercise, a kind of go-cart, or hobby-"horse, for the adult and the lazy. I jogged out a "*Sapphic* or two upon it, *but it is not a Pegasus*."

"*Feb.* 8, 1739-40.

"Before *this* humour had well run off, I was at-"tacked by another, which I will call *a versifying* "*defluxion*. The latter malady continued working "in my pate, as the former had previously done, all "Monday and Tuesday; on Wednesday it ceased. "What flowed I took special care to preserve, and "send enclosed for the Doctor's opinion.

* * * "I much question whether one ought, in "prudence, to be ambitious of passing for a Poet—"a man who would thrive had better be thought and "called the *reverse*."

His politics were like those of a secluded man, conversant in the opinions of those with whom he was the most in habits. He called *himself* a *Whig*; but seems to have imbibed prejudices of *Tory-ism* from

from *North Wales*, and I should guess in part from the *Rector* of *Presteigne, who came from Christ Church!* All his violent spleen against the *acceptance* of preferment was *Tory language* in those days, though he has bantered it well himself in a most admirable epigram, which I will here introduce; though, if it was not for *Prior's* example of *the Ladle*, I should fear to lay it before you; but, as our neighbours admirably express it, *le papier souffre tout.*

Says *Watkin* to *Cotton*, "I thought, my *Lord Gower*,
"*You* told us, intended to leave us no more."
Says *Cotton*, "He has not." Says *Watkin*, "You lie;
"And you too, grave Sir, have a *place*, by the bye—
"I thought all your boasting would end in a farce:
"Pray where's your *broad-bottom?*" Says *Cotton*, "******."

The last act of his life does him so much honour that I introduce it with pleasure in bidding farewell to his amiable and pleasing character.

He bequeathed his Rectory of *Kingsland*, and all his fortune, to *Mr. Evans*, whom he had patronized at College, and who was the father of three sons, now living: one of them has the Rectory, and has in the kindest manner communicated the copious materials for this Report of him, which my zeal for his character has tempted me to undertake with enthusiasm, which its failure could not make me repent; and which has delightfully occupied the half-slumbering hours of an old age, young enough still to admire the wise, and love the good.

Farewell, best of Patrons and Friends.

I think DAVIES had better close your volume, after other intermediate Lives.

I have picked up more *Daviesiana*. Like WRAY, he is too little known.

Ever yours, GEORGE HARDINGE.

March 14. 1816.

APPENDIX.

I am distressed, in the *Daviesiana*, by the inordinate volume of new intelligence, and the fear to overwhelm the candour of the Reader. My *late* acquisitions entangle me with their wealth, and I almost wish to be poor again.

I have made a discovery.

I had occasion to intimate, that, when at *Eton* school, the boy gave hints of the man. Some of his *Eton* poetry has been laid before the Reader. But, in a manuscript from *Kingsland*, for which I owe my affectionate thanks to the *Rev. Mr. Evans*, the Rector's brother, I observe a Poem so excellent as to merit copying; and the more, since I have discovered that it is published in the first volume of the *Musæ Etonenses*, a collection printed in 1755; and which first volume is represented by the Editor as containing only the verses that, according to the *Eton* phrase, well understood by the *Etonians*, *went up for the play*, one of the highest honours there conferred upon the youthful Poet of the day selected from the rest.

In the manuscript it is dated August 1727. He was therefore 18 years of age, and very near his departure to College, when it was written.

There is a powerful spirit of moralizing thought in it, and of picturesque effect in language, very uncommon for those years.

"RES EST SACRA MISER."

Quis mentem *Æacidæ* subitò novus occupat horror?
Cur trepidant fœdi nescia corda metûs?

Ferrea

Ferrea in humentes liquuntur pectora guttas,
  Ut rupe ex durâ flere videntur aquæ.
Rex miser et senior quâ majestate verendus
  Projicitur sævi principis ante pedes!
Nil manet augustæ regali in fronte tiaræ,
  Splendidus ærumnis pulvere fœdus adest.
Ipse habitus,—gestus, oculi, sine voce loquuntur,
  Et causam dicunt, *Hector* adempte, tuam.
Non ea vis animo est *Pelidis* ut antè superbi;
  Et rabiem *Eumenides* dededecere suam.
Quid mirum? valuit iste dolor tetigisse hiænas,
  Et mulcere angues, torva *Medusa*, tuos.
Quem non imperiis *Agamemnon* flexit eundem,
  Stratus humi et supplex in sua vota regit.
Accedit proprius decor, et sua forma dolori;
  Ipsa gerit veneres cana senecta suas.
Majestas animi fatis invicta superbit,
  Et casu ex ipso pulchrior evehitur.
Haud aliter *Marii* stetit imperterrita virtus
  Torva tuens gladii terruit ore minas.
Qui vultus? quales oculi? nec inermis in illis:
  Armatæ in cædem contremuere manus.
Fulguris afflarint ardentia tela;—bidental
  Relligiosa sacrum terra piare valet.
Nec minùs ille sacer qui fatis læditur, et vi
  Sustinet adversâ fortiter esse miser.
Effulget virtus in clade illustrior ipsâ,
  Impavidumque decet spreta ruina ducem.
Sic licet *Eois Titan* emergat ab undis
  Pulcher ubi croceum fundit in exidium,
Non tamen occiduæ cedens in vespere luci,
  Major in oceanum splendidiorque cadit.

There

There is a very humourous collection of Letters in the second volume of "The Repository," published in 1777. The title is, "ORIGINES DIVISIANÆ, or the ANTIQUITIES OF THE DEVIZES, in familiar Letters to a Friend, in 1750 and 1751, by DR. DAVIES; first printed in 1754."

The Letters are nine.

I was informed, upon authority which I cannot resist, that SNEYD DAVIES, unquestionably, was the writer of them.

As they occupy several pages, and contain ridicule upon my *respected friends* the *Antiquaries*, I am loth to copy more than one passage, which appears to me in a very different style from his other works, —an admirable specimen of his comic powers. It is in the Fourth Letter.

"Though I am sensible the list (of the *Wardens)* "is very imperfect, I have not leisure to make it "complete by passing *six months* in the Tower.

"If you would have it exact, you may go and "consult *Browne Willis*, a man of a singular cha-"racter—a genuine Antiquary, in learning, man-"ners, habit, and person—so extraordinary, that I "think it worth a digression to give you an account "of him, to acquaint you with his family, and "point out his residence by such marks that you "will know it the moment you see it.

"The fortune of his family was acquired by the "celebrated *Thomas Willis*, M. D. out of Cavaliers "who were sick of the war. It was acquired by "*single fees*, before *the Funds* were created, and "*Change Alley* turned into a *Court of Requests*.

"He was a man of uncommon penetration, and "saw farther into the *head* than his contemporaries. "He wrote many ingenious Romances, in a *nervous* "and pleasing style.

"He was known to have dealt much with familiar "spirits called *animal*. Having command over "them, he could make, for the entertainment of "his

" his acquaintance, a million of them dance a jigg " on the pineal gland of a fine lady, or on the point " of a needle. He would send them on errands, " God knows where, and remand them back, as " quick as thought. These obsequious beings always " perched upon his elbow when he wrote prescrip- " tions, after which they instantly whipped into the " palm of his right hand. He could place them " spread over all that was exterior in fribbles, or " confine them to the finger of a celebrated fiddler— " the hand of a cheat—the foot of a dancing-master " —the toe of a soldier—the posteriors of a bully—or " the heart of a lover, and make them jump through " little crevices into the hollow pericranium of a " Methodist.

" The Doctor gave the money thus acquired for " his grandson's purchase of this antique place, " which indeed is a little crowded with *natural plan-* " *tations*, the owner having made a vow to live *in a* " *wood*.

" The house is invested with tall and large trees, " which look formidable in decay, yielding an occa- " sional habitation to a colony of rooks, who legally " have enjoyed them by authentic prescription from " the days of *Richard the First*.

" The *vallum* that encloses the garden, is a little " out of repair, but is never to be rebuilt by his " heirs. The penalty is a curse of pulling an old " wall upon their heads.

" The *moat* that surrounds the house has from all " time enjoyed a melancholy and slumbering still- " ness, unruffled by winds, and stranger to a dim- " ple; but has been for several years changing its " nature, and thickening into earth.

" His unmolested gate loves its threshold *; a lit- " tle wicket lets you into a little court, lined and " overshadowed with yews, which present a very so-

* " *Amatque*
Janua limen."—Horace.

" lemn

"lemn gloom. You need not strike your hand upon "the door; you may with ease creep through it; or "the walls that are pervious can give you ample "room for admittance.

"The furniture of the inside is green, but resem-"bles the *verde antique*. The parlour is wains-"coated with oak, indigenous, and more than co-"eval with its tenement. The pannels are little "squares, intermixed with fluted *pallustrade*, which, "by way of capital, support the faces of men, "but which bear no resemblance to human nature. "The chambers are hung with silks and velvets, in "a kind of *Mosaic*, in the manner of patchwork. "His father must have purchased them out of the "*Arundelian* wardrobe; for the son, by his indefati-"gable erudition, can prove them to be the genuine "remnants of *Queen Elizabeth's* hoop-petticoat.

"A variety of ornaments appear in furniture "which Time has impaired. You see an assortment "of statues that fell at the Reformation from their "crosses *, and have looked as if they had been "scared * ever since.

"There is many a *Saxon* bust, of man, or beast, "but which is not well determined; numberless "fragments of painted glass, scraps of inscriptions, "and shreds of deeds.

"In his library, adorned with fretwork of pendent "spiders'-webs, you will find a large collection of "*Coins*, down from *Abraham* to the *Borough half-"penny*.

"He *had*, before he gave them to the University "of *Oxford*, the most ample collection of Towns-"men's Halfpence; ten of which are nearly equal in "their *intrinsic* value to one of the farthings issued "by *Wood*, but in the *extrinsic* are infinitely supe-"rior.

* This appears to me very like the manner of *Horace Walpole* in his lively and amusing Letters.

"Amongst

"Amongst his MSS. written all of them in his "own hand with incredible assiduity, you will see "a laborious Dictionary of Lords, Abbots, Parlia- "ment-men, Gentlemen, Clergymen, and Parish "clerks, ever since the *Saxon* Invasion; and in what "may be called his *family pictures* you have the "most copious registers of marriages, births, and "burials, that is to be found in the world.

"The territory around him has been remarkable "for considerable actions heretofore; but is now dis- "figured with pits, dug, not for marle, gravel, or "earthly use, but in search of *Roman* spears, and "*Saxon* stirrups.

"He shews a botanical curiosity, unparalleled in "*England*, *Europe*, or the Universe. It is a willow "basket, propagated from the identical *wicker bas- "ket* of *Druidism* recorded by *Julius Cæsar*; "though some carry it no higher than to the *buck- "ing basket*, well known in the facetious reign of "*Henry the Fourth*."

From the Original in Dr. Davies's hand:

UPON ENTERING MY HOUSE AT KINGSLAND

AFTER A LONG JOURNEY.

In imitation of *Catullus ad Sirmionem peninsulam.*

Nov. 1736.

Welcome, my little snug retreat *,
Where all is calm, where all is neat;
For thee, whate'er I 've seen besides,
My heart, my faith, my love derides.

* Peninsularum *Sirmio,* insularumque
Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis,
Marique vasto fert uterque *Neptunus*.

With

* With what delight and cordial glee,
Dismounting, I re-visit thee,
And scarcely can persuade the mind
That storms and *Wales* are left behind.
† Happy the peaceful joys to share
That fold me in my elbow-chair,
The mind, by irksome toil opprest,
Unbends itself, and leans to rest.
Pleas'd I behold the well-known hearth,
And scenes familiar to its mirth;
This golden minute overpays
The weary nights, the restless days.
‡ Then hail again, my gentle home,
And say you 're pleas'd that I am come,
Whether your nodding trees approve,
Or your streams murmur out their love.
Come, ye familiar sports, and, all
Ye laughs, be ready, when I call.

* Quàm te libenter, quàmque lætus inviso,
Vix mî ipse credens *Thyniam*, atque *Bithynos*
Liquisse campos.—

† O quid solutis est beatius curis
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus *Larem* ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto?
Hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.

‡ Salve, O venusta *Sirmio*, atque hero gaude;
Gaudete, vosque *Lariæ* lacus undæ;
Ridete quicquid est domì cachinnorum.



AD

AD AMICUM.

[These verses are addressed to STEPHEN POYNTZ*, Esq. Preceptor to the Duke of CUMBERLAND; written at *Knoll-Hills*, 1739.]

Lusi Camenis aptus, et otio,
Quà *Trenta*, dulci flumine, *Derbiæ*
Per prata decurrit, vetúsque
Sylva tegit juga summa *Nolæ*.

Nec me sub umbrâ desidiam brevem
Captare, nec me rupibus aviis
Gaudere, clivosoque agello
Dedecuit, nemorumque scenâ

Tecto imminentum desupèr, et Lares
Lymphis ad imos desilientibus,
Doctisque per pronum nitenti
Gramen iter properare rivo.

Tuto latentem rure, nec *Austriæ*
Clades labantis, nec *Batavi* timor,
Gallusve mendax, aut superbi
Solicitat rabies *Iberi*:

Insanientis non populi scelus,
Non *Italorum* cantibus et choris

* *Mr. Poyntz* was a most accomplished as well as a most amiable man. He was educated with *Mr. Hardinge* in *Eton College*, and was a Fellow of *King's*. He became afterwards Preceptor to the Duke of *Cumberland*; and *Mr. Hardinge* was His Royal Highness's Attorney General. He was maternal grandfather to *Earl Spencer*, and was employed in the *Corps Diplomatique*. His country seat was at *Midgham* in *Berkshire*. His Letters to *Mr. Hardinge* were uncommonly elegant and pleasing.

Assueta,

Assueta, virtutisque veræ
Immemor, et patriæ, juventus.

Jam fessus urbem, longaque curiæ
Gestit Senator prælia linquere;
Oblitus irarum, paternos
Lustrat agros, avibus timendus,

Walpolus, arvis, et laribus novis
Auctas aviti lustrat opes soli,
Festâque jam dignus quiete
Per vacuam sibi vivit horam.

Lucos *Esheræ*, dædala *quà suum*
Natura gestit vincere Kentium,
Molamque labentem, domumque
Pieriam repetit *Pelhamus*,

Miscere lento seria callidus
Risu; nec idem consiliis iners,
Linguâque, rem parcit *Britannam*
Temporibus dubiis tueri.

Nec tu, *Poyntzi*, inglorius in sinu
Fundi cubantis consita nunc colis
Querceta, nunc lauros perennes
Spargère amas, placidusve frustrà

Colles amictos arboribus vides,
Villæque aquarum planitiem adjicis
Ædesque dulci quæ parumper
Hospitio teneant *Wilhelmum*,

Curæ ferentem signa tuæ, ac patris
Ritu paratum Martis honoribus
Fulgere, seu pœnas daturus
Angliacam petat hostis oram,

Seu

Seu classe *Gades* vindice *Georgius*,
Notoque gentem fulmine perfidam
Irritet, *Arctoo*que reddat
Præsidium pelago, suæve

Littus remotum visat *Americæ*,
Et *Mexicanos* imperio regat
Portus, et *Indarum* triumphet
Dives opum, domitor *Peruvi*.

Cur me reductæ vallis in angulo
Civilis ardor, telave terreant
Adversa, *Walpolo* profundi
Quid deceat dominum cavente?

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING, 1740.

Friend of the Muses and repose,
Where *Trent*, delightful current, flows
Through *Derby's* pastures green:
Stranger to care of late I play'd
Under my *Nola's* hilly shade,
Romantic, pleasing scene!

Nor need I deem it a disgrace,
When leisure for a while takes place,
To catch a short repast,
Of prospect which the mountains yield,
The cave retir'd, and sloping field,
Imagination's feast.

The overhanging woods above
Imbow'ring in their green alcove,
That crowns the limpid rill;
Whose streams, eternally supplied,
Form a bright track, and glitt'ring slide
Adown the verdant hill.

Why should I think, in this retreat,
Of sinking *Germany's* defeat,
Or *Fleury's* wily brain;
Whate'er the puzzled *Dutchman* fears,
Or what the haughty *Don* prepares
In impotence from *Spain*?

The madd'ning people's causeless rage,
And all the follies of the age,
The masque, the song (which yet
Our giddy youth with warmth pursue,
To virtue and their country due)
I willingly forget.

The City's hum, the noisy war
Of Lawyers wrangling at the Bar,
All now are hush'd in peace.
Each party-senator retires,
And all agree to turn their fires
Against the feather'd race.

See *Pelham* to his *Esher* goes,
Where potent Nature only knows
Her artist to excel:
Pelham himself delights to hear
The *Mole* soft-murm'ring to his ear
In his *Pierian* cell.

Who happier in the art to blend,
Alike Philosopher and Friend,
The grave and debonair?
Nor less his eloquence and mind
To counsel able and inclin'd,
When *Britain* asks his care.

Nor

Nor thine, O *Poyntz*, ignoble ease,
Studious to plant thy fav'rite trees
Along the shelving glade:
And here the infant oak is sown,
And here the laurel hopes to crown
Thy merit with a shade.

Say not, when you the woody brow
Survey, and the spread lake below,
That these not entertain—
Seats that may *Cumberland* a while,
In whom thy happy labours smile,
Agreeably detain.

He, all his Father in his soul,
Each hostile effort shall controul,
And bring his country peace;
Whether the Sovereign will ordain
His thund'ring fleets to visit *Spain*,
Or awe the *Northern* seas.

Or whether in the *Indian* sky
The banner'd sails victorious fly,
And with a name subdue.
The ports of *Mexico* are won,
And the bright produce of the sun
Is ours in rich *Peru*.

Abstracted in a corner here,
Why should I war and weapons fear,
Or aught of ill besides?
For *Walpole* at the helm secure
Takes measures worthy of the Power
That o'er the sea presides.

HORACE, Ep. VI. Lib. I.*

With steady wing between extremes to soar,
Not proudly vain, nor despicably poor;
Our even soul in Virtue's scale to poize,
Not sunk by cares, nor buoy'd by idle joys;
In a calm medium to secure our state,
Deaf to uneasy love and restless hate: —
This golden lesson ancient sages taught,
Thus *Tully* acted, and thus *Horace* thought.
Cato for this disdain'd *Rome's* little pride,
And *Scipio* threw his worthless wreaths aside.
These rules alone insure untainted bliss,
And point the easy path to happiness.
Stay thy fix'd breast, by flattering scenes unbent;
Fond admiration dwells not with content.
Some lurking ills the gaz'd-at pomp destroy,
Delights fatigue, tumultuous pleasures cloy.
While abject crowds are ruffled with surprize,
And ideot wonder stares from vulgar eyes;
No sudden turn the settled thought can move;
Philosophers admire not, but approve.

* The design of this Epistle is to show, that we are widely mistaken if we place our happiness in riches, honours, or pleasure; that every thing which excites in our hearts fear or desire must be fatal to our peace; that surprise and admiration are the source of this fear or desire; and, consequently, that in order to get rid of the latter we must discard the former, and keep our minds so firmly poised, as not to be disconcerted by the ardent hope of gaining, or anxious dread of losing, any of those things on which the bulk of mankind commonly doat. But this evenness of temper is only to be acquired by the study of moral philosophy, and the practice of virtue. Duncombe.

No

No glaring meteors can disturb their soul,
Nor all the starry worlds above that roll :
Since what the dastard populace affright,
A *Newton* or a *Derham* may delight.
They trace, unmov'd, the comet's swift career,
Though monarchs shudder, and though nations fear ;
They view the countless terrors of the sky
With cool reflection, and through reason's eye.
Let us then spurn all vain terrestrial joys,
Think honours trifles, diadems but toys.
Shall the mind lie unhing'd by each mad flight,
And gaudy objects catch the giddy sight?
Shall we from paint and stone our bliss receive,
Hang o'er a statue, on a picture live?

Go, purchase gewgaws, and at auctions pine
For mummies, urns, a pebble, or a coin.
Peru its birds or butterflies shall bring,
And *India's* womb be tortur'd for a ring.
A tea-board from *Japan* thy wish attends ;
Persia a screen, a carpet *Turkey* sends.

Yet know, whate'er you are, whom pleasure's bait
Tempts to delight, or grandeur prompts to state ;
Whether for trifles of a higher sphere
You long, perhaps, a coronet to wear,
Or your vain breast beats fondly for a star ;
Pleas'd from your gilded chariot to bestow
A look on bending crowds that gaze below ;
Or, more exalted, ev'n at courts preside,
And cringing levees feed your swelling pride ;
Though you in senates every taste could hit
With *Compton's* eloquence, and *Stanhope's* wit,
Know your gay sunshine swiftly hastes to set :

You

You to that common fatal goal must run,
Where *Tudors* and *Plantagenets* are gone.

If through your blood contagious humours glide,
If torturing pains afflict your aching side,
If agues chill, or fevers scorch your brain,
Quick seek a refuge from disease and pain.
Do you (as sure all must) desire with ease
And true content to tread life's dangerous ways?
If Virtue can alone that blessing give,
And her attendants only happy live,
Pursue the Goddess with unceasing pain
O'er the bleak mountain, or the barren plain,
While Wealth invites, and Pleasure smiles in vain.

But if strict Virtue's laws your soul denies,
As holy cheats impos'd on vulgar eyes,
To interest's call your honesty postpone,
Bid widows weep, and plunder'd orphans groan;
Add plumb to plumb, your swelling stock increase,
Till a Director's wealth your labours bless;
Till your full warehouses can hold no more,
And your heap'd treasures bend the groaning floor.

The man whom wealth surrounds no want laments,
Each charm, each grace his every wish prevents;
Obsequious friends his crowded levee grace,
And willing beauty yields to his embrace:
Less *Hervey's* form could tempt th' enamour'd maid,
Less *Murray's* strongest eloquence persuade.

If then content by gold alone is bought,
Let that alone employ your every thought:
But should vain pomp and grandeur sooth your breast,
Convinc'd that all who haunt the court are blest,

Quick

Quick to the park and drawing-room repair,
Like *Savage*, know each staff and ribbon there;
Bow to the Minister, accost his Grace,
And talk familiar with the Peer in place;
Inroll each noble Lord among your friends,
Who makes a Bishop, or a Member sends.

If more substantial bliss ragouts supply,
And all the joys of life in eating lie,
The dictates of your palate swift pursue,
Search all that 's costly, elegant, and new:
Be it the business of each day to dine,
While meats *Pontac* supplies, and *Jephson* wine.

Thus serjeant *Miller*, deaf to *Mammon's* call,
Oft chang'd his wig, and hurried from the hall;
And if the luscious turbot fill'd his eve,
Threw *Littleton* and all his Tenures by;
Or while the venison bent his loaded fork,
Left eloquence and law to *Pratt* and *Yorke*.

If your soft senses mirth and music charm,
And wit and love alone your soul can warm,
Be seen at every masquerade and play,
Wear at quadrille the tedious nights away;
The joys most exquisite that life can give
From *Heidegger's* alluring arts receive,
And every wish that fires your wanton will,
In *Epicurus'* modern groves fulfil.

Pleasures like these low vulgar minds affect;
From these the people happiness expect:
But Virtue minds of nobler stamp invites.
In paths where soft enchanting pleasures play,
An *Orleans* or a *Rochester* may stray;
But a *Nassau* approves the thorny way.

TO T. T. (Dr. Thomas);

Dec. 1741.

Horace, Lib. I. Ep. 12.

Between what you *collect* and what you *set*,
A hundred pounds *per quarter*, profits nett!
It 's opulence—it leaves no room for more,
And, if you dare, complain that you are poor!
The world's good things enjoy'd, and at command,
* You need not stoop to kiss the Royal hand;
With ease, with health, and cheerful thoughts—I doubt
What more you *can* acquire—unless the gout.
Should you in plenty's lap of diet spare,
Nettles and water-cresses all your fare,
O'er the cool sallad hermit-like rejoice,
We should not call it avarice, but choice;
No Fortune's whim can alter Nature's bent,
And Virtue is the mother of Content.

Think you that *Newton's* meat escap'd from flies
When his free soul was absent in the skies?
When you, with tithes and parish cares perplext,
By thieving neighbours, cheating farmers, vext,
Yet, unabsorb'd in all this worldly sink,
Have time to eat, and *bowl* †—to read and think,
Of actions trace the source, and mark the tides,
Why, though it 's war, in peace the navy rides;

* What an original and spirited line!

† The race here described is, I trust, obsolete in 1816.

Who

Who checks our prowess? whether in the deep,
H——ck's by choice or by command asleep;
Discern between the tarnish'd and the pure,
Why *Vernon* shines when others are obscure;
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
But, whether you dissect your stall-fed beast,
Or slay the leeks and cabbage for your feast,
Pray think of *Rees* †; and, of your own accord,
A pipe unask'd-for to your guest afford,
You 'll find his claim, now conscionable, stints
All evening draughts to less than seven pints;
When your full casks with liquid plenty burst,
It 's very hard your friend should die of thirst.

As to the rest—above how matters go,
Who fall and rise at *Westminster*, you 'll know;
Unrighteous *Bl——cy* the Law's decree
Has heard, abash'd, and *shorter by the knee* ‡.
Astræa 's come;—and *Ceres* o'er the fields
Her promise of a GOLDEN harvest yields.

* The two next lines, though full of spirit, mark so little respect for the Constitution of Parliament, that I am afraid of copying them. Our Friend was a most flaming Patriot!

† *Rees Price*, of *Erdisland*, a curate fond of a cup.

‡ *Genibus minor.*—HORACE.



In

In these *Imitations* I do injustice to my Hero in suppressing the Original, because much of their uncommon merit arises from comparison; but I assume that all classical readers will have recourse to it: and I can promise that I shall have their best thanks for enabling them to see what happiness there is in the version. They are closer than *Pope's*, but not less harmonious.

Two or three passages I must particularize.

Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis, quos *colligis*.

Here the word *collect* in the Imitation, though *literal*, gives a *new* sense. This answers to *Mr. Locke's* definition of pure *wit*. But the whole is equally ingenious; and the *Imitations* of this charming Poet were never, if it is not a paradox to say it, more truly *original*.

The turn of *kissing the royal hand*, and of *acquiring the gout*, the parody of the *offered* pipe, and of the *moderate claim on the cellar*, deserve to be remarked.

Si ventri bene, si lateri est, *pedibus*que *tuis*, nil
Divitiæ poterunt *regales* addere majus.—
Utere *Pompeio Grospho*: et, si quid petit, ultro
Defer: nil *Grosphus* nisi verum orabit et æquum.

The decree against the unrighteous party, a recent and popular event, is here a fine stroke of satire, produced by a shade of departure from the original.

Jus imperiumque *Phraätes*
Cæsaris accepit, genibus minor.

I may

I may now, my dear Friend, as well give you the additional verses of this charming Poet.

April 1742.

While now the vernal clouds impend,
And seem the distant hills to kiss,
May no ill-omen'd blast attend
To waft away the hov'ring bliss!

The heavens are wav'ring in suspense,
In doubt as yet what face to wear,
Whether look stern on man's offence,
Or on his follies drop a tear.

To his own race in terror shewn,
Stern was the air that *Joseph* kept:
But, when their guilt he heard them own,
'Twas *then* he *turn'd*, and *then* he *wept*.

IN DOMUNCULAM *THOMASIANAM*.

Ædium acclinis lateri sinistro,
Quod Lares inter tibi nomen addam?
Crustane ut serves vigil, an *Cloacæ*
Arbiter audis?

Quatuor te vix homines (pusillos
Parturit quales hodierna tellus)
Vix queant portare humeris, novâque
Figere terrâ!

Fallor: angustum colit hunc recessum
Quem probè noscunt et amant *Camœnæ*;
Hic jacet *ludi* * satur in *vireto*,
Totus in illis.

Arcta sit curtæ domus, et reductæ
Molis; hìc illum comitare vellem
Cum bonis et cum lepidis, *Thomæ*que
Instar, amicis.

* The Bowling-green.

I am

I am happy in the power to add an Alcaïc Ode, addressed by him to his friend *Doctor Cranke* the Physician. I take it from a book which gives this character of DAVIES:

"DR. DAVIES possessed the most amiable and "conciliating manners. To the refined accomplish-"ments of the scholar he joined the meek and the "unassuming spirit of the Christian. His moral "and intellectual character is pourtrayed in some "elegant lines by *Miss Seward;* and in a *Latin* "Epistle, in which the easy flow of the verse and the "felicity of the diction contend for superiority, writ-"ten by *Mr. Phelps,* of *New College, Oxford.*"

The Writer then gives the lines of *Miss Seward,* which have been already laid before the Reader in p. 490; and reserves the *Latin* Poem of *Mr. Phelps* for his Appendix.

The Alcaïc of DAVIES appears to me of the highest order, in poetical spirit, grace, and effect. The Writer of these articles describes it well, in terming it "an elegant composition of terse Latinity."

IN DOMUM *CRANKIANAM.*

Amice ;—villæ temperiem tuæ
Laudo ; nec alter me magìs angulus
Oblectat : arridet, fatemur,
Lenè cubans et aprica sedes,

Cui clivus Euros et Boream altior
Defendit, et quæ læta Favonio
Se pandit, et flatus tepentes
Captat, amans genialis Austri.

Credas

Credas Poetæ; non alia hâc domus
Flaccum recepit; non aliter jugo
Supina, declivemque fundum, et
Irriguam speculata vallem:

Si tecta culmis hæc popularibus
Congesta,—tignis, et paleâ rudis
Si murus horrescat, nec altæ
Invidiam faciant columnæ,

At non supellex munda, nec hortuli
Deerunt salubres; aridum iter soli,
Amnesque piscosi—et paratæ
Artis opes, tua cœna, perdix.

Jucunda visu panditur area,
Amicta cultu, strata mapaliis,
Altâque villâ—nec recusat
Cœruleos aperire montes.

Hunc o recessum sæpiùs oppido
Mutes, et arti;—dum licet otio
Fruare, nec Febris clientes
Det nimios, nimiúmque paucos.

For the *authenticity* of this Ode as the work of Davies, I have the evidence of *Major Evans*, brother to the Rector of *Kingsland*, a gentleman to whose liberal aid and politest attentions I am gratefully indebted.

TO DR. CRANKE,

In Imitation of *Horace*.

O nata mecum, &c.—Lib. III. Od. XXI.

Dec. 1742.

My cask; whate'er attends thy train,
The comic or the sober vein,
* Whate'er thy brooding barrel
Of mirth or wisdom brings along,
The tale—the argument—the song,
Or amicable quarrel:

† Whether gay chat makes free with night,
Or slumbers wave their feathers light,
And close the cheerful scene,
Thy piercing be delay'd no more,
Come and yield up thy liquid store,
For CRANKE the taste will deign.

‡ Not he, though deep in volume sage
Of *Sydenham's*, *Freind's*, or *Hoffman's* page,
Will scruple to partake;
Ev'n *they* with *Bourdeaux* and *Champaigne*
Could warm the philosophic brain,
And *Mead* could be a rake.

* Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos
Seu *rixam,* et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum

† Descende, *Corvino* jubente,
Promere languidiora vina.

‡ Non ille, quanquàm *Socraticis* madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.
Narratur et prisci *Catonis*
Sæpè mero caluisse virtus.

Thou

* Thou gentle engine to extort
From pining sorrow, jest and sport,
The balm of hearts opprest;
† Thou bliss, that stealing soft thy way,
Can turn insensibly the key
That opes the human breast;

‡ From thee Despair has gleams of hope,
The Curate emulates the Pope,
The beggar lifts his crest:
§ Patients awhile forget their ails,
Nor debtors fear to lie in jails,
Nor strollers to be press'd.

‖ Thee *Bacchus* with himself shall cheer;
O that a *Venus* too were here,
With all her graceful court!
The tapers blaze with merry light;
And pleasure makes the tedious night
Of slow December short.

* Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro.

† Tu sapientium
Curas et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis *Lyæo.*

‡ Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,

§ Et addis cornua pauperi.

‖ Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

¶ Te *Liber*, et si læta aderit *Venus*,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.

He

He seldom wrote verse of humour; but his talent for it will appear in the following address to his Friend.

On Dr. Cranke's Victory over the Gout.

The Maladies, assembled all,
Were grumbling in their sable hall:
For want of meat grown spare and lank,
They all complain'd of *Doctor Cranke*,
Of savage cruelty accus'd him,
How shockingly the tyrant us'd 'em.
The raging *Fever* at command
Was tame beneath his chilling hand,
And their best fiend, subdued, could spare
Its cherish'd prey, the young and fair.
In vain they burrow'd ev'ry part,
The reins, the liver, and the heart;
In vain could each recess explore,—
He sends 'em back through ev'ry pore:
Some from the turbid stomach's coat
He forces up the patient's throat;
And some, too heavy so to jump,
He sends before him to the rump:
These with a fatal powder slew,
And with a lancet those ran through;
Sustain'd the gasping patient's breath,
And physick'd all the fiends to death.

Gout, who had no Physician fear'd,
His agonizing phiz up-rear'd,
Swore that in vengeance *he* would go,
And catch the Doctor by the toe;

But

But he, who saw the lurking fiend,
Said calmly, "*I'll be with you, friend,*"
And snatch'd at once, in his defence,
The goodly weapon *abstinence*;
He fenc'd and parried with his foe,
And warded off each coming blow,
While in his firm unshaken strength
He kept the monster at arms' length.
The monster vext retir'd, and swore
He never met his match before.

Dec. 30, 1745.

May no misfortune blot the rising year!
No *rebel bonnet* South of *Eske* appear!
No more her savage crest *Distraction* rear!
O! may the scene, polluted thus with blood,
Ope the seal'd eyes to make us wise and good!
The menac'd havock, and the passing storm,
With terrors arm'd, a guilty age reform!
Strike the base heart, and sweep corruptions all
From the pack'd Senate, or the tainted Stall!
To virtue if no blessings could allure,
With scourges, to reclaim,—and plagues, to cure!

TO LORD VISCOUNT BATEMAN.

Hints from *Phædrus*, Lib. 3, Prol.

Sincere if *Bateman* ask'd the Muse to sing,—
Ere she can raise her voice, or spread her wing,
She ventures to demand a vacant ear:
Unoccupied in state, from levees clear,

He must not think a moment is too long
To hear and feel the energy of song.

But justly he retorts—" Can *he* have time
" From youth and pleasure to bestow on rhyme!
" What, leave on *Epsom* down, or *Windsor* chace,
" The noble game, or animating chace!
" When, swiftly o'er the hill and forest borne,
" The mind re-echoes to the cheering horn?
" Or leave his princely board, and social friend,
" On a poetic trifler to attend!
" My verses to a rainy hour he 'll keep,
" And with my sonnets doze himself asleep."

Born to sip early the *Castalian* rill,
Nurs'd as if cradled on the sacred hill
Where Inspiration sweeps the magic string,
And breath in air wafts music on its wing,
In youthful bloom, their laurel bowers among,
Play'd on their knees, and lisp'd their hallow'd song;
Though from the heart each abject wish is torn,
The world forsaken, and its bribes forsworn,
Fond of inglorious ease, without a name,
Or paid with envied praise in barren fame,
Yet by the Muses doom'd, alas, to wait,
Kept at a distance from their lofty gate!
Still, as I feel the debt, my verse is due,
A neighbour's tribute of no servile hue;
Pleas'd could I hear that *Bateman*, young and gay,
Stole half an hour of life to read the lay.

CADUCAN AND DR. MILLES.

I have no key to this Poem, except what the verse itself can supply. It should seem that some old figure * imported from *Bangor* was presented by *Dr. Milles* to a *Lord Bateman* of those days; but whether it was the last Peer, or his immediate Predecessor, for want of the Poem's date, I cannot as yet ascertain. Both were contemporaries. The last acquired the title, and the *Shobden* estate, very near *Kingsland*, A. D. 1744.

"Why did I leave my *Bangor's* native shore?
"Why ramble to the distant vale of *Dore* †?
"No *Briton* could profane my hallow'd shrine,
"Or treat my form but as a thing divine.—
"Yet where than *Dore* a more sequester'd shade
"Has thought conceiv'd, or gloomy Nature made?
"Yet there was found a sacrilegious race,
"Who seiz'd and rent me from the hallow'd base.
"Think, to be wak'd with such alarming fears,
"Where I had slept in peace five hundred years!
"O direful deed! avenging powers, look down,
"Behold me toss'd and carted up to town,
"Where smiling at his plunder *Bateman* stands,
"And *Milles*, arch traitor, clasps his impious hands.
"Can I forget the leap that bounding sprung,
"His breathless accent struggling on his tongue,
"When first the caitiff spied upon my breast,
"The emblematic speculum imprest?
"No more, ye fiends, upon my ruins tread!
"Cease, ye barbarians, to insult the dead!"

* *Mr. Pennant*, in his Welsh Tour, vol. I. p. 233, has engraved some old coffin-lids found at Bangor, on one of which is inscribed, "HIC JACET ITHEL CADWGON." J. N.

† A river of that name runs through the *golden* valley in the county of *Hereford*.

Thus in accusing mood the Image cried,
Milles heard—and thus in choler's tone replied:
" Ungrateful *Caducan!* unkind amends!
" Why blame compassion? why calumniate friends?
" For this—had *Bateman's* kind and gen'rous care
" Brought thee from darkness into light and air?
" From killing damps and charnel vaults obscene,
" From walls in mossy distillations green?
" Plac'd thee in decent state, a welcome guest,
" Brush'd off thy dirt, and scower'd thy tatter'd vest?
" Was it for this repairing arts were spread,
" And lab'ring skill reform'd thy shatter'd head?
" Go, and lament, ingrate, the varied scene;
" Go and complain that *Bateman* made thee clean;
" Go to the silent gloom, and be forgot;
" Enjoy thy solitude;—prefer to rot;
" Go to the *Dorian* vale, or *Cambrian* shore!"
Abash'd, the Idol slept, and spoke no more.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO OLD CAMDEN'S PICTURE, AT LORD CAMDEN'S, IN KENT.

An extract from a gay little feather of DR. DAVIES, addressed to his friend *John Dodd*, has been given in p. 504; and I shall now transcribe the lines alluded to in pp. 487. 675.

Father of *Britain!* (late restor'd) a while
Attend, and cast a venerable smile!
Know'st thou these walls, these walks, this woody brow?
Blush, good old man, and see its glories now.

* I have obtained, by the favour of Lady Knowles, the original picture of DAVIES, from which *the keepsake* to LORD CAMDEN was a copy; and I send it you that it may be *engraved.*—*I know* from the first *Lord Camden* that it was the very man alive; but I should guess at a younger age, not much above the eighth lustre.

Know'st

Know'st thou the MAN —
Whom neither fear nor favour can controul,
His inborn worth, and probity of soul:
Mild as the vernal gale, or softest lay;
Firm as the rock that spurns the roaring sea:
" Inflexible, and steady to his trust:"—
Barely to say he 's upright, is unjust.
Father, be proud; assume thy later fame:
Hear, and rejoice: he bears thy honour'd name.

Do I then flatter? what! for dirt and pence?
'Tis false, ye hirelings! wretches, get ye hence.
What! for some meed!—with me as light as air:
Trifles and toys beneath my serious care.
Where interest, trifles, and ev'n power are weak,
Freely I draw; and what I feel, I speak.
Ask, ask the People's, ask the Sovereign's choice,
Ask thy own *Britain*—she confirms my voice.

I shall conclude my account of this excellent man, by transcribing his Epitaph:

" To the memory of
SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.
Archdeacon of Derby,
Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral Church of
Lichfield, and Rector of this Parish.
Born with natural abilities,
and furnished with acquired endowments,
equal to the highest station;
his modest disposition withheld him from the pursuit
of that degree and advancement in the Church
to which his merits
peculiarly entitled him.
He died 20th day of January, 1769,
aged 59."

P. S.

P. S. As a proper appendage to the preceding article, I proceed to transcribe, from *Mr. Coxe's* Memoirs of *Stillingfleet* *, an excellent sketch of the Character of the REV. JOHN WILLIAMSON, by MR. ALDWORTH NEVILLE:

"If ever man lived to fifty, and died without having lost a friend, or made an enemy, it was *Johnny Williamson*.

Pope drew his character in a single line,

'In wit a man, simplicity a child.'

Had he sat for the picture, it could not have been more like: however, this is only a great outline, and I must be more minute. With the most acute understanding, and infinite discernment, any dull scoundrel might have duped him any hour of his life; some did, and they always escaped with impunity; for he was as careful to conceal their iniquity as they could be themselves: without vice himself, he could not bear the thought of punishing it in others.

"The gentleness of his manners could only be equalled by the depth of his genius: no sickness could ruffle the one, or blunt the other. Bad health indeed checked the flight of the latter, and hindered its attaining those heights in philosophy and mathematics to which he would otherwise have soared; as I heard from Professor *Bradley*, when I was a Student at *Oxford*, and had not the happiness of knowing *Williamson*; and many times have I heard it since from some of the first men in those sciences

* Of that entertaining Work I have already spoken in p. 506, and shall only now observe that I think *Mr. Stillingfleet's* prose most elegant, easy, and beautiful; his thoughts, at once, ingenious, and chaste; but his Charge, and Sermon, to *Windham*, his Botanical Memoirs, and his Tour, could have been spared.—I have seen him at *Lord Dacre's*, and have heard him, but thought him rather amiable than interesting. He generally accompanied his friend *Marsham*, who was of the same cast. When I read his Letters to *Mrs. Montagu* I was charmed. Indeed all his Letters are pleasing and lively, as well as clever. I should have thought it impossible for him to have loved any thing but a *Linnæan* flame. By the way, I think his pittance of 100*l.* a year *shamefully inadequate*. G. H.

here

here and at *Geneva*; from *Robins*, *Earl Stanhope*, *Stevens*, *Stillingfleet*, *Professors Calandrini* and *Cramer* of *Geneva*, to whom I may, from report, add *Simson* of *Glasgow*. These are the illustrious witnesses of *Williamson's* inventive genius and accurate judgment; and well might they judge of both, for none of them ever published any mathematical work, when he was within reach, without first submitting it to his censure and correction. When *Dr. Frewen*, the celebrated physician at *Oxford*, had obtained his promise not to think of mathematics for a twelvemonth at least, he employed that time in making himself thorough master of *Greek*, which he did without any fatigue of mind; and afterwards, when his bad health had entirely stopped his mathematical career, he applied himself to the study of his own profession, which he enforced and adorned with every argument and ornament that could be drawn from antient philosophy, history, poetry, or belles lettres. Superior as his genius was, it was nothing to his heart: that was literally without a spot; for I will not call by that name a thoughtless indolency, the child of innocence and generosity.

"He was in the strictest sense of the word a true Christian, made up of faith, meekness, and charity. Generous to such a degree as never to look on the solitary guinea in his pocket as his own, whilst any object struck him that seemed to want it more than himself: no wonder, therefore, he was always poor. I asked him one day, why he was not of the Royal Society? His answer was, that he had never found himself worth £20 to pay the fees. This, amongst other marks of his character, I mentioned to the Duke of *Bedford*, in my recommendation of him to the Chaplaincy of *Lisbon*; and such an union of merit and poverty weighed more with his Grace, than the efforts of very powerful solicitors in favour of other competitors: he was appointed to that employment. How he discharged his duty, the universal veneration and affection of every rank of every Nation

tion with which he had any concern, best certified. *Sir Benjamin Keene*, *Mr. Castres*, and *Mr. Hay*, His Majesty's Ministers at the Courts of *Spain* and *Portugal*, together with the whole *British* Factory, adored him. The *Portuguese* Nobility and Clergy treated him with a respect never paid to his Predecessors; and, what flattered him more than all the rest, the common people of *Lisbon*, forgetting he was a Heretick, never once offered him the least insult; but, on the contrary, were ever ready to assist him in finding out the huts of the sick or dying *English* sailors.

"He escaped the Earthquake miraculously; but it left such a horror on his gentle mind, that he frequently requested his friends to wave their curiosity on that subject. He happened to have received fifty moidores the day before the Earthquake, and had them in his pocket the next morning; reflecting on this circumstance, he was saying some time afterwards, that he believed he had been at one time the richest man in *Lisbon*: "True," said *Mr. Castres*, "but how much had you left the next night?" He had given it all away; and soon afterwards insisted, and from a perseverance very unusual in him, prevailed with the Factory to abate 130 moidores of the stipend they had themselves fixed upon him. He, however, continued to remit a handsome allowance to his mother and sisters in *Scotland*, to his dying day. All his books and papers, which last was an irreparable loss to the publick, as well as to himself, were buried in the general ruin. The horrid executions on account of the King's assassination wrought deeply likewise on his gentle disposition; and the more so, as he had personally known the *Marquis de Tavora*, and others of the sufferers.

"Early in the year 1793, this godlike man was, about his 50th year, relieved from all his infirmities, and gathered to his kindred angels. He left just enough to bury him, and would have left no more if he had been Archbishop of *Canterbury*."

My

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Walton Grove, Mar.* 20, 1816.

I have still one more article for you, connected with the Memoir of DR. DAVIES.

Noscitur à sociis, though it is not universal, is a very general, and a very safe criterion of the associated individuals—till presumption is overturned by fact. Let us apply this criterion.

Mr. Whaley was intemperate, and a libertine —DR. DAVIES an exemplary moralist; but the former, I should guess, had convivial talents, and companionable ones. These cover a multitude of sins. *Mr. Dodd* had no literature, but he had a generous heart and benevolence of manner. In *Dr. Thomas*, in *Lord Camden*, in *Alduorth Neville*, and in PHELPS, "though last not least," DR. DAVIES had the society of spirits in perfect unison with his own. —The Writer who is now coming upon the scene would confer honour upon friends of the highest class for genius and wit.—I mean MR. PHELPS.

I have made inquiries, and some discoveries, concerning this accomplished and gifted scholar, but as yet very incomplete.

The name struck me, as familiar to my recollection of it in a very different place from *Tivoli*.

I was carried once to the *Catch Club*—against all rule — not as a guest protected by one of the members; but as an interloper, in the very heart of the vocal feast, and at night.

There I *saw*, and there I *heard*, *a* MR. PHELPS, who was then filling the chair of the Vice President.

I was much pleased with his appearance, with his manners, and, above all, with his musical talent.

I learnt that he was a personal friend of *Lord Sandwich*, and that he had been Under Secretary of State: but that he had in this Club the less dignified post of Secretary, and Treasurer, from his passion for vocal musick. In two or three years afterwards he was no more.

I have

I have since found that *he* was the writer of the following Letters — that in 1761 he was *Secretary to the Legation* at *Turin*—that in 1768 he was appointed *Provost Marshal of the Leeward Islands*—and that he died without issue in 1771, a very general favourite.

I have also learnt more details of him, and they are not a little curious.

He was born at *Eye*, in the county of *Hereford*, the son of the *Rev. George Phelps*, Custos of the College in *Hereford*, and Vicar of *All Saints* in that City, who married a *Whitney* (whose mother was a *Cornwall*), and died March 23, 1753, in *Hereford* *.

He was educated at *Winchester* school; and the *Bishop of Worcester* informs me that his *Latin* verses there had a very ingenious and classical turn. He there formed an acquaintance with *Lord Rivers*, then *George Pitt*, and with *Lord Bruce*, afterwards the last *Earl of Aylesbury*. After he took his Bachelor's degree, he became travelling tutor to the *Duke of Beaufort*, *Mr. Bouverie* of *Teston*, and *Mr. James Dawkins*. It appears from the Letters of DAVIES that he had been twice abroad, and I suppose with different pupils. In one of these trips he was accompanied by the two *Winchester* friends, *Lord Bruce* and *Mr. Pitt*. The latter, being appointed Embassador to the *King of Sardinia*, made PHELPS the Secretary of Legation.

Upon the King's marriage we have his *name* to an *English* Epithalamium, published in the *Oxford* Collection. This, I have no doubt, was the composition of DAVIES, though it is the *Odyssey* of his *Iliad*; but it has marks of his power and style, which are decisive to shew that *he* is the writer of it.

PHELPS, at the date of this Poem, was at *Winchester*, as an Adjutant of the *Dorset* Militia.—In the verse he alludes to his *travels*, and these two friends by name.

* One of his daughters married *Dr. Leigh*, a Canon Residentiary of *Hereford*, and Archdeacon of *Salop*.

I may

I may as well copy here the Poem addressed by him to DAVIES, and sent from Oxford:

O qui sub umbrâ *Socraticis* mades
Chartis, et idem carmen amabile
Effundis, arridente *Phœbo*
*Castalio*que choris fluente:

Nunc o resumas, nunc potiùs, lyram
Laurosque sævas, et faciles humo
Sterni catervas, et cruenti
Arma canas animosa belli.

En quà caducum fortior *Austria* *
Inspirat ignem, quà rapidos agit
Victrix triumphos, et calentes
Vindicat inferias suorum.

Audin', quis horror; quid referunt soni
Fatale,—circà quis reboantum
Plausus virorum est? heu quot umbræ
Præcipitant per opaca lethi!

† Illùc vagari non patitur suos
Perita vestri cura *Machaönis*,

* This, I apprehend, has a peculiar grace *ad hominem*, for DAVIES had written a poetical address to the *Queen of Hungary*.

† These two stanzas, which are copied by DAVIES in one of his Letters, prove a command of the *Horatian* tune. They are thus introduced by his friend. The Letter has no date:

" I have a Letter from young *Phelps* at *Oxford*, with a *Latin* " Ode. I mention it upon account of two stanzas wherein *Dr.* " *Cranke* is dubbed *a Poet*. After describing the havock of the " war,

" Quot umbræ
" Precipitant per opaca lethi;
" follow these lines:
" Illùc vagari, &c. &c. *Medicus-Poeta*.

" He has incurred this odium and scandal by keeping bad " company, and, should the notion spread, it may do him harm " in *business*—yet I love mischief so well, that I cannot forbear " smiling."

Quos-

Quoscunque Febris torquet urens,
Inflat Hydrops, minuitve Tabes.

Huic *Phœbus* artem non dedit unicam;
Et sanat herbis, et citharâ valet,
Ipse instar *Hannesî*, coronâ
Par duplici—*Medicus-Poeta.*

Te jure, totum te sibi vindicant
Pindi sorores; te fidibus Deus
Donavit argutisque nervis
Et properam dedit ipse laurum.

Sed O dolendum! te penetralibus
Non *Wiccamanis* erudiens lyram
Instruxit ædes—non disertæ
Wintonidum coluere Musæ.

Prudens futuri *Regia* te domus
In lacte fovit; *Camus* alit suum
Ætate maturâ, invidetque
Tàm celebrem *Rhedycinæ* alumnum.

Ille inter omnes flevit aquas dolens,
Cum te juventæ præsidium suæ
Vidit revulsum—"Siste," dixit,
"Ruris amans, tacitæque famæ!"

Desideratus jam nimiùm diu,
Tandem pudori pone modum tuo;
Te *Gratiæ* tristes reposcunt,
Et citharæ sine te silentes.

Nec me pusillum filiolum chori,
Nil prævigentem te genio, et sacri
Juris potentem, dedecebit
Verba loqui socianda chordis.

Dîi vatis umbræ dent requiem, croco
Spirante in urnâ, qui didicit priùs
Virtute vim præbente, *Phœbi*
Digna lyrâ resonare versu.

Nec ulla Musis gratior est lyra
Quàm quæ protervis abstinet à modis,
Moresque sustentat caducos
Auspicio melioris ævi.

At vate ab illo laurea decidat,
Utcunque felix, qui vitiis heri
Venalis inservit superbi,
Immeritam famulus per aulam.

Musis amici spiritus altior
Salve *Maronis* !—jure tulit suum
Te penna, quæ nescivit aulæ
Blanditiis animosa solvi.

Hunc nuda *Virtus* prosequitur; piis
Hunc lachrymarum muneribus *Fides*,
Et flore multo, *Gratiarum*
Accumulat soror omnis urnam.

Nec parce venæ tu simili et suæ
Marone adempto—Te pietas vetat
Latere in umbrâ; desine abdi,
Virgineum excutiens pudorem.

Longè procellis da trepidos metus
Portare; felix, et patriæ, et tibi
Succedat annus; nec per ævum
Deficiant nivei colores!

The

The modesty of DAVIES induced him to write upon this Letter, as the motto, "Non tam *de* me, "quam *supra* me;" as if he had said, "this poetical effusion is to be considered rather as the eulogy of a partial friend, than as a delineation of me."

Where PHELPS acquired the charm of his musical talent and power, does not appear. But I never can forget the impression of them upon me. It struck me that he was a perfect master of the science, that he had the most admirable voice of the kind I ever heard, a deep and mellow tone, with a taste not inferior to it. When I saw him, I thought him built for a century;—he had a handsome countenance and figure.

It has been supposed that his music introduced him to the *Earl of Sandwich*, and it is probable enough; but it has been added invidiously—that PHELPS "nimiùm dilexit amicum;" in other words, that it was the suicide of late hours and convivial frolics;—but especially when they were engrafted upon all the leisure he could obtain from the desk when he was Under Secretary of State, and *Lord Sandwich* his Principal—that he was all day occupied in his official toil; for which he consoled himself, and his principal with him, by roaring and reveling all night.

Such is party, and the vulgar estimate of character. That *Lord Sandwich* was convivial to a fault, when disengaged from his public trust, it would be abject flattery to dispute: but his enemies, if they knew him, would admit that in all the offices he filled he was exemplary in attentions and in talent; with a power, and with a habit of discernment, that would never have chosen a man to be his deputy in a public trust because he had a good voice, and sang well.

I was not acquainted with him, but often met him at the Catch Club; and with all my recollections in prose and verse that record his intemperate mirth, I never saw a conduct in him that was not perfectly suitable

suitable to the dignified manners of a gentleman, though animated by comic humour, as a *performer* in catches which demanded comic effect:—And I perfectly recollect, as I have already intimated, that Mr. Phelps had the appearance of perfect health when I saw him two or three years before his death. When I add, that a Bishop, whom to name is to honour his birth and his rank in the Church, *the Bishop of Durham*, accompanied him in visits to the late *Mr. Neville;* this obloquy, I trust, will be no more.

Upon this gentleman's travels I have made up a final and correct opinion. It is—that he never travelled at all, and that he was three times abroad; —that he had no pupils, and that he had three.

I have an obliging Letter from the celebrated *Mr. Uvedale Price,* Author of the Essay on the Picturesque, as accomplished a person as any of this age, in which are these slight, but valuable, notices upon the subject of Mr. Phelps. They will speak for themselves.

"I was not acquainted with Mr. Phelps till his "constitution and his voice had been much im- "paired, and my short acquaintance with him soon "ended with his life.

"By what remained of his voice, even to the last, "it must have been a very fine one.

"I have always heard him spoken of as a man "highly esteemed and beloved on various accounts: "I am persuaded that his Letters from *Italy* must "be very interesting."

Lady Cornwall says, "With *Mr. Richard Phelps* "all my family were in habits of the greatest inti- "macy. He was a most popular companion, and I "have always heard him highly spoken of as a "scholar. In modern languages and in music he "excelled extremely."

In the following Letter the Reader will compare him to that masterly Painter, the *late Mr. Eustace,* the

the *Marcellus* of his day. We had but seen him before he left us the melancholy office to deplore the loss of so high-spirited and so accomplished a genius —to cherish his remains—and perpetuate his fame! I cannot forbear to add, however, that in this Letter PHELPS makes *Mr. Eustace* appear in a subordinate light, as a careless observer and superficial reasoner, as I shall have occasion to demonstrate.

Copy from the original in my possession, G. H.

" DEAR RECTOR, *Rome, July* 10, 1751.

" Perhaps you may by this time be *Mr. Arch-* " *deacon*, *Mr. Chancellor*, *Mr. Residentiary*, &c.; " but, whatever titles you possess, or may acquire, " including *Prelacy* itself, I hope you will always " hold *Kingsland in commendam*; which a little sa- " vours of self-interest. I remember too well the " many agreeable hours I have passed there; and if " you will just allow me a little of *Dr. Bentley's* " comment, that is, if you will agree that *terrarum* " has the sense of *Britanniarum*, I sincerely can " say with *Horace*:

" Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
" Angulus ridet.

" I am but just returned from an expedition into " the country, and amongst other places have been " examining pretty carefully what I call *your friend* " *Horace's* villa.

" I have had a notable dispute with a learned *Ro-* " *man*, who is an absolute sceptic in antiquities, and " carries this point so far as even to doubt if there " ever existed such a man as *Augustus*, &c.

" However, lately, finding the *mollia tempora*, I " prevailed upon him to allow that such a man as " your friend has existed: moreover, that he actually " wrote all those Odes, &c. which are attributed by " the moderns to him. Upon this I advanced a " little step further, and I asked him what he " thought of that palace in *Tivoli* (anciently *Tibur*) " which

"which Antiquaries have agreed in general to name "*Horace's villa*. He replied, that, in opposition to "his usual diffidence, he *would* allow that *Horace* "had a villa, or farm, in some place or other, because "he talks of such a thing in one of his *Epistles*; "but, if I had not surprized him in a merciful hour, "he had arguments enough by him to shew, and "prove, that *Horace* was only bantering, and that "he never possessed one foot of land in his life.— "'However,' continued he, 'I have allowed you "'thus far, and scorn to retract; but how he came "'into possession of property in *Tibur*, I think no "'man who has not the *cacoethes* of Antiquaries "'would ever dream.' Upon this we entered into "a pitched battle and smart engagement. I at "length obliged him to advance one step further in "concession, and grant me that *Horace* had a farm "in the *Sabine* country. After this bold flight of suc-"cess, I grew more unreasonable; and, after having "examined the whole spot most attentively, I con-"vinced *myself*, though I could not *him*, that he "had not only a villa near *Tivoli*, but that I had "found the very scene described in his Epistles. "You will find that my arguments are far from "being mathematical demonstrations; but, such as "they are, I leave them to you.

"I chiefly insist upon two passages in *Horace*, "besides the wish

"'*Tibur Argæo positum colono*.'

"The first is,

"'*Ego, apis Matinæ*
"'*More modoque*,
"'*Grata carpentis thyma*,'" &c.

"Here, I think, he fairly makes himself more than "a *visitor* of *Mæcenas*, which is the only argu-"ment I have heard for his being so fond of cele-"brating *Tibur* upon every occasion. But does he

"not upon *this* occasion carry a little the air of "ownership?

" 'Per laborem
" 'Plurimum, circà nemus, uvidique
" '*Tiburis* ripas, operosa parvus
" 'Carmina fingo.'

"But, should we allow that he takes the liberty "with his patron's friendship to make *his* villa in a "manner his own, this next passage demolishes it all "at once:

" '*Romæ Tibur* amo ventosus, *Tibure Romam.*'

"We may allow a fine gentleman, particularly a man "of genius, to be as fickle as he will, and to be tired "of elegant luxury as fast as he chuses; but to pitch "upon his protector's villa as one of the scenes in "which he is to mark his caprice, is what the *éti-* "*quette* of *Augustus's* court, I fancy, would never "have allowed.

"Thus far we may infer that *Horace* had some "little abode in *Tibur*, which he could honestly call "his own, and round or square it as fitted his hu- "mour.

"Now, then, let us try whether it is practicable "for *us* to hit upon the identical spot which he has "given to us in one of his Epistles:

" '*Continui montes, nisi dissocientur opacâ*
" '*Valle.*'

"This picture is exemplified with such particula- "rity in the *Tivoli* hills, and in that spot which I "call the *villa* of *Horace*, that no other part of the "country can equal it. That spot which I take for "his *farm* has most literally the *dextrum latus et* "*lævum*, exposed by its position to the morning and "evening sun, its figure being most like a semi-oval. "That formerly there has been a villa there, we "discern by the remains. The Antiquaries have

"given

"given it the name of *Sallust's* villa, and have called "another not very distant from it the villa of "*Horace;* to which I can only say that, as *conjecture* "is the word, what I give to *Horace,* and they "to *Sallust,* so expressly conforms to the Poet's "own description of his own place, that it would be "very particular indeed if there had been two so "very similar. I should rather imagine some of the "very old Antiquaries mistook the two places.— "That which they give to *Horace,* but I to *Sallust,* "has been very magnificent. There is particularly "a large and a noble aqueduct, that brought water "to this domain over a considerable tract of moun-"tain; whereas the other is watered still by a most "beautiful, clear, and powerful spring, exactly as "*your Poet* has done us the favour to describe it, "and which, the moment I saw it, I had no manner "of doubt in calling the *Fons Blandusiæ:*

"'*Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ,*' &c.

"is only applicable to this fountain.

"In the times of drought the most general and "severe, it has never failed. This fountain too has "been graced with its presiding Nymph, or Deity, "as there are some remains of grotto-work about it; "though some of the moderns, with piety a little "miscalculated, have *strengthened* it with *brick!* "and put an old marble sarcophagus there by way "of basin, for the better convenience of men and "cattle.

"A little below the *Tivoli* mountains, close to "*Quintilius Varus's* villa, is a charming grotto, very "*antique.* It has water at least as limpid as the "fountain I have just mentioned; and this Messrs. "the Antiquaries have called *Fons Blandusiæ.* It "is, however, let them say what they will, an artifi-"cial spring, which, when you are the inmate of this "grotto, seems to break out naturally from the rock. "After close inspection, we discovered it to be the

 gift

" gift of a subterraneous aqueduct from the spring-" head about a hundred yards higher up. This " aqueduct we detected by observing the sameness " of the water in the spring above and that which is " here presented below. We saw the water from " the height running away in a little brook five or " six feet wide. This induced us to search more cu-" riously; and amongst the bushes we discovered an " opening into an aqueduct. We immediately hired " a little boy, who went down with a light, by the " help of which, as the opening was just wide " enough to admit our heads, we saw the course of " the aqueduct, which had commenced at the spring-" head, and proceeded in a direct line to this grotto. " That spring rises immediately under a part of " *Quintilius Varus's* villa. This grotto undoubt-" edly formed a part of his domain * : but whether " an artificial grotto supplied with water could with " propriety be called a *Fons*; or, if it *could*, whether " *Horace* would have celebrated it in the same man-" ner that he has commemorated a spring with " which he had a particular and an appropriate con-" nexion, I leave to your better judgment.

" You are to observe, that all the scene which I " have thus far delineated lies upon the right side of " the river *Anio*, and consequently in the *Sabine* " region.

" *Mœcenas's* villa, on the contrary, lies upon the " *Faustine* hill, close to the skirts of *Tibur*; the *via* " *Tiburtina* running directly under the principal " court of his palace, and consequently the great " arch of the substruction going immediately over it.

" This piece of magnificence is still in use amongst " other places of the villa which the King of *Naples* " has built upon the old *Herculaneum*. The main " road runs through the very centre of the palace.

* Surely this acuteness of research is wonderfully ingenious; and it is entertaining even to those who are not Antiquaries, by the unaffected and lively manner of describing it.

" There

"There are still great remains of *Mæcenas's* villa. "It is built of a small hard stone, of the marbled "kind, cut into shape, so as to form the *opus reti-* "*culatum*. It was encrusted, all over it, by the "richest marble. The lower order, which is the "only remaining one, is an elegant specimen of the "*Doric*. Those above probably were *Corinthian*. "This part of the villa, and which was the body of "it, consisted of a magnificent court, which com- "manded three sides of almost a perfect square, "that side omitted which looked at *Rome* and its "*Campania*; so that, more properly, this building "consisted of a front, and the two wings projecting "almost as far as was the length of the front. There "a noble arcade ran all round this building, the "arches of which communicated with the area. "Another arcade ran along the outside of the right "wing, which communicated immediately to the "gardens and *pomaria* described by *Horace*, which "were watered by the aqueducts from the river "*Anio*, for *that* I take to be the meaning of *Ho-* "*race's* '*mobiles rivi* *.'

"The *Anio*, as you know, falls at once, loses itself "amongst the rocks, and afterwards runs in the "deep valley below in a picturesque manner, on ac- "count of the little breaks made by the rocks, and "the inequalities that are interspersed. The gar- "dens of *Mæcenas's* villa were laid out upon the very "high and steep acclivities of this valley, and were "undoubtedly diversified with all the aid that art "could give to them. To this end an aqueduct of "a considerable size was brought from the river im- "mediately before its fall. This work still continues, "and about a hundred yards from its head branches "out into six aqueducts of smaller size. These are "subdivided into many others, that served, as occa- "sion required, for fountains, water-pipes, &c.

* This exposition is admirable, and is quite new to me.

"which

"which could be checked or supplied as might be "necessary. These I should imagine to be the *mobiles rivi* to which *Horace* alludes. At present "your friend *Mœcenas's* pomaria and superb gardens "are converted into little vineyards and herb-gardens. His magnificent aqueducts are in many "parts of them broken, and the water has worked "a channel by itself as the declivity has directed its "progress. In other parts they are kept in repair, "and serve as olive mills, or make small canals for "the grounds above-mentioned. They afterwards "fall in different and beautiful cascades, making the "*Tivoli* of this age, of all spots upon the earth "known to me, the most picturesque.

"Now, having tired you by descriptions which "are likely to afford you very little amusement, "though to reflect upon the scene is very interesting "and agreeable to me; I must only add, that, against "the general rule of travellers, I do not mean to dictate, and least of all to you my admired friend, as "presuming upon the advantage which may have arisen from the opportunity of inspecting the scene.

"I tell *you* of things just as I find them—to enjoy "your judgment—give it me as freely as I now "scribble to you, following your own opinion as it "naturally occurs, and caring not sixpence for Commentators or Antiquaries. I am, with all truth "and sincerity, dear Rector,

"Your most faithful and obliged, R. PHELPS.

"My hearty respects to *Dr. Cranke.*"

That a fair comparison may now be made between *Mr. Phelps* and *Mr. Eustace,* I will here copy from the latter what he has reported from the same topic and scene.

Magno se judice quisque tuetur.

He shall have the last word—here it is, though I may risk a note or two upon his context.

"The

" The fond attachment of *Horace* to *Tibur*, " united to the testimony of *Suetonius*, has induced " many Antiquaries to imagine that, at some period " or other of his life, he possessed a little villa in the " neighbourhood; and tradition accordingly enno- " bles a few scattered fragments of walls and arches " with the interesting appellation of *Horace's villa*.

" The site is indeed worthy of the Poet. Defended " by a semicircular range of wooded mountains from " every cold and blustering wind, he might look " down on the playful windings of the *Anio* below, " discover numerous rills gleaming through the " thickets as they glided down the opposite bank, " enjoy a full view of the splendid mansion of his " friend *Mæcenas* rising directly before him, and " catch a distant perspective of *Aurea Roma*, of the " golden towers of the Capitol soaring majestic on " its distant mount. But, whatever his *wishes* might " be, it is not *probable* that his moderate income per- " mitted him to enjoy such a luxurious residence, in " a place so much frequented, and consequently so " very expensive; and, indeed, the very manner in " which those *wishes* are expressed seems to imply " but slight hopes of ever being able to realize them. " —*Tibur &c. sit—utinam—unde si* Parcæ prohibent " *iniquæ*.—If *Horace* actually possessed a villa there, " the wish was unnecessary, as the event lay in his " power. The authority of *Suetonius* seems indeed " positive; but it is possible that the same place may " be alluded to under the double appellation of his " *Sabine* or *Tiburtine* seat. The Poet, it is true, " often represents himself as meditating his compo- " sitions while he wandered along the plains, and " through the groves, of *Tibur*:

> " Circa nemus, uvidique
> " *Tiburis* ripas, operosa parvus
> " Carmina fingo.

" But, as he was probably a frequent companion " of *Mæcenas* in his excursions to *his* villa at *Tibur*, " he

"he may in those lines allude to his solitary ram-"bles and poetic reveries. *Catullus*, a *Roman* "knight, had fortune sufficient to indulge himself "in such an expensive residence; and accordingly "speaks with much complacency of his *Tiburtine* "retreat, which, on account of its proximity to the "town, he calls *suburbana*. *Munatius Plancus* "also possessed a villa at *Tibur*, apparently of great "beauty. To this the Poet alludes in that *Ode*, "where, enlarging on the charms of the place, he "recommends indirectly, and with much delicacy, "to his friend, who, in a moment of despondency, "had resolved upon a voluntary exile, his delight-"ful seat at *Tibur* as a retirement far preferable to "*Rhodes* and *Mitylene*, places in those times much "frequented by disaffected or banished *Romans*."

Alas! I had fondly hoped that I should deposit the preceding statement in the hands of *Mr. Eustace* himself, and had begun to copy it for him, when I heard that we had lost that accomplished and brilliant Historian*.

As we are now upon the subject of *Horace's* villa, I take the liberty of laying before you an admired criticism struck out by *Mr. Nicholas Hardinge*†, and adopted implicitly, as I happen to know, by the Patriarch of Commentators, *Dr. Bentley* himself, though not recorded.

As it has been already mentioned, in p. 654; I will now merely give the hint of it.

* How little did the learned and worthy Judge foresee that his own end was so near approaching! J. N.

† I have lately made another discovery of greater value: It is, that *Markland* commends my Father's critique upon the *Ne semper*; and that *Parr* countersigns him, as well as *Taylor*. The passages are short, but pithy; and, if you love your Father's memory, you will not be angry with me for loving that of mine.—At this moment, I would give the eyes of *Argus* (if I had them all) to obtain the "Epistola Critica" of *Markland* to *Hare*.—G. H.

The

The lines in Horace to Mæcenas are these:

Eripe te moræ,
Ne semper udum *Tibur*, et *Æsulæ*
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.
Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque *Romæ*.

The Reader will be astonished when I tell him that, as the words now appear, accompanied by our knowledge of the scene, it is perfect ridicule and folly.

To familiarize it, it is just as if I should say to some great man who lived in town, or near it, "Come to me, that you may not always contemplate *Esher*, *Hampton Court*, and *Richmond*."

The scenery which the Poet here describes, as that which he exhorts *Mæcenas* to contemplate no more for a time, is the very scene for which he invites him to leave town, and visit him, who (it seems agreed) had a villa in *Tibur*, unless this Ode is to deprive him of it. How then would *Mæcenas* cease to contemplate the *udum Tibur*, &c. by coming to it?

My Father proposed (and *Bentley* approved) instead of *ne*, to read *ut*; and then to compress the *semper-udum* into a single word, marking the perennial streams of the *Tiburine* scene.

The manner of *Bentley's* approbation was characteristic of his wit, his memory, and his familiar habits, which tempted him to put a modern thought into *Latin*, or *Greek*, centuries old.

Mr. Townshend, the first *Viscount Sydney's* father, and *Mr. Hardinge's* intimate friend, stated the remark and the correction to *Dr. Bentley*.

"Good," said he, "*very* good!—and *sound*; but that *Hardinge* is a *King's*-man!—is he not?—

Those

Those *King's-men* are bad fellows—not one, or another, but all of them—except *Hardinge*—and *Hardinge* is a *King's-man!*"

He immediately recollected an epigram of *Phucylides*, which he repeated, laughing all the time:

'Ως επε Φωκυλιδες· Λυριοι κακοι· εκ ὁ μεν ὁς τε
Παντες—πλὴν Προκλεως·—και Προκλεης Λυριος.

I have attempted the image in *English* rhime:

I hate those *Lyricks* — they are trump'ry men —
It is not one, or two, or nine in ten,—
I hate 'em *all*, *Phucylides* exclaim'd,
Except that *Procles*, whom you just have nam'd:
He 's an exception to the worthless crew;
And yet, that *Procles is* a *Lyric* too. G. H.

If you and I, my incomparable Coadjutor, should reach the page * in which the Letter of *Richard Phelps* and the Journal of *Eustace* are compared, I have to request that, after you have introduced my Father's critique, and closed it, you will add these words, upon a curious problem at issue between *Phelps* and *Eustace;* but in which I conceive the former to be indisputably the better Classic of the two.

Mr. Phelps, in this lively, but clear and sensible account, wants no help from those who may adopt his opinion, much less would mine be of use; but I think him so clearly in the right, that I cannot help suggesting a reply or two upon the objections of *Mr. Eustace*, and a fair appeal to the Reader upon the union of all the passages which refer (as I at least conceive) to the villa near *Tibur*.

* The benevolent Writer did not live to see this page printed; and his *Coadjutor* very narrowly escaped from a most alarming illness as this sheet was passing through the press. J. N.

Both

Both of these gentlemen are so far *hypercritics*, that what is the vulgar tradition of the *local* and of the ruins obtains no credit from *either* of them—and whether *Mr. Phelps* makes out a tolerable conjecture as to the real spot, is no question before us.

But I wish to say a word upon the general question, whether it appears *from Horace* himself that he had *any villa near Tibur*.

The first objection of *Mr. Eustace* appears to me rather colourable than solid.

" *He wishes for it*," says the Writer, " and a man " does not *wish* for that which he *has*."

He then gives the following passage, and which it appears to me that he has perfectly misunderstood in more views than one.

> TIBUR, Argæo positum colono,
> Sit meæ sedes UTINAM senectæ;
> Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
> Militiæque.
> UNDE si PARCÆ PROHIBENT INIQUÆ, &c.

He does not (as *of course*) wish to possess it as a *new* acquisition; for, if he *had* it, the words could be reconciled with his wish to *retain* it in *his old age*—and what he deprecates may be the *loss* of it, by violence, or fraud, or poverty. If the words, however, *could* be so reconciled, that sense would be due to them (as determining the construction) which corresponds to other passages in the same Poet, that he may be consistent with himself.

But, excluding at present even that argument, I am surprized at the want of attention to this very Ode in particular, which alone can have misled so acute a mind as that of *Mr. Eustace*.

The Ode refers evidently to the scene as that which the Poet then *possessed*, and from which, on account of his partiality for it, he wished never to be *removed* by *the Fates*.

It

It is an Ode addressed by him to his friend *Titius Septimius*, his brother-officer in early days, who, as it should seem from the context, had invited him to *his* villa near *Tarentum*, a favourite retreat of the *Romans* who were expatriated either by their fears or their independent spirit.

He begins by telling him that he knows his friend would accompany *him* to the remotest and wildest part of the world:

> *Septimi*, Gades aditure mecum, et
> *Cantabrum* indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
> Barbaras *Syrtes*, ubi *Maura* semper
> Æstuat unda:

Of course *he* should be equally desirous to accompany his friend: but he means to decline it, and he is to give the reason for it, which is, that he wishes for *no Tarentum*, unless DRIVEN from TIBUR. The Ode in any other sense would be unintelligible, and the wish for *Tibur* absurd, especially with a reference to his *old age*, which had not then arrived.

The very second stanza introduces the wish that he may *end his days* in *Tibur*, a scene which, if he had it, he could not without inconvenience *desert*, or perhaps without peril of *losing* it. But it is very natural that, after expressing a wish to *retain it*, he should pay his friend's taste the compliment, and should give *Tarentum* the *second place*, which he does throughout the sequel of the Ode—marking that *Septimius* was there, and was likely to be there if HORACE could REACH him—losing *Tibur* by force. The words —

> ILLE TE MECUM locus, et beatæ
> POSTULANT arces.

There he tells him they would live together, and his friend would close his eyes. All the Ode except the

the first and second stanza is one of *Horace's* graceful compliments to his friend's preference of *Tarentum*. The Editors and Commentators (all at least whom I have reached) give this interpretation, which makes the Ode consistent and proper.

The next objection of *Mr. Eustace* appears to me an extraordinary one: "It was too beautiful a scene "to be in the *reach of Horace's purse;* for it was "*crowded with villas,* and must have been too pro-"digal a luxury for *him.*"

In the first place, how can *Mr. Eustace* convince me that *Mæcenas* could not have allotted a little nook for him near his own villa—if it is clear that he had one, as tradition reports—or, if he had not, could not have paid the rent of a little cottage in this romantic scene for his friend?

But *Mr. Eustace* must have read *Horace* cursorily, if a passage which completely refutes this remark eluded his critical eye.

1 Epist. iii. 44.

PARVUM PARVA decent: mihi jam non REGIA ROMA,
Sed VACUUM TIBUR placet, aut imbelle TARENTUM.

"VACUUM (says the note) ob PAUCOS INCOLAS atque ob "*otium*—dilogως. B.

By the way, this very Epistle shews two things: 1. the liberality of *Mæcenas* to his Poet; and 2. that *Horace,* who is invited by him into the country, could not have invited him to the neighbourhood of *Tibur.*

The key to all the passages which point at the villa suggested by *Mr. Eustace,* and in which others had anticipated him, has been taken from them by *Mr. Phelps,* without effort, and with no spirit of litigation or self-conceit. The

Romæ Tibur *amem ventosus, Tibure Romam,*

is too cavalier for *Horace,* considered only as a guest of *Mæcenas* (which, by the way, it never appears that he

he was); but it is very intelligible with a reference to a town residence and a country one capriciously exchanged, which is the turn of the passage. In all these cases the context is the best key.

It is a low-spirited Letter to *Celsus Albinovanus.* He describes himself, in the most elegant language—

Vivere nec rectè nec suaviter —

not, says he, that my vineyards are crushed by the hail, or the heat has bit my olives; not that my herds are sick in a distant field (so that he had property); but it is because I am worse in health of the mind than in that of the body. I will not hear, I will not learn, what may relieve *this* complaint. I am offended with my physicians, and quarrel with my best friends. "*At Rome* I wish for *Tibur* — "when AT TIBUR I wish to be at *Rome!*" How *can* this point at any *Tibur* but his own?

But I have another passage from *Horace* which may illustrate the subject. *Mr. Eustace* observes, that *Tibur,* as a generic description, might reach the *Sabine territory,* and quotes from *Catullus* to that effect.

But I think it is clear that, *è converso,* the *Sabines* would embrace *Tibur,* if credit is given to *Horace himself,* Carm. lib. III. iv. 22.

Vester, Camœnæ, vester in ARDUOS
TOLLOR SABINOS: SEU mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu TIBUR SUPINUM,
Seu liquidæ placuere *Baiæ.*

Here *Tibur,* and so described (by the epithet *supinum*) as to be the modern *Tivoli,* is represented as a feature of THE SABINE TERRITORY; and these lines mark (as well as all the rest) that he had a something of his own in that part of the world.

Dr. Bentley has dated all *Horace's* works.

According to *him,* the Ode expressing *the wish* was written when he was 40, or 41, years of age.

The

The Epistle which commends the *vacuum Tibur*, and that in which he marks the levity of his choice and love between *Tibur* and *Rome*, he ascribes to the 46th year of his age.

Having stated these preliminary comments, and referring to the passages already enumerated, I add the following:

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

This Ode was written when he was 50 years of age, as *Bentley* calculates.

In this high-spirited and sublime Ode, having been challenged by *Julius Antonius* to emulate *Pindar* in celebrating a victory of *Augustus*, he affects to decline it, speaks of his model in terms of rapture, and then produces the miniature of his own powers in this exquisite passage:

Multa *Dircæum* levat aura cycnum,
Tendit, *Antoni*, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus. *Ego*, apis Matinæ
More modoque,

Grata carpentis thyma per *laborem*
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
TIBURIS ripas, operosa PARVUS
Carmina fingo.

But why in *Tibur*, and so *hard at work*, if he had no RESIDENCE there?

At the very same period he writes another Ode, no less beautiful:

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel, &c.

He begins with a magnificent *éloge* upon himself —as a Bard—not that he is in a military car, and shewn to the Capitol:

Sed

Sed quæ TIBUR AQUÆ fertile perfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

But why are *those waters* to have *the monopoly* of his *fame*?

In Carm. I. vii. he gives *Tibur* the choice and preference of his own taste:

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam *Larissæ* percussit campus opimæ,
Quàm domus *Albuneæ* resonantis,
Et præceps *Anio*, et *Tiburni* lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

He advises ***Plancus*** to make HIS (***Plancus's***) villa there the seat of his retirement from ***Rome***, and (with his favourite advice) to bury sorrow in wine; and then he will be sure to do well, in camp or at his own villa: and here the expression seems emphatical, TIBURIS umbra TUI.—But why *tui*, unless ***Horace*** had a villa there too?

The construction put by Mr. ***Nicholas Hardinge*** upon the ***Ne semper udum Tibur*** is confirmed by all the preceding passages; for it is clear that he invites MÆCENAS to his villa as a guest:

Jamdudum apud ME est.
——— PAUPERUM cœnæ, &c.

To resume this delightful Correspondent:

There is an earlier Letter of PHELPS to DAVIES, from *Vienna*, with no year annexed, but from the context I guess it was in 1750. He there says, that he has been abroad almost one year, so that he commenced his travels in 1749. It is so entertaining, that I cannot forbear to make further demands upon your patience and predilection.

"DEAR

"Dear Sir, *Vienna, Sept.* 22 (probably 1750.)
"I have been abroad now almost a full year, and "begin to think it high time to lay before you some "little account of what I have seen. As you love "to be at the fountain-head, I shall carry you "immediately to *Rome*, where I have spent the "greatest part of my time, and yet much too little "for a thorough examination of all the *Virtù*. "I hope, however, to return in a month or two, "when I shall endeavour to acquire a more accu-"rate knowledge of its antiquities, and of its mo-"dern beauties. Its present walls, built, some An-"tiquaries tell you, others repaired, by *Belisa-"rius*, are fifteen miles in circuit; but, as the city is "in many parts filled up with vineyards, gardens, and "waste ground, the number of inhabitants bears no "proportion to so wide a circumference. It is no "difficult enterprize to ascertain the girdle of the *Old "City*. The *Agger Tarquinii* is very discernible; "and from thence you may observe all the way "round that they built the wall as the ground fa-"voured them, in order to make it more defensible; "whereas that which now appears is built without "any view to such an advantage, and seems to be "run up in haste. The numerous ruins in the "town have raised the earth so much, that *the Seven "Hills* have lost much of their distinct appearance, "though the *Capitol*, where it has not been sloped "on purpose for the convenience of ascent, still "shews you how strong it must have been formerly, "and how much higher than the parts round it.

"The Antiquary who attends you in your course "is an *Englishman*, and bred up all his life in *the "Pope's galleys*. He is, of course, about as equal to "the office he undertakes, as he would be to that of "*Lord High Admiral in England!* However, he "serves to shew you the undisputed antiquities, "just as the man at *Westminster Abbey* serves to "shew the tombs. He carries you to the two differ-

"ent parts of the *Capitol*, and leaves *you* to chuse "one of them for the *Tarpeian rock*. As the situa-"tion has been exactly delineated by the Histo-"rians, you easily distinguish the real one. The "ground under both has been much filled up; but "there is even still such an ample space remaining, "that if the good *Bishop of Salisbury* had himself "tried the experiment of jumping down, as he as-"sures us that any one could have safely done, I am "*afraid* we should have lost *an excellent* * *Histo-"rian*. The *Capitol*, as it was formerly the main "strength of *Rome*, is even still one of its principal "ornaments. You ascend by a gentle slope between "balustrades into a large *cortile*, where you com-"mand a very handsome building in front, between "two wings. This front building contains offices, "&c. for certain magistrates of the City; and the "wings are the magazines, if that is not a degrading "word, for the antique statues, busts, and sculp-"tures of all kinds. The Pope of the day has been "at some expence in making additions to them, and "in ranging them with a more accommodating re-"gularity.

"In the middle of the court stands the famous "equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*: it is of "gilt brass, and is conceived in a remarkably fine "taste. From the place where it was found, and "from its perfect preservation, it was supposed never "to have been erected, when it was found that un-"der the horseman's left arm was a *cornucopiæ*, the "fruits and flowers of which were of wrought gold. "These, in a figure of so gigantic a size, must have "been of considerable value, and were therefore se-"creted. But as this *cornucopiæ* did honour only "to the Emperor, none to the figure, the loss of it "is of no detriment. I have seen many antique "models in miniature by comparison of this beau-

* The wit of this remark is very neat; for the "*peril* of the *Historian*" discredits him, and makes a bow to him at the same time.

"tiful

"tiful statue, and, as I remember, almost all of "them have the *cornucopiæ*.

"Upon the balustrade that runs along the front "of the *cortile* are two trophies in marble, at-"tributed by some to *Marius*, by others to *Tra-"jan*.—The advocates for *Trajan* object the good-"ness of the work, as too perfect for *Marius's* time, "without considering that his trophies were re-"stored by *Julius Cæsar*, and consequently that "objection falls to the ground:—but I suspect "there are no proofs on either side. Upon the "same balustrade is an antique *lapis milliarius* with "number *one* upon it, found in one of the old "ways; but, by the ignorance of one of the workmen "who found it, and who never marked where it "was found, it is of no use in clearing up the point "from what part of the City the *Romans* began "their miles, and consequently what the perfect "measure of them was. But I had most occasion "to censure the ignorance of the workmen, in going "up the stairs that carry you to the antique statues, "&c. where you are entertained with an antique "plan of *Rome*, engraved upon white marble, broke "all to pieces, and fixed upon the wall in every de-"gree of confusion imaginable, and I am afraid be-"yond the power of adjustment by art. It was "found in its regular disposition, though cracked "all through in the pieces that are seen at present; "and no immediate care being taken to preserve it "in that order, the workmen threw it all in a heap, "which I am afraid the whole *Conclave* are not able "to rectify. If you read this paragraph in the "morning, I wish it may not spoil your dinner, as "I assure you *the sight* of these Gothic and Cimme-"rian horrors had this very effect upon me.

"I shall not be able to give you an account of the "celebrated statues and sculptures in the *Capitol* at "present, having left my notes behind me in *Italy*. "Some of the most remarkable I can recollect, and

"shall

" shall set them down without any order as they " happen to occur.

" The dying Gladiator, in *Grecian* taste, and beau-" tifully expressed. He has two wounds, one in " his thigh, another in his breast; and is just in the " point of dying. He has a rope round his neck, " in the nature of a collar, to shew that he was a " slave. It has a good effect, as it increases the mi-" sery of his appearance.

" A large statue of white marble:—It has all the " attitude and form of an *Egyptian* one, but the " expression and the turn of the limbs prove it of " *Grecian* work. It was, in all probability, de-" signed for conveyance to *Rome*, as it is made so " as to divide in two pieces for convenience of car-" riage.

" A *Flora*, lately found, very perfect, and su-" premely beautiful.—But it is idle to give you only " a catalogue without particular descriptions, which " at present I am unable to add. I shall therefore " only mention three articles more:

" The two first are *bas reliefs*, and which I think " are in as great perfection as it is practicable for the " chissel to reach. The first is, *Perseus* leading " *Andromeda* down from the rock after he has over-" come and slain the monster. The noble and " manly countenance and gesture of the hero, " softened by the modest loveliness of the rescued " nymph, are above all conception. The second is, " *Endymion* asleep, remarkable for the natural grace " of the limbs, and beauty of the attitude. The " last is, the Wolf, and the two Brothers in the act " of sucking her, more remarkable for being, in all " probability, the identical statue which is men-" tioned by *Cicero*, than for the powers of sculpture " displayed in the work. If you remember, this " *friend of yours* mentions, at least, a similar statue " in brass, but which had been struck with light-

" ning.

" ning. The wolf's thigh is melted in such a man- " ner that I cannot see how it could be the effect of " any thing but a sudden blast, and such as light- " ning would produce. It certainly is accomplished " by some operation of fire, and I see not the least " appearance of art in it.

" As, like a magician, I must consult my books " before I can give you an exact description within " the City, I will emigrate with you in two direc- " tions, and then I shall have pretty well tired you.

" The *Villa Madama* is the first. It stands upon " the top of a hill, two miles from *Rome;* and I " think I may venture to call it, without a colour " of dispute, the villa of *Julius Martialis.* I dined " in the villa, and, with a *Martial* in my pocket, I " could have almost sworn that I read his epigram,

" *Juli* jugera pauca *Martialis*,
" Hortis *Hesperidûm* beatiora,
" Longo *Janiculi* jugo recumbunt,

" in the very identical spot where he wrote it. This, " however, is curious, that if I had gone two hun- " dred yards more to the right, or more to the left, I " had lost all those parts which he describes, and " consequently could not have reached the position " from which he takes the landscape. This epigram " too clears up an error of the Antiquaries, who place " the *Janiculum* just behind the *Vatican*, and con- " fine it into a very narrow space: whereas, besides " the expression of *longo Janiculi jugo*, if you were " to stand upon the path which they call the *Jani-* " *culum*, you would be so far from seeing the whole " picture given you by *Martial*, that you would not " see any one thing in perfection but the *Albanos* " *Tusculosve colles*, which you cannot fail to see, go " where you will.

" The

"The other place I mean, is that mentioned by " *Horace:*

" Domus *Albuneæ* resonantis,
" Et præceps *Anio*, et *Tiburni* lucus, &c.

" This is a most beautiful and romantic situation. " *Præceps Anio* is a whole river, that falls down at " once an awful depth, and then branches into " cascades of inferior size for two miles.

" Near the fall stands the *Temple of the Sibyls.* " It is of a circular form, and of pretty architecture. " I think it as beautiful a ruin of the size as I ever " saw. But the *domus Albuneæ resonantis*, in *Ho-* " *race*, I had never seen till I was shewn the place, " and even still I do not feel sure that I am right. " The *Albunea* was formerly a grove, but is now " only a barren waste, except what remains of the " sulphureous lake, which is much decreased, and, " perhaps, upon that account many little islands are " formed by the weeds and scum of the water.— " These not only are often consolidated, but from a " long stagnation of the lake, join to the sides, and " contract the margin. The lake has an outlet " through a kind of subterraneous aqueduct, and it " *now* makes a noise in running through it, so that " when the body of the water was more considerable, " and the aqueduct stuffed up less, it must have " been more noisy in proportion, which, added to " the horror of a consecrated grove, made them " stile it the *Albunea resonans.*

" There is a passage in *Virgil* which confirms this " interpretation.

" Lucosque sub altâ
" Consulit *Albuneâ*, nemorum quæ maxima puro
" Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca *Mephitem.*

"As you have commentators of all sorts and sizes, " I wish you would let me know what they mutter " upon these passages. RICHARD PHELPS."

To

To John Nichols, Esq.

My invaluable Friend, *Walton Grove, Mar. 26, 1816.*

I am delighted with your *Ninth Volume*, which contains many interesting articles; and shall send you some Comments and Corrections.

From the nature of your Work, much of it will not *interest* or *entertain* any but *us* Antiquaries; and may be thought, even as to *them*, or other and *more popular Heroes*, too minute. I answer, as your Champion, that all branches of Literature fall within your plan—that where you dig up, as it were, obscure men, it is the most benevolent office, and the most useful to the policy of encouraging the Pursuit of Literature, by the recompence of making the adventurers, who act upon the noblest principles, not as mercenaries, better known.

But you owe to me some recompence for the heavy disappointment I have experienced from the delay of the publication of Wray*; and that recompence is, though it should produce *more delay*†, that you should confer upon my *ambition* the honour of accompanying *Doctor* Parr in the same volume‡. I

* The Memoirs of Mr. Wray were intended (both by Mr. Hardinge and myself) to have formed a prominent part of the Ninth Volume of the "Literary Anecdotes;" and with that view were begun at the press in the Autumn of 1814; but, from a variety of unexpected disappointments experienced by Mr. Hardinge in his indefatigable researches, it was more than nine months before the first sheet was actually printed off, and nearly nine months more before the whole was finished. In the mean time the Ninth Volume had been completed by other articles.

† "By no means publish Wray till it is complete," was the injunction of more than one Letter.

‡ That illustrious Luminary of Learning has kindly undertaken to favour me with what I shall consider as the brightest ornament of these Volumes; and I still flatter myself that Mr. Hardinge's wishes may be indulged, by the appearance of Dr. Parr's very interesting communication in the same volume with Mr. Hardinge's Memoirs of Sir John Pratt, Earl Camden, and Mr. Nicholas Hardinge.

will

will *bribe you*, if I can; though I have been impudent enough to think our friendship ensured your coincidence in all my wishes that are ingenuous—and I *think*, if I know myself, the *ambition* to which I allude is that of being accredited as an admirer of Genius and Virtue. My wish to accompany *Dr.* Parr, and you may tell him so, arises from the enthusiasm which I entertain for his powerful intellect, for his classical taste, for his depth of learning, and for his eloquence.

I have still treasures upon treasures for you; particularly an admirable composition by *Dr. Hardinge*, my uncle, in *Latin* Iambics. I also mean to give you (apart from *Lord Camden's* Life) Memoirs of his wonderful Father *Sir John Pratt*. They are *finished*, and wait your commands.

I could give you some characteristic traits of *Dr. Glynn*, whom I intimately knew, and of whom I possess many Letters to me, but all of them on a subject of business.

Remind me of *Athenian Stuart* and *Dr. Good*.

Yours affectionately, G. Hardinge.

The Rev. John Clarke *, M. A.

John Clarke, the subject of this Memoir, derived no distinction from the splendour of hereditary descent. Born at Kirby-Misperton, otherwise called Kirby Over-Car, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, May 3, 1706, he discovered, in his earliest years, the strongest propensities to Literature. He was the son of an honest and industrious mechanic; whose extreme anxiety to give him a liberal education deserves every encomium. The Rector of his parish †, quick to discern and willing to encourage merit, placed him in the school of Thornton, a village in the neighbourhood, near Pickering, from whence he afterwards obtained a small exhibition to the University.

Having been thoroughly grounded in the elementary parts of learning, he was removed, first to the school of Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and then to that of Kirkleatham in Cleveland. The celebrity of Thomas Clark ‡, successively master of both those schools, is too well known to be here recorded. To his care the sons of the principal gentry of the county of York were entrusted.

* This excellent Memoir was first published in 1798, under the title of "The Good Schoolmaster, exemplified in the Character of the Rev. John Clarke, M. A. formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and successively Master of the Schools of Shipton, Beverley, and Wakefield, in the County of York, by Thomas Zouch, M. A. F. L. S.;" and was kindly communicated by the truly benevolent Author a very short time before his death. See a brief account of him in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 720.

† Mr. Peter Dubordieu, a French Refugee, educated in Clare Hall, Cambridge, B. A. 1692; M. A. 1697. He published a Treatise on the Theban Legion.

‡ Formerly of Jesus College, Cambridge; B. A. 1696; M. A. 1700. At his instance a room was built, contiguous to the school at Wakefield, for the reception of books.

From the instructions of this eminent preceptor our John Clarke acquired the most solid advantages; an improved taste—a chastised judgment—a regulated method of study.

He was admitted in 1723 a sizar of Trinity College, in Cambridge. He took his first degree in 1726, was elected Fellow of his College October 1, 1729, and proceeded Master of Arts in 1730.

The annual stipend of a Fellowship was, in those days, much inferior to its present value. A young man, who had not to boast of the emoluments of an enlarged patrimony, was under the necessity of forming an immediate intercourse with the world, merely to ensure to himself a comfortable subsistence. However grateful to a studious and contemplative mind the life of an Academician might be, he was often obliged to abandon the agreeable prospect before him, to adapt himself to the exigences of society, and thus to become the architect of his own fortune. John Clarke left the University with regret. During his residence there, he had distinguished himself by the propriety of his moral conduct, by his rapid proficiency in classic erudition. He had richly improved the golden opportunity of searching into all the storehouses of ancient learning. Though he possessed not the singular and almost incredible industry of a Castell *, who declared that to be an idle day in which he did not employ sixteen or eighteen hours in the pursuit of his biblical studies, yet his application was truly exemplary: He seems to have had the observation of Horace perpetually before him:

The youth, who hopes the Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and ev'ry toil sustain†. FRANCIS.

* Dr. Edmund Castell, Professor of the Arabic Language in the University of Cambridge. See the Dedication of his incomparable Lexicon to Charles II. Memoirs of him are given in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IV. p. 22.

† Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer. HOR.

He

He had repeatedly read the best Latin and Greek Authors with a nice and critical discernment. With the incomparable beauties of the three great Dramatic Poets he was intimately acquainted. He had indeed attentively examined, and no one knew better how to explain

——— What the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts.

MILTON'S P. R. lib. IV. l. 264.

Nor had he neglected the cultivation of his own language, in which he always expressed his ideas in a polished, flowing, and perspicuous style.

Fully accomplished for the purpose, he undertook the important province of educating youth. His first appointment was at Shipton *, near York, where is a school endowed with a yearly stipend of forty pounds. Being now in holy orders, he was presented to the Perpetual Curacy of Nunmonkton, the annual income of which did not at that time exceed sixteen pounds. While he remained in this situation, he married Mrs. Meek, a widow lady, the mother of three sons and one daughter, the care of whose education devolved upon him.

In 1735, the Mayor and Aldermen of Beverley, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, nominated him to their Grammar School. All his scholars followed him from Shipton to Beverley.

In 1751 he was solicited to accept the Mastership of the School at Wakefield, then vacated by the promotion of the Rev. Benjamin Wilson, one of the first Greek scholars of the age, to the vicarage of that town. Of this school it has been remarked, that it is "as famous as any whatsoever in these kingdoms, except those of Westminster, Winchester, and Eton." It is justly celebrated for the edu-

* Mrs. Anne Middleton, of the City of York, endowed this school by her will, dated August 24, 1655.

cation of BENTLEY *, and POTTER †, of the learned BINGHAM ‡, and the munificent RADCLIFFE §. He was elected April 8, 1751; the governors of the school allowing him a yearly income of one hundred and twenty pounds, and subjecting him to the payment of his ushers out of his own purse. Here he found the number of his scholars much increased; nor did he remit the most unwearied attention to his duty.

* Dr. Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was born in 1661-2, of very creditable parents, at Oulton, in the parish of Rothwell, otherwise Wrothwell, near Wakefield. He was educated under Mr. John Baskerville, who was elected Master of the Free Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth, at Wakefield, May 1, 1672. I have visited the house where he was born: it is a decent dwelling, healthfully situated, having a small estate attached to it, which had been in his name and family for many years. Wherever Learning is respected, the name of Bentley will gain applause. Mr. Toup, the father of Greek Literature in the eighteenth century, acknowledged that he learned more from Dr. Bentley, than from all the Critics of all the ages before. Z.

† Dr. John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1749, was son of Mr. Thomas Potter, a linen-draper at Wakefield.

‡ Mr. John Bingham, usually called the "learned Bingham," was born at Wakefield in 1668, and educated at the Grammar School there: the admired Author of "Origines Ecclesiasticæ." Notwithstanding his vast erudition, he did not obtain any considerable preferment in the Church. This is intimated in the inscription designed for his monument:

VÆ SÆCULO MERITORUM IMMEMORI
ET INGRATO,
CUM QUI PATRIARCHATUM IN ECCLESIA
MERUIT
NON NISI HEADBOURN-WORTHY ET AVANTI IN AGRO HANTON.
PAROCHUS OBIIT
ANNO { CHRISTI 1723,
ÆTATIS 55.

§ John Radcliffe, M. D. the founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, was born at Wakefield in 1650. In his answer to a letter written by the noted Obadiah Walker, who endeavoured to withdraw him from the Church of England, he thus expresses himself: "Having been born a Protestant at Wakefield, and sent from thence in that persuasion to Oxford, where, during my continuance, I had no relish for absurdities, I intend not to change my principles and turn Papist in London." Z.

An

"An endeavour to embalm the memory of a deserving man, by a plain and artless delineation of his character, will, I trust, never be thought unseasonable. It is not my intention to attempt a portrait of him from an abstracted idea of uncommon excellencies. I am eager to speak the language of truth—to describe him as he really was, without partiality or predilection.

With respect to his literary attainments he was equal to most of his contemporaries. His knowledge was not merely confined to those books which are usually introduced into our schools. He thoroughly understood the Poets, the Orators, the Historians, the Philosophers, the Critics of Greece and Rome. He had explored their writings with accuracy and precision. His philological and grammatical acquirements were the result of painful and rigid researches. The appellation of "Little Aristophanes *," for he was small of stature, was given to him from the encomium with which Dr. Bentley honoured him, after a close and severe examination of his proficiency in the works of that Poet. The Writer of this Memoir recollects with pleasure that facility of language, that happy flow of expression with which he interpreted the select Comedies of the Athenian Dramatist. When the divine Odes of Pindar were before him, he seemed to be full of that enthusiastic fervor which inflamed the Theban Bard. With Demosthenes he was all energy and vehemence. He sweetly moralized with Plato, as if walking along the flowery banks of Ilissus. With Isocrates he conversed mild and gentle as the dew on the tender grass. With Longinus he assumed the

* Previous to the admission of Mr. Clarke into Trinity College, a page of the Greek Text, with the Scholia, was placed before him. He explained the whole with the utmost perspicuity, elegance, and ease. Dr. Bentley immediately presented him with a valuable edition of the Comedies of Aristophanes; telling him, in language peculiar to himself, "that no scholar in Europe understood them better, one person only excepted." Z.

the dignity of an enlightened master of criticism, breathing the spirit of sublimity and grandeur.

Among the Writers of modern Latinity he preferred Vida in poetry, and Erasmus in prose. In the Poems of the Bishop of Alba he discovered the original genius of Virgil: in the works of Erasmus, whom we may truly denominate "the Morning Star of Learning," he saw and admired the native beauties of the Roman Orator.

It was one of the rules established in his school, to begin the mornings of the three first days in each week, with explaining to his scholars one select portion in the Version of the LXXII, and another in the Greek New Testament. Hence they familiarized themselves in their more tender years to the language of the Sacred Penmen. Many of them, intended for the Church, in conformity to his advice, continued to dedicate a short time every day to the careful perusal of the Scriptures, with the regular use of an interleaved Bible for the insertion of incidental remarks and illustrations. From this plan of study they derived very signal advantages. If this mode were universally adopted in our public schools, might it not enable the Candidates for Orders to acquit themselves with some degree of superior credit * ? But I have digressed from my subject.

* A most useful work, calculated to promote the religious instruction of youth, has been lately re-published by the Bishop of Chester, and dedicated by his Lordship to the Schoolmasters in his diocese: Alexander Nowell's Lesser Catechism. "Christianæ Pietatis prima Institutio. Ad Usum Scholarum Latinè scripta. Editio nova, Annotatiunculis aucta. Oxonii, 1795."

It is required of the Scholars who succeed to the exhibitions founded by Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that from their first admission into Queen's College, Oxford, they be obliged to spend one hour every morning in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and to write their own explications of such particular places and passages of Holy Scriptures, as their tutors shall think proper to appoint them, and which their tutors are required to call for at proper times. Z.

When

When we travel from our homes, vacant intervals of time necessarily occur—at an inn, or at the house of a friend. The charms of conversation are pleasing and instructive: yet the scene must be diversified: the hour of retirement will intervene. The excellent person, of whom I now write, eagerly desirous of improvement, and never less alone than when alone, was always furnished with books fitted for the pocket. These little volumes, the delightful companions of his leisure, afforded him continual employment. He may be said literally to have perused them by day and by night. Hence he retained an intimate and habitual knowledge of the best writers. And this method he strongly recommended to his pupils, whom, on their departure from school, he usually presented with an Elzevir, or some similar edition of a favourite Classic. Let not this be thought too trifling a circumstance to be noticed. Mr. Dodwell, one of our most learned writers, pursued this plan. "For this end he carried with him in his journeys the Hebrew Bible in four volumes, the Greek New Testament, and the Common Prayer accordingly. For the same purpose he had Thomas a Kempis, St. Augustine's Meditations, and other books of the like nature and size."

The predominancy of pride tends peculiarly to corrupt and debase the human heart. The truly good man is incapable of admitting it into his bosom. It is indeed incompatible with the Christian character. Mr. John Clarke was the sweet exemplar of humility and condescension. When occasionally he held an interview with one of inferior condition in life, they conversed with each other, like good Mr. Hooker and his Parish-clerk, "who never talked together but with their hats on and their hats off both at the same time." He accommodated himself with equal affability and kindness towards all. Whatever inequality of rank there might be among his scholars, he observed no other discrimi-

nation than that which was adjusted by the rule of a most exact and impartial equity. The modest, the diligent young man ever experienced his benignity and favour. And withal so mild and gentle was his disposition, as to render the path of science smooth and easy, even to those who were less diligent and attentive. But if unfortunately the exertion of magisterial authority became necessary, as the expanse of the ocean does not always remain unruffled and undisturbed, he assumed the awful and majestic dignity of a superior, determined to restrain petulance, to correct abuse, and to punish delinquency *. His severity was prudent and well-tempered, while at all times he discovered that glow of endearing affection, with which the parent anxiously consults the welfare of his child.

His zeal for the promotion of elegant literature induced him to embrace every opportunity of enriching

* The severity formerly exercised in many of our public schools was probably necessary, to enforce discipline, to check thoughtless levity, and to chastise stubborn laziness. It will not displease the reader to know the reasons which induced the celebrated ROGER ASCHAM to compose his Treatise on Education. This learned and elaborate work of the Author, who was Latin Secretary and Tutor for the Greek Tongue to Queen Elizabeth, was published about three years after his death by his wife Margaret, who dedicates it to Sir William Cecil, Principal Secretary of State. It was first undertaken on occasion of some discourse which happened at the said Sir William Cecil's table, in his apartment at Windsor, when the Court was retired thither at the time of a great plague in London, in 1563, when Sir William telling the company he had heard that divers scholars of Eton had run away that morning from the school for fear of beating, it produced their different sentiments, "Whether mildness or severity had the best effect in the scholastic education of youth?" Mr. Ascham had inclined, as Sir William had done, to the milder course, and used such arguments, that Sir Richard Sackville, Treasurer of the Exchequer, then present, afterwards prevailed upon him to draw his thoughts out upon the teaching and training of youth into a regular Treatise for the use, among others, of his grandson, Master Robert Sackville; and that was the occasion of writing this Work.

Catalogue of Pamphlets in the Harleian Library, p. 221. Z.

riching the schools of Beverley and Wakefield with a most valuable collection of books. He chose them with singular discernment: The libraries in each of those schools were furnished through his means with volumes more precious than the gems of India; with the best Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics; with the works of modern Critics, Historians, and Poets. For this instance of benevolent and judicious care, the Corporation of Beverley expressed their sentiments of grateful remembrance, by causing a marble tablet to be erected with the following inscription:

VIRO REVERENDO
JOHANNI CLARKE, A. M.
QUOD HANC BIBLIOTHECAM
AD QUAM PENE INANEM ACCESSERAT
LIBRIS
QUICUNQUE IN POLITIORE HUMANITATE HABENTUR PRÆCIPUI
CONSILIO—CURA—AUCTORITATE SUA PARATIS
PER QUINDECIM ANNOS
QUIBUS INSIGNI CUM DOCTRINÆ ET DILIGENTIÆ LAUDE
HUIC SCHOLÆ PRÆFUIT
MUNERE DECEDENS ANNO MDCCLI
IN USUM SCHOLÆ PUBLICUM
INSTRUCTAM RELIQUIT
PRÆTOR ATQUE SENATUS BEVERLACENSIS
PONI CURAVERUNT.

If any part of his professional character did not so justly entitle him to applause, it was the scrupulous exactness which he observed in revising and correcting the exercises of his pupils. A perfect judge of fine writing, I had almost said an hypercritic, he assigned to that employment a much larger allotment of time than seemed to be consistent with his other engagements. He scrutinised every word; he weighed every syllable with a diligence which was not, perhaps, always necessary. He was exquisitely nice in the choice of his language, even in the daily task of writing letters on the topics of common life. He seldom satisfied his own severe judgment. They were penned with elegance and correctness, yet they cost him more labour and assiduity

ity than may be thought requisite for the dispatch of the ordinary business of the world. It may be considered almost a misfortune to possess that delicate refinement of taste, which approximates to fastidiousness.

From the temper and disposition of a pedant he was entirely removed. No supercilious frown contracted his brow. The words of contemptuous insolence, or of petulant censure, flowed not from his lips. No affectation of superior learning, no bold confidence of dogmatical assertion, debased his demeanour.

Such were his native timidity and distrust of himself, that, when he was in public company, he seldom ventured to declare his sentiments on subjects which were perfectly familiar to him. But in private conversation with two or three select friends, he communicated his knowledge with the most ingenuous freedom and openness of discourse. He was equally ready both to give and to receive instruction: with the scholar described by Chaucer,

Sounding in morall virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learne, and gladly teach.

It has been suggested that he published no specimens of his own composition. For this omission, if haply it may be deemed a defect, various reasons might be proposed. But it is sufficient to observe, that he forgot not the department in which Providence had fixed him. The arduous task of instructing youth, which was his allotted portion in life, engrossed his whole attention, engaged all his diligence. I have, however, some cause to think that, if he had been fortunate enough to have obtained an exemption from the labours of his occupation, by a comfortable provision; if he had been indulged in the decline of life with a sound body, and the free enjoyment of his mental faculties, he would have enriched the literary world with a work, which would not have disgraced the fame of the accomplished scholar.

Of

Of the excellency of our civil and ecclesiastical constitution, he entertained the most respectful sentiments. Those sentiments he studiously endeavoured to inculcate into his scholars. No one loved his country with a more cordial affection. Every event that tended to promote its prosperity filled him with an exultation almost enthusiastic; whilst any sinister or disastrous accident sunk his mind into sorrow and dejection. If he had lived to see the romantic plans of those men, who, under the specious idea of Reform both in Church and State, are vainly ambitious to impede the measures of Government, and to excite murmuring and discontent amidst an happy people, how poignant would have been his feelings, how serious his indignation! One virtuous effort of a private individual to amend the morals of his fellow citizens, would have availed with him more than ten thousand airy schemes of political innovation.

His religious character I contemplate with heartfelt pleasure. Deeply affected with the momentous truths of Revelation, he had no wish nearer to his heart, than that of impressing a due sense of them on the minds of others. An exemplary proficient in primitive piety, a lovely pattern of Christian faith and Christian practice, he exhibited in his life and conversation the vital energy of inward religion; he uniformly displayed that angelic innocence, that charming simplicity of manners, which so strongly characterised the great Doctor of the Jewish Law, whom our Divine Master dignified with the title of "an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile"— A title infinitely surpassing all the frivolous distinctions of earthly grandeur.

Diffident and modest, he could seldom persuade himself to preach before a crowded audience: but was always ready to assist the country clergymen in the neighbouring villages. Once, however, he conquered this timidity. Mr. Thomas Mease, an ancient

cient and reverend gentleman, died at the age of eighty years. He had for fifty years and upwards regularly attended the service of St. John's Church, in Beverley, usually called the Minster, twice every day: diligently and fervently performing his duty, which was preaching twice on Sundays, and once on Wednesdays. Mr. Clarke, thinking it a disgrace that the remains of so venerable a person should be carried to the grave unnoticed, went into the pulpit, and from thence delivered an excellent discourse, perfectly suitable to the occasion.

The institution of youth, in this country, is generally consigned to the Clergy. Those of them who from the earliest period of their lives have devoted themselves to this momentous function, are surely entitled to a public recompense, to a grateful return for their past labours. Have we not reason to regret that they are too often neglected and unrewarded? Detached from the bustle, removed from the glitter of the world, they know not its intrigues; they know not the windings of that very crooked path which often leads to promotion. But this is not invariably the case. The merit of a Gilpin * has been distinguished by the beneficence of an eminent Prelate †.

An unsolicited preferment, bestowed by the same Prelate upon a gentleman in his Diocese, who for the space of forty years had sustained the character of a Good Schoolmaster, demands our approbation, our warmest applause. Such instances are indeed too rare; when they do occur, they fill the mind with joy and genuine satisfaction.

* The Reader, who has a relish for the beauties of Nature, will be highly gratified with Mr. Gilpin's "Forest Scenery;" "Scotch Tour;" &c.—His "Lectures on the Church Catechism," and his "Exposition of the New Testament," are entitled to every encomium. Z.

† Mr. Gilpin was presented to a Prebend of Salisbury, in 1783, by Bp. Barrington.

Mr.

Mr. Clarke was induced to expect a presentation from a person who possessed great patronage in a distant county. A vacancy happened: A prior engagement was pleaded. A second, a third vacancy followed. Still the promised boon did not arrive. At one time several of the Nobility, with some Members of Parliament, solicited for him preferment from the Duke of Newcastle, then Prime Minister. His Grace resisted the application, urging the hackneyed objection, that to comply with their request, would be to deprive the publick of a good Schoolmaster. He was at length presented by Mr. Jolliffe, formerly one of his scholars, and who had married Miss Meck, the daughter of Mrs. Clarke, to a small vicarage in Essex. But his imbecility both of mind and body incapacitated him for receiving institution. The living was held for his benefit by the Rev. Robert Ingram, the present incumbent, who had been educated under him. This Clergyman, in the privacy of a country village, devotes his whole time to the study of the Sacred Writings, and particularly of the prophetic parts of them. The Remarks which he has published on several passages of the Apocalypse deserve to be more known. But little encouragement is given to pursuits of this kind, though of vast consequence to Religion, when conducted with sobriety and discretion.

A considerable income annually accrued to our truly amiable Preceptor from the uniformly flourishing state of his School. Yet it is much to be lamented that various causes conspired to preclude him even from a moderate acquisition of wealth. He was temperate indeed in his desires, free from excess in his food and mode of living, but on all occasions highly beneficent and generous. Having imbibed the very spirit of integrity, he entertained no distrust of the good faith of others. He harboured in his mind no suspicions of the artful designs of interested men.

men. Alas! unskilled in the lessons of secular prudence, he incurred great pecuniary losses. One day examining the state of his finances, he found it so ill according with his expectations, that he burst into a flood of tears; agitated, no doubt, with the dismal apprehensions of distress in that condition of wretchedness to which he might possibly be reduced, when bending under the pressure of age, or suffering from the pangs of disease.

A wise and good man, when he arrives at a certain period of life, conscious of having performed the duties of his station with dignity to himself and real advantage to his fellow-creatures, cheerfully retires from each busy scene. In the shade of privacy and sequestered ease, he endeavours to place his mind in a state of tranquillity and recollection—making a pause, as it were, before his departure from this world;

His anxious day to husband near the close,
And keep life's flame from wasting by repose.

Thus, to proceed in the language of the Poet, he prepares himself

——————— to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences, ere the world be past.

This envied portion of human felicity was not granted to Mr. Clarke. The evening of his day was overcast with the dark clouds of inquietude, despondency, and mental depression.

An uninterrupted application to the duties of his office too soon impaired his health. His constitution, naturally tender, discovered symptoms of decay in 1758. An unfortunate incident accelerated the approach of accumulated indisposition. He was desired by a sick Clergyman to undertake the care of his Church at Rothwell, near Wakefield. "The frost

frost was severe. He thought it safer to walk than to ride. Over-heated, he went into a damp Church, and put on a damp surplice. His perspiration sustained so sudden and severe a check, that the next morning he was seized with a most alarming stroke of an apoplexy, from which he never perfectly recovered. In the beginning of 1759 he had a second attack, which rendered him unable to pay any attention to his scholars. When he found himself under the necessity of relinquishing his employment, the Governors of the School, with their accustomed generosity, presented him with an unsolicited and very seasonable benefaction of fifty guineas.

A picture still more unpleasing now obtrudes itself on our view. His mental powers were nearly worn out by continual exercise—the frame of his body became shattered and debilitated—the fair and beauteous edifice, which lately attracted our admiration, was seen suddenly to moulder into ruin—the exertions of reason ruffled and discomposed—the memory denuded and stripped of its noble, great, and sprightly ideas—the fire of genius exhausted—the edge of the intellectual faculties blunted:—surely so miserable and forlorn a state must excite the sentiments of compassion. How distressful! how humiliating this to the pride of Science and the parade of Learning! In a letter written to me by the apothecary who attended him at this time, his situation is described to have been so mournful and melancholy, that I cannot read the narrative but with grief and bitter anguish of heart.

Yet, to gild this scene of sorrow, some faint gleams of brightness were observed occasionally to burst forth. In his short intervals of convalescence, he amused himself with reading the works of Greek authors, and particularly the Moral Characters of Theophrastus. Though the impressions of the preceding moment were almost instantaneously erased from his memory, the events of more remote days, the

the discussions of criticism, and the refinements of philological disquisitions, presented themselves to his mind at those intervals, in which a reviviscency of his intellectual powers seemed to be rekindled within him. This is no uncommon phænomenon in the history of human life.

After the resignation of his school, he removed from Wakefield to Tadcaster, where he resided two years. From thence to York, and was afterwards received into the house of his brother Mr. Francis Clarke at Scarborough, where he died, having survived his wife, by whom he had no issue, about eleven months.

He was buried in the Church of Kirby-Misperton, the place of his nativity, February 11, 1761.

Several of his scholars, desirous of paying a tribute to the memory of their beloved Preceptor, have caused an elegant monument to be erected, on which are engraven the following lines:

NEAR THIS PLACE ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF
THE REV. JOHN CLARKE, M. A.
FORMERLY FELLOW OF
TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,
AND SUCCESSIVELY MASTER OF THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS OF
SHIPTON, BEVERLEY, AND WAKEFIELD, IN THIS COUNTY.
HE WAS BORN IN THIS VILLAGE, MAY iii. 1706,
AND DIED FEBRUARY viii. 1761.
TO AN ACCURATE AND EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF CLASSIC
LITERATURE,
HE JOINED A CORRECT JUDGMENT,
A REFINED AND ELEGANT TASTE.
THE MILDNESS AND UNAFFECTED HUMILITY OF HIS DISPOSITION,
THE GUILELESS SIMPLICITY OF HIS LIFE AND MANNERS,
HIS DIFFIDENCE AND GENUINE MODESTY,
ENDEARED HIM TO HIS PUPILS:
WHILST A FAITHFUL ATTENTION TO
THEIR IMPROVEMENT IN LEARNING,
COMMANDED THEIR ESTEEM AND VENERATION.
THEY HAVE CAUSED THIS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED,
AS A TESTIMONY OF THEIR
AFFECTION.

A plain

A plain marble tablet is also placed in each of the schools, over which he presided, with the following inscription:

M. S.
JOANNIS CLARKE, A. M.
QUI
HUIC SCHOLÆ PRÆPOSITUS
SUMMA CUM OMNIUM LAUDE AC PREDIÇATIONE
JUVENTUTIS INSTITUENDÆ PROVINCIAM ADORNAVIT:
INTIMA LATINARUM ET GRÆCARUM LITERARUM COGNITIONE
INSTRUCTUS,
IN OPTIMIS UTRIUSQUE LINGUÆ SCRIPTORIBUS EXPLICANDIS ET
ILLUSTRANDIS
DILUCIDUS, SOLERS, PERSPICAX:
MULTIPLICI SCIENTIA,
JUDICII SUBTILITATE,
ET INGENII ELEGANTIA PERPOLITA
UBERRIME LOCUPLETATUS.
MORES HUMANITATE ADEO TEMPERAVIT,
UT DISCIPULOS SUOS, IN GLORIÆ SPEM EDUCATOS,
INCREDIBILI QUADAM FACILITATE AD DOCTRINAM ALLICERET,
INDUSTRIAM EXCITARET ATQUE ACUERET.
HINC FREQUENTISSIMAM ADOLESCENTIUM CORONAM
SIBI CONCILIAVIT ET DEVINXIT,
QUI EUM QUASI PATREM BENIGNUM ATQUE DILECTISSIMUM
ENIXE AMARUNT ET COLUERUNT.
EX VULTU MODESTO, OBTUTUQUE SUAVI ET PLACIDO
ANIMI CANDOREM LUBENTISSIME CONJICERES:
ERAT ENIM, SI QUIS ALIUS,
INCULPABILI VITÆ INTEGRITATE ORNATISSIMUS;
IMMO PERPULCHRUM PRIMÆVÆ INNOCENTIÆ EXEMPLUM.
PIGET EHEU! REFERRE QUAM VIRUM HUNC
OPTIME DE REPUBLICA MERITUM
INGRATA ÆTAS NEGLEXERIT,
ÆRUMNIS CONFECTUM, SINE HONORE, SINE PRÆMIO
PAUPERTATE ET INOPIA TANTUM NON OPPRESSUM VIDERIT.
NATUS IN VILLA DE KIRBY MISPERTON,
IN COMITATU EBORACENSI,
iii MAII, A. D. 1706,
IN EADEM VILLA HUMATUS EST
xi FEBRUARII, A. D. 1761.

 The

The Rev. THOMAS BARNARD,

of St. John's College, Cambridge; B. A. 1708; M. A. 1713; was appointed Master of the Grammar School at Leeds in 1711, and filled the laborious duties of that important office with great reputation for nearly forty years.

Mr. Barnard published, in 1742, "An Historical Character, relating to the holy and exemplary Life of the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Hastings. To which are added, 1. One of the Codicils of her last Will, setting forth her Devise of Lands to the Provost and Scholars of Queen's College in Oxford, for the interest of 18 Northern Schools. 2. Some Observations therefrom. 3. A Schedule of her other perpetual Charities, with the principal Rules for their Administration," 12mo.—He wrote also the very elegant Latin Epitaph inscribed on the tomb of that benevolent Lady in Ledsham Church; a composition on which Dr. Whitaker observes, "The splendid epitaph, while it merely does justice to her virtues, reflects no small honour on the learned and classical Writer, the Author also of her Life, who, with the faculty of writing very elegantly in ancient language, never understood the graces of his mother tongue. Of this," the Doctor adds, "I was assured many years ago by his more learned son."

Mr. Barnard died May 20, 1750; and was buried in the chancel of St. John's Church at Leeds *.

Many of the distinguished persons, of whose education the Grammar School at Leeds may justly boast, would have been duly commemorated, had Mr. Barnard lived to complete his historical part of a Catalogue of the Scholars before and during his Mastership. Among those under his own immediate care

* Dr. Whitaker's History of Leeds, vol. I. pp. 72. 145.

were,

were, Sir Thomas Dennison *, the son of a clothier at Norton Town End, elevated to a seat in the King's Bench by his sole merit as a Lawyer; Dr. Christopher Wilson, son of Richard Wilson, Esq. the elder, Recorder of Leeds, who married a daughter of the celebrated Bishop Gibson, and became himself Bishop of Bristol; Dr. Samuel Kirshaw, Vicar of Leeds, and Rector of Ripley, an attentive and conscientious parish priest; Mr. Theophilus Lindsey, Vicar of Catterick, an honest and amiable man, who from a scrupulous conscience relinquished his preferment in the Established Church, and was the first Minister of the Unitarian Chapel in Essex-street; Dr. Berkenhout, son of a Dutch merchant settled at Leeds, a man of lively and versatile talents, who, after many changes of fortune and calling, distinguished himself by some valuable compendia of Natural History; and his own son Mr. Thomas Barnard †, a man of great learning, but so much greater modesty, that he never displayed it excepting to his intimate friends.

* See his Epitaph, supposed to be written by Lord Mansfield, in Gent. Mag. vol. LXXXV. Part I. p. 104.

† Of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; M.A. 1760; B.D. 1769: Rector of Newmarket, and of Witherfield, co. Suffolk. He died in 1782; and was interred in the church-yard of Witherfield, on the North side. Having forbidden any epitaph to be placed over his remains, an affectionate friend and parishioner, who desired to be interred near him, directed the following inscription to be added to a memorial of himself:

Oppositos intra Cancellos
reconduntur reliquiæ
Thomæ Barnard, S. T. B.
hujus Ecclesiæ Rectoris,
Doctrinâ, pietate, modestiâ, insignis.
Ne talem premat oblivio virum,
quod nulla, ita enim ipse jussit,
decoretur tumulus επιγραφη,
justo amicum ornari encomio,
atque illius juxta cineres sese deponi voluit
Antonius Oldfield.

The inscription was written by Dr. James Nasmith, the learned Editor of Tanner's Notitia Monastica.

 The

The Rev. Dr. John Burton *.

Dr. Burton was a man of great learning; born in 1696 at Wembworth in Devon, of which place his father was Rector. On the death of his father, the Rev. Samuel Bentham, his first cousin by his mother, put him to school at Ely. Here his behaviour and application were so conspicuous, that at 17 he was chosen into a scholarship of Corpus Christi College, from the President (Dr. Turner) having accidentally made trial of his abilities. His behaviour here so fully justified the opinion which the then President had entertained of him, that his Successor appointed him to the important office of Tutor when he was only B. A. His obliging affability, and the cheerfulness, ease, and pleasantry of his conversation, endeared him to every one. In 1725 he spoke, and afterwards published, a Latin Oration, with a view to encourage the salutary exercise of academical discipline; and he treated the subject still more fully in Four Latin Sermons before the University; which were afterwards published. When the settling of Georgia was in agitation, the venerable Dr. Bray (justly dear to America, to England, and to Religion, for his institution of Parochial Libraries), Dr. Stephen Hales, and other London Divines, requested Dr. Burton's assistance. He readily gave it; preached before the Associates in 1732; and in 1764 published "An Account of the Designs of the Associates of the late Dr. Bray; with an Ac-

* Taken from Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey;" and compiled chiefly from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1781, being there extracted from Dr. Bentham's Latin Epistle to Dr. Lowth, Bishop of Oxford, intituled, "De Vitâ et Moribus Johannis Burtoni, S. T. P. Etonensis."

count

count of their Proceedings*." Having had under his tuition a son of Provost Bland, an intercourse took place between him and the Members of Eton College; and such was their esteem of his temper and manners, that, by the interest of the Provost, he was chosen a Fellow of that Society in 1733. About the same time, on the death of Dr. Edward Littleton, he was presented by the same College to the Vicarage of Maple-Durham in Oxfordshire. He here found a widow, with three infant daughters, without a home, without a fortune; he gave them an asylum; he found Mrs. L. accomplished, ingenious, sweet-tempered, and discreet; and he married her. On her death in 1748 he continued his care of her daughters; but gave himself up to his friends and studies, passing most part of the year at Eton. In 1760 he was presented by that College to the Living of Worplesden, in Surrey, where he spent part of his time. In 1752 he took the degree of D. D. He died Feb. 11, 1771, in his 76th year, after an erysipelous fever, which disturbed his intellects, and shattered his decaying frame. For more than two months before his death he seemed at intervals to recover, and to be desirous of resuming his studies. The day before his death, which was a Sunday, his lamp of life seemed, as it were, rekindled. In the evening, as was his custom, he sent for five or six promising youths, to whom, after tea, he harangued with more than usual elegance and perspicuity on some important subject in Divinity. This gave the physician and by-standers fresh hopes. His sleep, and that serene, was succeeded next morning by death, not unlike that sleep.

He was buried in the Chapel of Eton College; and the following inscription is placed to his memory:

* A new edition of this, with additions, has been published in 1808, by the Rev. H. J. Todd, Librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Marquis of Stafford, and Rector of Coulsdon, in the County of Surrey.

"Johannis

"Johannes Burton, S. T. P.
Collegii Eton. Socius, obiit A. D. 1771, ætat. 75.
Vir inter primos Doctus, Ingeniosus, Pius,
Opum Contemptor,
Ingenuæ juventutis Fautor eximius *."

He was intimately connected with Archbishop Secker, Bishop Hayter, and many others of that Bench †. Besides the above Tract relating to Dr. Bray, he published in 1744 "The Genuineness of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion vindicated against Mr. Oldmixon." In 1758 he edited the Five Tragedies in the Pentalogia, with a Dissertation thereon, and Notes, which he had recommended to his ingenious pupil Mr. Joseph Bingham, whose untimely death in 1736 prevented his completing the design. Dr. Burton then undertook the publication, and completed it in 1758, with a Preface, Dissertations, Index, &c. He collected, in two volumes, several Sermons which had been separately printed: and in two other volumes some Sermons, with various Pieces which had been separately published in Latin and Greek, under the title of "Opuscula." Among these are his Latin Orations, some Pieces of Poetry, and a humourous description of a Journey to Bath, intituled, "Iter Bathoniense ‡:" and another *Iter* in Latin and Greek, under the title of "Iter Surriense et Sussexiense."

* The late Rev. Mr. Pennicott, of Long Ditton in Surrey, by the hands of the Rev. Thomas Streatfield, very kindly presented the annexed Portrait of the Doctor to William Bray, Esq. the highly-respected Editor of the History and Antiquities of Surrey; whence, by the same indulgence, it is here also preserved.

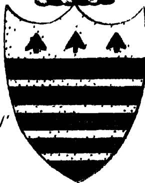
† His Living of Worplesden was three miles from Guildford; between the two places, by a bridge which crosses the river Wey, part of the road was generally full of water: on any flood, deep, sometimes impassable, and particularly bad in a frost. He set on foot the raising the present causeway, by which it is always safe and good travelling. Mr. Bray well remembers the original condition.

‡ It is not generally known that Dr. Burton was in 1749 honoured with a niche in the Notes on *The Dunciad*, as a punishment for this *jeu d'esprit*. See vol. II. p. 767.

It

Engr. by [illegible] 1790





ROBERT MIDGLEY, M.A.

Master of the Grammar School of Coxwold Yorkshire

Died May 24. 1761 Aged 77

It is understood that he was the Author, under the title of "Phileleutherus Londinensis," of "Remarks on Dr. King's Speech before the University of Oxford at the Dedication of Dr. Radcliffe's Library, April 13, 1749." This produced from Dr. King "Elogium Famæ inserviens Jacci Etonensis sive Gigantis; or, The Praises of Jack of Eton, commonly called Jack the Giant; collected into English Metre, after the Manner of Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, John Burton, and others. To which is added, a Dissertation on the Burtonian Style. By a Master of Arts." In this Satire Dr. Burton shared the lash with Mr. Bowyer the learned Printer, who had recently published the Songs in "Jack the Giant Queller *."

The Rev. ROBERT MIDGLEY, and Mr. Archdeacon PIERSON.

The Rev. Robert Midgley was the only son of the Rev. Joseph Midgley †, M. A. Minister of Thirsk, in Yorkshire, and Sarah, daughter of John Pybus, of that place. Of the family of Midgley a pedigree is given in Thoresby's Leeds. Robert Midgley was sent early to the University, and took the degree of B. A. at Trinity Hall, in Cambridge, in 1703, when he was little more than eighteen years of age; and afterwards proceeded M. A. in 1733.

He was an able Divine, and an excellent Classic, and presided upwards of 53 years over the Free-school of Coxwold, in Yorkshire (founded by Sir John Hart, Lord Mayor of London, in 1589); during which time he educated several gentlemen of that county, who were afterwards an honour to it.

* See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. p. 608.

† He was of Christ College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B. A. 1674; M. A. 1678; died June 24, 1704, aged 49; and was buried at Thirsk.

The

The general traits of his character were ably drawn by the Rev. Anthony Temple*, one of his scholars, and who had married his niece, in a Latin inscription to his memory, but an English one was preferred for his monument in Husthwaite Church, where he was buried; both are subjoined to this Account.

Bromley, in his Catalogue of English Portraits, besides the Portrait here given by favour of the Rev. William Layton, of Ipswich (great-nephew to Mr. Midgley), who had it engraved from a painting in his possession, and presented a copy, in 1790, to such of Mr. Midgley's scholars as were then living, mentions, by some mistake, which cannot easily be accounted for, one prefixed to his "Compendious Schoolmaster," 8vo; as he was not Author of any such work.

As the late Archdeacon Pierson, who was also great-nephew to Mr. Midgley, was both Master of the same school, and Minister of the same parish, I have added the inscription on his monument, which was, in a way most flattering to his memory, erected in Husthwaite Church.

Inscription in memory of Mr. Midgley, late
Master of Coxwold School, in Yorkshire:

Hoc marmor tibi sit pro speculo, Lector:
Si bonus sis, temet ipse contemplaberis;
Sin minus, quam pulchrâ sit virtus facie,
Hinc disces.
Viri enim ossa tegit, ad omnem probitatem facti,
Quem omnes suspiciebant,
Boni amore, mali reverentiâ prosecuti.
Id quidem non injuriâ:
Namque iracundiæ, etiam lacessitus, nihil tribuebat,
Nec suas ulli unquam invidebat laudes:
Quod laudare non potuit, candide excusabat.
Sibi proprium habebat nihil;
Cum amicis omnia communicabat,
Cum cognatis, cum egenis.

* See p. 769.

Neminem

Neminem unquam vidit afflictum,
Quem non lubenter sublevavit.
Facultates mediocres per longam vitam nihil auxerat;
Scilicet usu malebat splendere pecuniam,
Nec ad hæredem provinciam remisit,
Cujus erat a se ratio exigenda.
Literas docendi artifex mirus,
Igniculos ingenii,
Si qui in puero delitescebant,
Omnes elicuit.
In sinceris Evangelii præceptis,
Quæ sola in concionibus tractabat,
Explicandis
Oratione quidem utebatur lucidâ;
Vocem vero vultumque ad pietatem adeo accommodabat,
Ut facile omnibus persuaderet
Eandem sibi esse suæ vitæ normam.
Ad hæc officia tam sedulo incubuit,
Ut ferme octogenarius senem vix se agnosceret,
Vix ægrotanti cessandum arbitraretur.
Doctrinâ egregius, moribus suavissimus, sermone urbanus,
Neminem nisi sapientiorem lætioremque,
Ex congressu dimisit.
Talis fuit Robertus Midgley, A. M.
hujus * Parochiæ Minister,
Scholæque Coxvoldicensis per annos 53
Præfectus. Maii 24, 1761, ætatis 78,
Morbo extinctus est cœlebs,
Non minus quam pater flebilis plerisque.
Frustra, Lector, lugebis mortuum;
Si velis, ut quam minime desideretur,
Imitare.

Inscription on Mr. MIDGLEY's monument, in Husthwaite Church, in Yorkshire:

Robert Midgley, M. A.
(Son of Joseph Midgley of Thirsk, M. A.)
Fifty-three years Master of Coxwold School,
and Minister of this Parish,
Died May 24, 1761, aged 77.
Deservedly admired for his fine taste
In classical and polite literature

* Husthwaite, Yorkshire.

He

He educated several gentlemen,
Who were an honour to their country.
The doctrines and duties of Christianity
He cordially believed,
Zealously preached,
And assiduously practised.
Reader!
Whatever is injoined by the Christian Religion,
Whatever conduces to the good of mankind,
Think thou seest inforced by his example,
And then go, and do thou likewise.

Inscription on Mr. PIERSON'S monument, in Husthwaite Church, Yorkshire.

Near this place are deposited
the remains of the Revd. ROBERT PIERSON, A. M.
Archdeacon of Cleveland,
Master of the Grammar School of Coxwold,
and Minister of this Parish.
He was born August 2, 1742, at Appleton le Street,
(of which Parish his Father was Vicar,)
was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge *,
and died at Coxwold, Dec. 5, 1805.
His classical and botanical knowledge were extensive,
and happily adapted to the purity of his taste.
His unaffected humility, and the simplicity
of his life and manners,
gained him the affection and esteem
of the Clergy and all his acquaintance.
As a Magistrate, in differences among neighbours,
he was anxious to reconcile the parties;
in lighter offences against the law,
to amend the culprit by exhortation and reproof;
and in all cases to promote peace,
was the wish of his heart.
His Scholars and Friends,
knowing and admiring his worth,
have caused this Monument to be erected
as a testimony of their regard.

He published a Sermon for the benefit of the Lunatic Asylum, at York, in 1785; and three Charges in 1793, 1798, and 1805.

* Peirson, Rob. Jes. A.B. 1765; A. M. 1768.

The

The Rev. ANTHONY TEMPLE

was born at Craike, near Easingwold, Yorkshire, Jan. 30, 1723-4; was educated at Coxwold school, under Mr. Midgley * (whose niece he afterwards married; and from thence sent to Sidney College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B.A. 1745; and in 1770 took the degree of M. A.

In 1750, he was elected Master of the Free Grammar School at Richmond, which he held till his death. The testimonials to his character and abilities, produced by him as candidate on that occasion, favourable as they were in an extraordinary degree, were abundantly realized by the most honourable discharge of the duties of that important station for 45 years. He died April 30, 1795, in the 72d year of his age.

"His notions of Grammar (says one of his Scholars, in the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. LXV. p. 442) should seem to have been acquired by an early acquaintance with the 'Grammatical Commentaries,' and the '*Noctes Nottinghamicæ*' of Richard Johnson †; and on these notions, improved and advanced by the exertion of his own

* See p. 767.

† "Of the Free-school in Nottingham Mr. Richard Johnson, M. A. was Head Master, from the year 1707 to 1720, the year of his death. . All my inquiries have been able to rescue but few particulars concerning a character worthy of remembrance. To the future age of Scholars, three ‡ of his literary offspring will perpetuate his name with honour, for an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the grammatical proprieties of the

‡ 1. "Grammatical Commentaries; being an Apparatus to a National Grammar: by way of Animadversion upon the Falsities, Obscurities, Redundancies, and Defects of Lilly's System now in Use; in which also are noticed many Errors of the most eminent Grammarians, both Antient and Modern, 1706." 2. "*Noctes Nottinghamicæ*; or, Cursory Objections against the Syntax of the Common Grammar, in order to obtain a Better; designed in the mean time for the Use of Schools, 1714." 3. "*Aristarchus Anti-Bentleianus*; Quadraginta Sex Bentleii Errores super Q. Horatii Flacci Odarum Libro primo, spissos nonnullos, et erubescendos; item per Notas universas in *Latinitate* Lapsus fœdissimos *Nonaginta*, ostendens. Autore Ricardo Johnson, Ludi-Magistro Nottinghamiensi.

"Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere." JUV.
"Nec veniam *insulsis* sed honorem in præmia posci." HOR.

Nottinghamiæ; Typis Gulielmi Ayscough, impensis Autoris; 1717."

Latin

vigorous intellect, was his plan of teaching the Classical Authors chiefly grounded. His great object being to explain the laws of construction, instead of requiring the recital of rules, he taught his Scholars by a corrected Edition of Ward's Accidence, with a few manuscript definitions and observations of his own on the Moods and Tenses, and on some peculiarities of Syntax, generally either misunderstood or mis-taught by his contemporaries. His *vivâ voce* instructions were couched in language the most clear and nervous; and his illustrations were ever forceful and happy. The best proof of the excellence and success of his mode of teaching will be found in the distinguished notice which a sound and precise knowledge of the best Authors of Classic Antiquity has derived upon his various pupils both in and out of the two Universities. Though an uninterrupted state of ill-health had long confined him to his house, he did not remit the most painful and assiduous attention to the duties of an office for which none was ever better qualified.

"One distinguishing feature of his character (it was well observed, in a Provincial Paper, at the time

Latin Tongue: namely, his 'Noctes Nottinghamicæ;' his 'Grammatical Commentaries;' and his 'Aristarchus Anti-Bentleianus;' for he too must launch his spear against the buckler of Neoptolemus. The last performance is replete with accuracy of erudition, and sprightliness of wit. Which University had the honour of his education, I could never learn." *Memoirs of the Life of Gilbert Wakefield*, 1792, *p.* 95; or 1804, p. 27.

When Mr. Johnson succeeded as Master of the School, the house in which he was to reside (which had been built in the reign of King Henry VIII.) was thoroughly repaired, and considerably enlarged; a circumstance which he has thus recorded:

"Pars hæc postica Ædium Præceptoris Grammatices,
vetustate labefactata, & tantùm non collapsa,
instaurata est, & superiore conclavium ordine amplificata,
pecuniâ ex Oppidano Ærario depromptâ;
Gulielmo Drury, Arm. Prætore;
Matthæo Hoyland, } Scholæ Procuratoribus;
Francisco Smith, }
Richardo Johnson, Moderatore;
Anno Dom. MDCCVIII."

of

of his death, by a learned and most intimate Friend) commands our applause. A generous Patron and Encourager of Learning, he took under his protection poor Scholars, for whom, as well by his own liberality as by a prudent and successful application to the Clergy and Gentry of the neighbourhood, or to his friends at Cambridge, he procured the advantages of academical institution. Many of these might be named, who are now an honour to the place of their education, an ornament to the Republic of Letters, and a blessing to Society."

The first situation which he held in the Church, after his quitting Cambridge, was the Curacy of Kilburne, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. He was afterwards for some time Lecturer of Royston, in Hertfordshire; but the only ecclesiastical preferment which he possessed was the Vicarage of Easby, near Richmond, to which he was presented in 1770. As a Preacher, there was a gravity and an earnestness in his manner which riveted the attention of his hearers. The plainness of his style was admirably suited to a country congregation; and the strong and manly spirit of the Discourses, in which he delivered the precepts of Christian Morality from the pulpit, amply rewarded every attention that his manner was so well calculated to engage. As he was impressed with the most solemn sense of the duties of that pastoral office, which, on account of the contiguous and convenient situation of the parish, he had been anxious to obtain, so was he often heard to regret, that an almost continued series of indisposition had disabled him, for many years, from discharging all those duties in person. In short, it may with great truth be said, he was a sound Scholar, an able Divine, and zealous in the duties of his station.

In 1766, he published, "A Visitation Sermon, preached at Richmond," in that year. This he reprinted in 1772, with two other Discourses, intituled,

tuled, "The Written Word the only Rule of Christian Faith and Manners, and the great Duty of Individuals to study it."

In 1780, he published "A Sermon, composed for the Fast-day, Feb. 4," in that year.

In 1782, "Two Discourses on the Lord's Supper."

In 1791, "Christian Benevolence," a Sermon, on John xiii. 35; to which was added, "A Letter on Sunday Schools." He was likewise Author of the following Tracts in Controversy:

1. "Remarks on Burgh's Scriptural Confutation of the Arguments, &c. produced by Mr. Lindsey in his 'Apology;' with large Addenda, and a Letter to the Rev. Joseph Fisher, 1775."

2. "Letter to the Rev. John Jebb, occasioned by his 'Reasons for a late Resignation,' 1776."

3. "Objections to Mr. Lindsey's Interpretation of the first Fourteen Verses of St. John's Gospel, 1776."

4. "Letters to the Rev. Thomas Randolph, D. D. President of C. C. C. and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, Oxford; containing, a Defence of the Remarks on the 'Scriptural Confutation,' 1778."

5. "The Doctrine of the Unity of God, as held in the Second, Third, and Fourth Centuries, 1786."

These Sermons and Tracts were all re-printed, at the expence of a Relation, a few years ago *; but from some extraordinary circumstance, have not yet been presented to the publick. His Library was sold, by Mr. Todd of York, in 1795.

* In the Review of a Visitation Sermon preached in 1801 by the Successor of Mr. Temple in the School at Richmond, Mr. Urban took occasion "to recommend to that worthy Divine to write the Life of his venerable Predecessor. In a few short years more," he observed, "the memory of that truly good man will otherwise inevitably perish. Heroes, Statesmen, Philosophers, Libertines, have all had their Historians; but of how few modest worthies of obscure existence do any literary accounts remain! And yet such men are the surest and best patterns by far for the generality of mankind to emulate. We know Mr. Tate has the *power* to do Mr. Temple justice, we trust he retains the *will*." *Gent. Mag. vol. LXXII. p.* 1213.—To which a Friend at Cambridge replied, "I know a great deal personally, Mr. Urban, of the party to whom it is thus solemnly

The Rev. HENRY MILLS,

of Trinity College, Oxford; M. A. June 25, 1698. He was appointed Rector of Dinder, and Prebendary of Wells about 1700; and served the Cure of Pilton, and the Chapelry of North Wootton, and was Master of the School at Wells. In 1711 he was appointed Master of the Grammar School at Croydon *, and held that office more than thirty years †. He was a writer in the Bangorian controversy ‡; was presented to the Rectory of Merstham in Surrey in 1723; died April 12, 1742, aged 70; and was buried at Merstham, before the rails of the altar.

The Rev. WILLIAM PALEY.

In the nave of the Church of Giggleswick, in Yorkshire, is a brass-plate thus inscribed:

Here lie interred
the Rev. William Paley, B. A.

solemnly recommended to do justice to the memory of his truly venerable Predecessor. And I can assure you, that, though he is far from presuming on the *power*, he is very far from being deficient in the *will*, to pay that last tribute of honour, gratitude, and affection to his Preceptor, his Patron, his Friend, the great Promoter of his Academical Education, and, under Heaven, the principal, though not the only founder of his present or future fortune. Circumstances, which it would be needless or improper here to state, prevented some years ago the execution of that design, which the Reviewer so impressively recommends, and which is not now delayed from any want of affection for the task." *LXXIII.236.*

* See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 148; vol. IX. p. 608.

† In 1732 he published "An Essay on Generosity and Greatness of Spirit. The Builders of Colleges, Hospitals, and Schools, praised and commended. The valuable blessing of a sound, useful, and pious Education; especially that of School Learning; with a particular View to Abp. Whitgift's Foundation, in Croydon, Surrey. By Henry Mills, A. M. Master of the said Foundation, and Rector of Merstham, Surrey," to which he prefixed a Dedication of above 60 pages. The Essay is a panegyric on public charities, and the business and importance of education. Three infant children of Henry and Hannah Mills, died in 1716, 1717, and 1721; and were buried at Croydon.

‡ See the Additions to this volume.

fifty-

fifty-four years Master of this Free School,
who died Sept. 29, 1799, aged 88 years.
Also Elizabeth the wife of the Rev. William Paley,
who died March 9, 1796, aged 83 years.

These were the parents of the celebrated Dr. William Paley, who was born in July 1743, at Peterborough, where his father was then Minor Canon of the Cathedral; but removed to Giggleswick soon after.

If any thing can render extreme old age desirable, it must be to see a beloved son risen to great literary reputation, and advanced by his own merit to wealth and dignities in the Church.

Dr. Paley's father was a younger son of Thomas Paley of Langcliffe, son of John Paley of the same place, who lived upon a small estate, which is still in the family. It appears from an Inquisition given in Dr. Whitaker's "Craven," that at an earlier period they were settled at Knight Stainforth.

William Paley, the first of the name upon record, must have been born about the year 1560.

Every anecdote relating to the ancestors of such a man will be interesting to posterity *. With respect to himself, the following, which is a voluntary offering at the shrine of departed genius, may be accepted by one part of my Readers, instead of an ordinary account of his Life and Writings †.



A. HOSPES. ASTA. Ω.

M. S.

GVLIELMI PALEY, S. T. P.

CARLEOLENSIS . ECCLESIAE . ARCHIDIACONI . LINCOLNIENSIS . SVBDECANI . PAVLLINAE . LONDINENSIS PREBENDARII . COLLEGII . CHRISTI . CANTABRIGIAE QVONDAM . SOCII . AC . TVTORIS . QVORVM . POSTREMO IN . MVNERE . OBEVNDO . SINGVLARI . TOTIVS . ACA-

* See Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven, 1812," p. 140.

† See several particulars respecting Dr. Paley in the passages referred to in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. pp. 306. 643.

DEMIAE

DEMIAE . GRATIA . FLORVIT . IDEM . RVRI . QVVM AGERET . PRAELECTIONES . CANTABRIGIAE . HABITAS IN . PVBLICVM . EMISIT . MOX . EPISTOLIS . DIVI PAVLLI . ET . ACTIS . APOSTOLORVM . MIRO . INGENII ACVMINE . INTER . SE . CONLATIS . CERTISSIMO ARGVMENTO . FIDEM . VTRISQVE . CONCILIAVIT SCRIPSIT . ETIAM . DE . PROBATIONIBVS . EVANGELII . LIBRVM . SI . REM . SVBJECTAM . SPECTES E . PLVRIBVS . QVANQVAM . PERDOCTIS . VNVS . SIN ANIMI . PERSPICACISSIMI . VIM . SI . RERVM . SERIEM . ET . JVNCTVRAM . LOCORVMVE . VBERVM DELECTVM . SUMMVS . IMMO . PROPE . SOLVS CORPORE . TANDEM . ANNISQVE . GRAVIS . OBNITENTE . TAMEN . INGENIO . INVICTA . CONSTANTIA DE . OPIFICIO . DEI . EGREGIE . COMMENTATVS . EST EO . NOMINE . OPTIME . PROMERITVS . QUOD . ADVERSISSIMA . VSVS . VALETVDINE . OPIFICIS . SVMMI BENEVOLENTIAM . ET . VIDERIT . CERTIVS . ET LVBENTIVS . AGNOVERIT . QVAM . QVI . PROSPERRIMA MORTVVS . ETIAM . AC . QVA . FVIT . MODESTIA PROPE . INVITVS . LOQVITVR . IN . CONCIONIBVS HISCE . LAVDIBVS . IN . CVMVLVM . ACCEDAT . QVOD OPERA . OMNIA . SENTENTIARVM . VI . ATQUE . PONDERE . CLAVSVLARVM . ACVLEIS . ENARGIA . MIRIFICA . ELOQVIO . NOVO . AC . PLANE . SVO . LEPORVM . DENIQVE . FELICI . QVODAM . CONDIMENTO ITA . TEMPERAVERIT . VT . A . PALEII . SCRIPTIS NEMO . INSTRVCTIOR . NEMO . CERTE . COMMOTIOR NON . SURREXERIT . HOSPES . MORARE . GRESSVM . ET . TITVLVM . PERLEGENDO . DISCE . NAMQVE . IN . MAGNO . VIRO . HAVD . MAGNA . NESCIRE PIGET . FVISSE . NOSTRO . CORPUS . PROCERVM VVLTVM . SVBNIGRVM . AD . GRAVITATEM . SIMVL ET . FESTIVITATEM . COMPOSITVM . SERMONEM ABSQVE . DICTERIIS . FACETVM . ARTIS . DENIQVE HALIEVTICAE . NON . SINE . DISPENDIO . VALETVDINIS . STVDIVM . AC . PERITIAM .

VIXIT . ANNIS . LXII . MORTEM . OBIIT . VIII . KAL JVN . A . C . MDCCCV.

The Rev. William Gilpin

was of Queen's College, Oxford, M. A. 1748. He kept, for many years, a respectable boarding-school at Cheam, in Surrey, in a house built for the purpose, with rooms 25 feet square, by his predecessor, the Rev. Daniel Sanxay *. He first attracted notice by his merit as a Biographer, beginning, in 1753, with the Life of his lineal ancestor, the celebrated Bernard Gilpin, commonly called "The Northern Apostle," Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, co. Durham; a striking instance of the effect of attention and perseverance of an incumbent on the reformation of an extensive parish in the Northern Wilds. Mr. William Gilpin was a successful imitator of his example; and there are not wanting instances, in these modern times, where patient waiting in an incumbent and his wife has been followed by the same good consequence in Southern parishes; and a conscientious incumbent will never despond. This Life was accompanied, in 1755, by that of Latimer; and followed by others, of John Wickliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and Zisca, in 1765, and Archbishop Cranmer, in 1784 †.

In 1768 Mr. Gilpin published "An Essay on Prints," of which four editions were printed. "Lectures on the Church Catechism, 1779," 12mo; sixth edition, 1805. In 1788, two Sermons preached at the Visitations of the Bishop, 1788, and the Chancellor of Winchester, 1780 ‡. "Exposition of the New Testament, 1790 §," re-printed in two volumes, 8vo.

He was presented to the Vicarage of Boldre, in the New Forest, in 1777, by his pupil, Colonel Mitford, author of the "History of Greece," and bro-

* This establishment he resigned to his youngest son, William.
† Gent. Mag. vol. LIV. p. 680. ‡ Ibid. vol. LIX. p. 543.
§ Gent. Mag. vol. LX. p. 917.

ther

ther to Lord Redesdale; and by Bishop Barrington, in 1783, to the Prebend of Salisbury.

On his retirement into the country, he took a strong propensity to drawing its various scenery; and published in 1783, "Observations on the River Wye, and several Parts of South Wales, &c. relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the Summer of the Years 1770 and 1782," 8vo; second edition 1789; third 17... "Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the Year 1772, on several Parts of England, particularly in the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, 1776," two volumes, 8vo, 1787, dedicated to the Queen: two succeeding editions appeared in 1792. "Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the year 1776, on several Parts of Great Britain *, particularly the Highlands of Scotland, 1789 †;" a second edition in 1792. "An Exposition of the New Testament; intended as an Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, by pointing out the literal Sense and Connection of the Sacred Writings, 1790," two volumes, 8vo, dedicated to Bishop Barrington; a third edition in 1798. "Remarks on Forest Scenery, and other Woodland Views (relating chiefly to Picturesque Beauty), illustrated in the Scenes of New Forest in Hampshire; in Three Books, 1791;" two volumes, 8vo, dedicated to Mr. Mitford; second edition, 1794. "Picturesque Remarks on the Western Parts of England, 1798," 8vo. "Sermons to a Country Congregation; and Hints for Sermons, 1800," two volumes, 8vo; a third volume in 1803. "Moral Contrasts; or, the Power of Religion exemplified under different Characters, 1798," 8vo; second edition 1799. "Life of John Trueman and Richard Atkins, for the Use of Servants'-halls, Farm-houses, and Cottages;" third edition 1793. "A Sermon

* Gent. Mag. vol. LX. p. 917.

† Of this Work a French Translation by Guédon de Berchere, who then resided at Croydon, Surrey, appeared at Paris in 1789.

preached in the Parish Church of Boldre in Hampshire, at the Funeral of William Baker, May 18, 1791; to which is added, a short Account of his Life, 1793," 12mo. "Three Dialogues, on the Amusements of Clergymen, 1796," 12mo.

Mr. Gilpin having appropriated a collection of his "Drawings and Books of Drawings," for the endowment of a Parochial-school at Boldre, under the inspection of certain of his friends *, of which an account may be seen in the Second Report of the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor; they were sold by auction by Mr. Christie, in May 1802, and produced 1560*l*. †

Mr. Gilpin's brother Sawrey ‡, who was long distinguished as a Painter of Animals, etched a com-

* The Earls of Dartmouth and Harcourt, Bishop Barrington, Lord Redesdale, Mr. Addington, Mr. Yorke, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Harry Neale, and Colonel Mitford.

† To the Copy of Mr. Gilpin's Three Essays on Picturesque Beauty, &c. were added the Drawings whence the Prints were etched; and the Remarks given by Sir Joshua Reynolds to Mr. Mason, 1776, on the first Essay, and Sir Joshua's Letter to Mr. Gilpin, 1791. To the Catalogue was annexed the Author's account of the Principles on which the Drawings are executed.—The principal purchasers were, Sir Robert Hervey, Ladies Tankerville, Beauchamp Proctor, Lords Ossulston and De Blaquiere, Messrs. Vansittart, Locke, Legge, Maitland, Davenport, Forbes, Alexander, Rogers, Dr. Monro, and Colonel Mitford.—A fragment, containing a description of the Thames between Windsor and London, accompanied with 37 beautiful sketches by Mr. Gilpin, was sold at Christie's, April 30, 1804.

‡ "Mr. Sawrey Gilpin was born in 1733 at Carlisle, whence, after having acquired some relish for the art from his father, who was a Captain in the Army, he came to London, and was articled to a ship-painter. His first interesting works were composed of some market-groups, which struck his eye from his window. Soon after he went to Newmarket, being encouraged by the late William Duke of Cumberland, where he executed many compositions which might have vied with Hogarth in point of character. In the Duke's stud he acquired that knowledge of the Horse, which he afterwards displayed with such superior spirit and beauty; and when we see with what felicity he applied it to the higher departments of the art, to historic compositions in the triumph of Camillus, the Election of Darius, the story of Phaëton,

plete set for the Forest Scenery *; besides which there were in the auction several others.

Mr. Gilpin died at Vicar's hill, Boldre, April 5, 1804, in his 80th year; and his Trustees have since published, for the benefit of his School, a Fourth Volume of his "Sermons, 1805;" "Memoirs of James Rogers †. Esq. Commander of His Majesty's Ship Quebec, 1808," 8vo; "Three Essays on Picturesque Beauty, or Picturesque Travel; and on sketching Landscapes. With a Poem on Landscape-painting. To these are now added, Two Essays, giving an Account of the Principles and Mode in which the Author executed his own Drawings, 1808," 8vo; and "Observations on several Parts of Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, and several Parts of North Wales, relating chiefly to Two Tours, the former made in the Year 1769, the latter in the Year 1773; 1809," 8vo.

There is a fine Portrait of Mr. Gilpin, engraved by G. Clinch, from a Painting by H. Walton. Esq.

Phaëton, we must lament that such talents should have been drawn aside to the meaner employment of Horse-portrait Painting, which occupied too much of his valuable life.—His drawings of Animals, in pencil and water-colours, display a degree of taste and skill seldom attained. Many of his most capital pictures are in the possession of Noblemen and Collectors; his *chef-d'œuvre*, a group of Tigers, was purchased by the late Mr. Whitbread. As a man he was equally esteemed for probity of character and simplicity of manner; and, as a Member of the Royal Academy, he added honour to the Institution. He died at Brompton, March 8, 1807, three years after his learned and amiable Brother William."—*Chalmers's Biog. Dict. XV.* 521.

* In the removal of effects after the death of M. Blamire, who first published Mr. Gilpin's Picturesque Work, the Plates from which these Animals were taken were irrecoverably lost.

† Captain Rogers. who, during the American War, braved every danger, and suffered all the severities of winds and imprisonment, died of the Yellow Fever, April 24, 1795, aged 40, and the Council of Grenada decreed a monument in honour of his public services A cenotaph to his memory, by Bacon, was also placed by his widow in Lymington church, Hants—A younger brother, James Rogers, First Lieutenant of the same ship fell by the same cruel disorder, at Guadaloupe, May 13, 1794, æt. 26; as did a nephew, Joshua Rogers, Lieutenant also of the same ship, at Martinique, on the 9th of the same month, æt. 19.

The

The Rev. THOMAS JAMES

was the son of a gentleman of respectable opulence at St. Ive's, in Huntingdonshire, who gave him a liberal education at Eton, where he distinguished himself by the elegance of his compositions in both Greek and Latin. Several of these are to be found in the first publication of the "Musæ Etonenses." For a Greek translation of one of Dr. Akenside's smaller pieces, that philosophic and harmonious Poet complimented the subject of this memoir with a superb edition of the works of Homer. Having been elected to King's College, Cambridge, he took the degree of B. A. 1771; proceeded M. A. 1774; and D. D. 1786; Prebendary of Worcester, and Rector of Harrington, in the same County. From those who were acquainted with Dr. James when he was at Eton we have been informed, that nothing could exceed his diligence and application in that early period of his life. Perhaps it may be asserted with great truth, that no man's natural abilities were ever improved in a greater degree by incessant labour and study. His talents were happily directed to those particular pursuits in which he was most qualified to excel. Elegant literature and critical acumen seem to have been the things for which he was most adapted by nature. That he possessed the endowments of art and nature in a very eminent degree is evident from the circumstance of his having been appointed tutor in King's College, Cambridge, at an age when others are only expected to be learners. When the Doctor was about 30 years old, the Rev. Stanley Burrough *, having resigned the Mastership of Rugby School, over which

* That excellent man and scholar was a native of Drigg, near Ravenglass, Cumberland; and was educated by his father, who kept a school, and was minister of that parish and Irton. He was of Queen's College, Oxford; M. A. 1753; and at that time he was invited to Rugby by Dr. Richmond, then lately elected head-master of that school, as his assistant. Upon the Doctor's resignation in 1759, he became master, and continued to preside over that school with considerable reputation for 19 years; which he resigned in 1778, and removed to Sapcote in Leicestershire, to

he had presided for many years with the greatest credit to himself and advantage to his scholars, the vacancy was offered to and accepted by Dr. James; a trust for which few persons possessed so many of the necessary qualifications. We do not venture to assert that he possessed them all; for perhaps no man ever did. But if a restless zeal for the improvement of his scholars, an indefatigable activity of mind and body, and the most benevolent wishes for the prosperity of those who were committed to his care, may be numbered among the first qualifications for a teacher, we will venture to assert, that in no man were these requisites more conspicuously seen, or more successfully exerted. After continuing at Rugby 16 years, and raising the school to a degree of celebrity which it had never attained before, Dr. James, in 1795, was obliged by a very painful illness to resign his situation. The Trustees of the school, with a liberality that reflects equal honour upon themselves and upon the Doctor, endeavoured, by various means, to testify the high opinion which they had always entertained of his talents, learning, and industry. They subscribed a considerable sum to purchase him a piece of plate, and enhanced the value of the present by ordering their own arms and names to be engraved upon it.

to which living he had been presented that year by his brother-in-law, the late Rev. Thomas Frewen-Turner, of Cold Overton.—He was Rector of Cottesbach in the same county 1763—1768; and was a very worthy man, and an excellent parish-priest.

A handsome tomb in Sapcote church is thus inscribed:

Here lie the remains of the
Rev. Stanley Burrough, M. A.
who from the year 1759 to 1778 honourably filled
the important station of Head-master of Rugby school.
He died April 12, 1807, aged 82,
having been 28 years Rector of this Parish.
Here also lie the remains of Mary his wife;
she departed this life Sept. 12, 1801, aged 86.

Mr. Burrough left by his will the annual sum of 13*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* being the amount of the land-tax charged upon the glebe-land in Sapcote, and which he had purchased of the Commissioners for the sale of the land-tax, for the teaching of ten poor children; and 20*l.* a year to the Friendly Society at Sapcote, of which he had been an honorary member from its first institution in 1791.

They

They likewise appointed him an annuity of 80*l.* as an acknowledgment of his past services, and as some consolation under that misfortune which drove him into retirement. But the greatest compliment which they paid him was, to solicit the Minister for a vacant stall in the cathedral of Worcester; to which he was appointed in 1797, and occupied, with the Rectory of Harrington, in the same county, till his death, an event which is thus recorded on a monument of white marble in the South aile of the Cathedral:

"Sacred to the memory
of THOMAS JAMES *, Doctor in Divinity,
heretofore Fellow and Tutor of King's College in Cambridge,
sixteen years Head Master of Rugby School
in the County of Warwick,
and afterwards Prebendary of this Church:
a sincere disciple of Christ,
with all the meekness and humility of his Master;
and guileless,
if ever such there were among the sons of men.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
without the smallest spark
of scholastic pride or acrimony;
and with what zeal, labour, and felicity,
he dealt out the treasures of his learning
for the benefit of the rising generation,
the present age knows and acknowledges,
and succeeding ages will feel with gratitude;
while so singular was the attachment,
the veneration, and filial love of his Scholars
for their Master, their Friend, and their Parent,
as hardly obtained belief
but from those who witnessed it:
strict himself in the exercise of every duty,
yet compassionate to the failings of others,
he held that virtue the most sacred,
which is indeed of all the most comprehensive,
the love of human kind.
Having at his Church of Harrington, on Sunday the
23d day of September, 1804,
exemplarily discharged the duties of his pastoral office,
at midnight, on a sudden call of his Master, scarcely
wakened from the restless sleep of this world,
he slept in peace everlasting, aged 55 years.
This memorial of his virtues was erected
by his widow, ARABELLA JAMES.

* There is a handsome portrait of Dr. James, engraved by the contribution of some gentlemen who had been his scholars.

The

The Rev. JOHN FARRER.

This eminent Schoolmaster and pious Divine was born, in 1735, at Bousfield, in the parish of Orton, Westmoreland, of respectable parents, who possessed a small independent patrimony: his mother was a descendant of the same family as the celebrated Joseph Addison. He was educated by the Rev. Richard Yates, M. A. of Appleby, where he was contemporary with Dr. John Langhorne, and Dr. Collinson (since Provost of Queen's College). He afterwards became assistant to Mr. Yates, and in his 20th year removed to Newcastle upon-Tyne to conduct a school upon his own account. In the year 1760 he was admitted into holy orders, and appointed Master of the Grammar School* at Bishop Auckland. In 1762 he married Frances, daughter of Sir William Richardson, Bart. by whom he had an only child, a daughter (Margaret), married to James Forster, Esq. of Carlisle.

In 1765 he was nominated to the Perpetual Curacy of Witton-le-wear; and, not long after, to Hamstarley, by his worthy patron and friend, John Cuthbert, Esq. of Witton Castle. Here he continued in the assiduous discharge of his duties as a Parish Priest, and Schoolmaster, 28 years. In the former capacity he was a popular and much-admired Preacher; his discourses were perspicuous and energetic; he enjoyed the advantage of a full, clear, and harmonious delivery; and his own life was an illustration of the doctrine he taught. In the latter, his character is so ably delineated in the quotation from Quintilian inscribed on his monument, that all who were under his care can bear witness to its truth.

* This was "the School near Auckland," one of the best in England, at which Mr. Bayley (Literary Anecdotes, vol. IX. p. 741) was an assistant.

In

In the year 1793 he had the misfortune to lose his wife, who was buried at South Church (where a neat mural monument of white marble is erected to her memory); and this heavy domestic calamity, perhaps, induced him to accept the Rectory of Sunderland, offered him by the Bishop of Durham, though the duty was very great, and the emolument at that time but moderate. From this charge, however, which was too much for his years and declining health, he was relieved (greatly to his own satisfaction, though not in a pecuniary view) by his appointment to the Vicarage of Stanwix, a small village near Carlisle, which enabled him to become an inmate with his son-in-law and daughter, settled in that city, whose filial affection anticipated every wish, and alleviated every care; and here, after a useful and well-spent life, and no long illness, he departed this life November 23, 1808, in his 73d year. He was buried at Stanwix, where a plain stone was set up, with an inscription written by himself.

His Pupils have testified their regard for him by placing a handsome monument to his memory (by Bacon, jun.) in the church of Witton-le-wear. It is composed of a pyramid of black marble in the back ground, and an urn in white marble, partly shaded with drapery, in the front.

On an open book on the base of the pyramid is inscribed,

A good Minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith, and of good doctrine,	an example of the believers in word, in con- versation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

On the left of the book a scroll, with

"Sumat ante omnia Parentis erga Discipulos suos animum, ac succedere se in eorum locum, a quibus sibi liberi

liberi traduntur, existimet. Ipse nec habeat vitia nec ferat. Non austeritas ejus tristis, non dissoluta sit comitas; ne inde odium, hinc contemptus oriatur. Plurimus ei de honesto ac bono sit sermo; Nam quo sæpius monuerit hoc rarius castigabit. Minime iracundus, nec tamen eorum quæ emendanda erunt, dissimulator; Simplex in docendo, patiens laboris, assiduus potius quam immodicus. QUINTILIAN, lib. ii. cap. 2.

On the tablet, in Roman capitals:

Sacred to the memory of
the Reverend JOHN FARRER,
Minister of this Parish,
and Master of the School in this village.
Having faithfully discharged these important duties
for twenty-eight years,
he resigned his school, A. D. 1794,
on being appointed to the rectory of Sunderland
near the Sea,
from which he removed in the succeeding year
to the Vicarage of Stanwix, near Carlisle,
where, firm in faith, and full in hope,
he closed a pious and beneficent life
November 23, A. D. 1808, aged 73 years.
On this hallowed ground,
distinguished by his active services
in illustrating and impressing the solemn truths of the
Gospel,
his Pupils have raised this monument
as a testimony of their gratitude and affection
for his truly paternal care and diligence
in teaching them the principles of liberal and useful
knowledge,
and in training them up in the paths of religion and
virtue.

Mr. Farrer published several elementary books for the use of schools; and also a Sermon preached at the Visitation of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle in the Cathedral Church of Saint Mary, Carlisle, 25 June 1798, from Matthew v. 16.

The

The Rev. THOMAS WILSON,

Rector of Claughton in Lancashire, Minister of the Chapels of Clitheroe and Downham in that County, and Master of the Free Grammar School at Clitheroe, is well known to the Learned World as Author of "An Archæological Dictionary; or, Classical Antiquities of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, alphabetically arranged; containing an Account of their Manners, Customs, Diversions, Religious Rites, Festivals, Oracles, Laws, Arts, Engines of War, Weights, Measures, Money, Medals, Computation and Division of Time, &c. 1783 *;" which he dedicated to Dr. Samuel Johnson †.

* Notwithstanding some slight defects, this is a very useful performance; for, though Potter's "Archæologia," and "Kennet's Antiquities," as Mr. Wilson remarks, are deservedly held in high esteem, yet the former seems rather calculated for the man of erudition than for the student, and the latter is silent concerning several useful articles.

† Who thus acknowledged the compliment:

"REV. SIR, *Bolt-court, Fleet-street, London, Dec. 31, 1782.*

"That I have so long omitted to return you thanks for the honour conferred upon me by your Dedication, I entreat you with great earnestness not to consider as more faulty than it is. A very importunate and oppressive disorder has for some time debarred me from the pleasures, and obstructed me in the duties of life. The esteem and kindness of wise and good men is one of the last pleasures which I can be content to lose; and gratitude to those from whom this pleasure is received, is a duty of which I hope never to be reproached with the final neglect.

"I therefore now return you thanks for the notice which I have received from you, and which I consider as giving to my name not only more bulk, but more weight; not only as extending its superficies, but as encreasing its value.

"Your book was evidently wanted, and will, I hope, find its way into the schools; to which, however, I do not mean to confine it; for no man has so much skill in antient rites and practices as not to want it.

"As I suppose myself to owe part of your kindness to my excellent friend Dr. Patten, he has likewise a just claim to my acknowledgments, which I hope you, Sir, will transmit.

"There

Mr. Wilson also published "A Sermon, preached at the Assizes at Lancaster, August 19, 1787, before Lord Loughborough and the then Mr. Justice Wilson," 4to.

He died March 3, 1813; and was buried in the church at Clitheroe: where a monument has been thus affectionately inscribed by his grateful Scholars:



A. Ω.

THOMÆ WILSON, S. T. B.

ECCLESIÆ DE CLAUGHTON RECTORI;
SACELLORUM DE CLITHERÆ ET DOWNHAM MINISTRO,
ET IN VICINO GYMNASIO
PER ANNOS FERME DUODEQUADRAGINTA
LITERARUM HUMANIORUM MAGISTRO,
ABSQUE FUCO ET FASTU ERUDITO,
JUVENTUTI SINE PLAGIS REGENDÆ NATO;
ET INTER DOCENDUM MALE DICERE AUT SÆVIRE NESCIO,
(VOCE, VULTU, INDOLE, PLACIDISSIMIS,)
QUI, PLURIMIS IN ECCLESIAM INQUE R. P. DISCIPULIS EMISSIS,
NEMINEM NON SIBI SODALEM ALLEXERAT,
NEMINE NON USUS EST AMICO,
AB IISDEM UNDEQUAQUE CONGREGATIS
GRATO QUOTANNIS EXCEPTUS CONVIVIO
(HEU! NUNQUAM REDITURO)
CONVICTOR IPSE JUCUNDISSIMUS
SERMONE COMTO, FACETO, VERBORUM
LUSIBUS SEU SCINTILLULIS, NITENTI,
INNOCUO, TAMEN, COMI, PIO,
ANNOS NATO LXV. DENATO.
V. NON. MART. A. D. MDCCCXIII.
SEPULTO BOLTONÆ JUXTA BOWLAND,
PROPE CONJUGEM PRÆREPTAM,
CENOTAPHIUM, UBI VIVUS FLORUERAT
L. L. M. P. P.
DISCIPULI.

"There will soon appear a new Edition of my Poetical Biography. If you will accept of a copy to keep me in your mind, be pleased to let me know how it may be conveniently conveyed to you. The present is small, but it is given with good-will by, reverend Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON."

The

The Rev. WILLIAM SMITH,

of Queen's College, Oxford, M. A. 1685, was Rector of St. John's Nevis 1716—1721; where the usual salary was sixteen thousand pound weight of Muscovado, or coarse sugar annually, three pounds, or five hundred weight of sugar, for a funeral sermon, and twelve shillings and sixpence for every christening, marriage, and burial; in the case of Mr. Smith, the Vestry of St. John's gave 30*l.* more than the above salary.

He was afterwards Rector of St. Mary's in Bedford; and published "A Natural History of Nevis, and the rest of the English Leeward Charibee Islands in America*; with many Observations on Nature and Art; particularly, an Introduction to the Art of Decyphering. In Eleven Letters, to the Reverend Mr. Mason, B. D. Woodwardian Professor, and Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, 1745," 8vo.

The Rev. CHARLES HAWTREY †, M. A.

raised a controversy, which lasted but a short time, upon the subject of 'The Divinity of the Son of God,' intituled, Θεανθρωπος της καινης Διαθηκης, in which William Lord Bp. of Chester, Principal of Brazenose, and his successor in the Principality, Frodsham Hodson, A. M. took a part, and which was closed in 1796 by a second publication of Hawtrey's, intituled, 'A particular Enquiry into the Doctrine of an Eternal Filiation.'

* In that work Mr. Smith says, "One *Mr. Power*, a *Cantabrigian*, who was a predecessor of mine in the Rectory of St. John's at *Nevis*, wrote a Poem called "The Sugar-cane;" which was looked upon there as a curious work, and as such (after his death) sent home hither to his Relations. But I believe it was never printed: for, on my return to England, I made a particular enquiry after it of *Mr. Rivington*, of St. Paul's Church-yard, and of many other London Booksellers, but in vain. However, the subject was a field enough for the finest of Poets to expatiate upon;"—and has been performed in a masterly manner by *Mr. Grainger*. (See some account of this Mr. Power in the former part of this volume, p. 80.)

† See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 701: vol. IX. 569.

Original

Original Letter from the late Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE, Bart. Author of the "Memoirs of Great Britain," &c. &c. &c. to the late Admiral DALRYMPLE.

"MY DEAR SIR, *Cranston, Jan.* 1, 1772.

"Your shirts are safe. I have made many attempts upon them; but Bess, who has in honesty what she wants in temper, keeps them in safety for you.

"You ask me, what I have been doing? To the best of my memory, what has passed since I came home is as follows:

"Finding the roof bad, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and made thirty themselves.

"I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in summer: But now, that winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again, that it cost me to take them down.

"I thought it would give a magnificent air to the hall, to throw the passage into it. After it was done, I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it; the wind blew out the candle from the over-size of the room; upon which, I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold in the midst of summer.

"I ordered the old timber to be thinned; to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen, for every tree they cut, destroyed three, by letting them fall on each other. I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing that the carpenter I employed had cut off his thumb in felling a tree. But this pleasure was soon allayed, when, upon examining his measure, I found that he had measured false, and cheated me of 20 *per cent.*

"Instead of saddle-horses I bought mares, and had them covered with an Arabian. When I went, some months after, to mount them, the groom told me, I should kill the foals; and now I walk on foot, with the stable full of horses, unless when, with much humility, I ask to be admitted into the chaise, which is generally refused me.

"Remembering, with a pleasing complacency, the Watcombe pigs, I paid thirty shillings for a sow with pig. My wife starved them. They ran over to a madman, called Lord Adam Gordon, who distrained them for damage; and the mother, with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage.

"Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more: she learned the way to market for their produce; and I have never got a bowl of cream since.

"I made a fine hay-stack; but quarreled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay, and building the stack. The hay-stack took fire; by which I had the double mortification of losing my hay, and finding my wife had more sense than myself.

"I kept

"I kept no plough; for which I thank my Maker; because then I must have wrote this Letter from a gaol.

"I paid twenty pounds for a dung-hill, because I was told it was a good thing; and, now, I would give any body twenty shillings to tell me what to do with it.

"I built, and stocked a pigeon-house; but the cats watched below, the hawks hovered above; and pigeon-soup, roasted pigeon, or cold pigeon-pie, have I never seen since.

"I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house; but I hit upon the tail of the rock, and drained the well of the house; by which I can get no water for my victuals.

"I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers to give me land off his farm. But when I went to take off the ground, he laughed, said he had choused the Lawyer, and exposed me to a dozen law-suits for breach of bargains, which I could not perform.

"I fattened black cattle and sheep; but could not agree with the butchers about the price. From mere œconomy, we eat them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits.

"I bought two score of six-year old wethers for my own table; but a butcher, who rented one of the fields, put my mark upon his own carrion sheep; by which I have been living upon carrion all the summer.

"I brewed much beer; but the small turned sour, and the servants drank all the strong.

"I found a ghost in the house, whose name was M^c^Alister, a pedlar, that had been killed in one of the rooms at the top of the house two centuries ago. No servant would go on an errand after the sun was set, for fear of M^c^Alister, which obliged me to set off one set of my servants. Soon after the housekeeper, your old friend Mrs. Brown, died, aged 90; and then the belief ran, that another ghost was in the house, upon which many of the new set of servants begged leave to quit the house, and got it.

"In one thing only I have succeeded. I have quarreled with all my neighbours; so that, with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I stalk alone like a lion in a desart.

"I thought I should have been happy with my tenants, because I could be insolent to them without their being insolent to me. But they paid me no rent; and in a few days I shall have above one half of the very few friends I have in the country in a prison.

"Such being the pleasures of a country life, I intend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending the spring in London, where, I am happy to hear, we are to meet. But I am infinitely happier to hear, that Mrs. Dalrymple is doing so well. May God preserve her long to you! for, she is a fine creature.

"Just when I was going to you last spring, I received a Letter from Bess, that she was dying. I put off my journey to Watcombe, and almost killed myself with posting to Scotland, where I found Madam in perfect good health.

"Yours always, my dear Jack, JOHN DALRYMPLE."

LETTERS TO DR. RICHARDSON,

Continued from p. 416.

From Dr. Thomas Short *.

"Dear and Worthy Sir, *Sheffield, July* 24, 1730.

"Having occasion last Friday to be with Dr. Chambers of Hull, who told me he had sent you the Catalogue of the Books to be sold in Holland next September, he ordered me to send to you for it, and limited me to a loan not exceeding two days, and then return it to him, none of his friends in that country having yet had the perusal of it. I beg, therefore, you would please to send it by bearer, and I will take care to send it him safe in good time. I have returned you your three books by bearer, with hearty thanks for the perusal, wherein I have been much longer than I intended, having had a hurry of other business on my hands. I hope you will remember the Book of Plants you promised me; but I am not to expect any of the very Succulent Herbs in it, they still rotting before they be dried. I have sent herewith my Discourse on Tea, &c.; which, with sincere thanks and acknowledgment of all former favours, please to accept from, dear and worthy Sir, &c. Tho. Short."

"Dear and Worthy Sir, *Sheffield, April* 3, 1731.

"My long silence you are to impute to my uncertainty whether you was at home, or at Preston, this Winter; neither do I know whether this will find you or not; but, if it do, as soon as I have had a line from you I intend to wait upon you, and see how far on your Gardens and my Book of Herbs are. We have had a very healthy Winter here; only one thing remarkable I shall tell you. About four miles from this, in Derbyshire, several persons have had the misfortune to hurt themselves, some by a scratch of a briar, some by a fall on ploughed land, some by ruffling the skin off their leg a little — all of them, to the number of four or five, have had the parts either mortify or imposthumate; and a violent fever has ensued on the third or fourth day, whereof they have all died in three days more; and nobody else has had the misfortune of either mortifications, imposthumations, or fever. This I submit to your philosophy to account for. Tho. Short."

"Worthy Sir, *Sheffield, July* 17, 1731.

"Favoured with your kind letter of May 24th. I am sorry I was disappointed in meeting you at home; but I have had much business on my hands ever since, so as I could not do myself the pleasure of seeing you again, and we have now such a crowd of new Physicians coming and come to this country, that I dare not at present take any pleasure-rides. I am obliged to you for the specimen of the Plant you mention in yours, and especially for your useful observations on it, but hope it will not be preserved alone. I am, Sir, &c. Tho. Short.'

* A Physician at Sheffield. See "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 457.

"WORTHY SIR, *Sheffield, Oct.* 23, 1731.

"The weather still continuing good, encourages me to go on in my survey of Mineral Waters; and being solicitous, if possible, to put an end to those of Yorkshire this season, I desire you would cause any fellows in the neighbourhood to take up, cork, and seal, three large quarts of each water, cause them to be sent to the Talbot in Wakefield, to the care of the Sheffield or Rotheram carrier, who lies there every Monday and Thursday night, and comes here next day; and with each Water, let the taker-up give you an account whether the Spring rises up North, South, East, or West; at the top, middle, or foot of the hill; and, if known, what Stones, Minerals, or Earths, are near the place; what is the colour of the Water at the Spring-head, and what it deposits in its channel; what kind of scum it has upon it; what colour it makes the Stones, Earth, or other materials in its bason and course; what effects it has upon drinking or bathing; and send me also a little Vitriol got in the Coal or other pits, for I can find none here; let them try whether it will lather with soap, and of what colour it makes clothes washed in it, or meat boiled in it. I am heartily sorry to put you upon this trouble; but, as there is none other that I am either acquainted with, or is of ingenuity to satisfy me, I hope the trouble will be less impertinent. Please to let me know what kind of Stones, Earths, Shells, Fishes, &c. you have observed formerly near the places where these Waters are. With all sensible gratitude and obligations for former favours, I am, dear and worthy Sir, your most humble servant, THO. SHORT."

"WORTHY AND DEAR SIR, *Sheffield, Feb.* 23, 1731-2.

"Your kind letter, with the bottles of Water, I received. As for them, so especially for your kind promise in offering to assist me in your neighbourhood, I return you my most hearty thanks; and should take it much kinder still, if there be any thing of our Manufactory, either for House or Gardens, that you want, if you would please to let me know by a line. I have been thus far in the Winter throng, in examining and abridging all that have either treated purposely or transiently on Scarburgh, Buxton, and Harrogate Spaws, which are all in our country that have been treated of, except some small hints on Malton. I shall set out next week, to begin a review and re-examination of all the same Waters again, if the weather continue fair and the Springs low from the drought; but I must move very short excursions this Summer, having got an Antagonist Physician from Cambridge here. I shall be sure to remember Mr. Brewer's Matlock Petrifactions, and bring them when I go there; and if there is any thing from thence that I can serve you in, I should gladly do it. I design to be your way, and examine all your spring, pretty early, except great rains (whereof we have had none these 17 months) prevent me. I hope to find a catalogue of the Waters about you and Halifax ready for me when I come. I am, worthy Sir, your obliged and humble servant, THO. SHORT."

"DEAR

"Dear and Worthy Sir, Sheffield, July 5, 1732.

"I have herewith sent my servant, who, under your eye, will examine all the Waters in your neighbourhood; only see that he write a true account of their different colourations, by the sundry ingredients or mixtures used, and that he mark the bottles with the sediments right. But, to make the differences among the Waters of the same *genus* more obvious, let him get together all the Sulphur Waters first, and try them at once, letting them stand two days and making the observations upon the first mixture when just brought in from the Spring; secondly, after 12 hours standing; then, lastly, at 36 or 48 hours standing; and while they are thus mixed and standing by, let him exhale those sundry Waters, four or five gallons of each: for some Waters afford very little sediment; others again, as Cricklie ground Waters, afford three different kinds of salts, some only one, and some two. Then let him examine all the sundry Chalybeates in the same manner together, writing down which Water each row of glasses contains. You will please to give him orders where to go in Bradford for the loan of what Glasses he wants, which, as you have so many Waters, cannot be fewer than 16 or 18 dozen; he pays 2*d*. a dozen for the loan of them, and makes good what he breaks; and when he goes on forward toward Skipton and Settle, you will be so kind as to give him a letter to any gentleman there, to assist him with necessaries, and they send him on to others.

"I have sent some of the Matlock Petrifactions for Mr. Brewer and yourself. I hope you received the Proposals I sent, and will procure what subscriptions you can. I have a letter this day from a gentleman in Leeds, complaining of the high price of the copies, which is the only letter of this kind that has come to hand; but people reflect not on the great expences, and loss of time and business it has cost me, being a very different work from that spun out at leisure hours in a study; nor that all pamphlets, &c. of about 60 pages are still sold at a shilling; and lastly, if subscriptions come not in to clear off my expences, I have a chap ready to buy the manuscript to add to his Library, which is one of the finest of any one Nobleman's in England. Dr. Greathed of Lincoln exerts himself very warmly, and undertakes for the whole County, having a general acquaintance, and practised there for near fifty years; and will return, I hope, a very considerable number of subscriptions. And in this place gentlemen generally subscribe, some for two, four, or six copies, to force it out; for there shall not a copy be printed but what is subscribed for; and there shall be no theory, hypothesis, or opinion, admitted in the work, but all built upon plain experiment and demonstration. You will see the directions given my servant; and I beg you will be so kind as to give him the Natural History, I not being present. I have sent with the boy my first draught of the Natural and Experimental History of Scarburgh Spaw, which you may read over, and see a little the method I propose to follow; and beg your advice and direction

 about

about it: but fail not to return it by him; for, it being only a rude draught, yet it contains my whole experiments yet made; and my minutes I have destroyed. I hope you have taken care of Preston, I having no acquaintance in that country. Send also a Proposal, and some receipts to your brother, Haworth Currer, Esq. for Craven; and if you want more, please to give a letter by post, as soon as my man is gone, with an account of his diligence, and your observations on Scarburgh; and I will send what you want. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged, &c. THO. SHORT."

"WORTHY SIR, *Sheffield, July* 15, 1732.

"After thanks returned for a great many personal obligations, so for your great kindness to my servant, who met with neither friends nor friendship besides yours and family, I must recollect two things I forgot in my last. The first is concerning the Waters you was so kind as to procure and send me last Winter; they had lost their Sulphur when they came to my hand, which was about ten days after they were taken up; and the remaining quantity after my trials was too small for exhalation, to find out their salt; so that I intend only to insert both that part of the letter I had with them, and so much of your last by my servant as relates to these Waters, into the book, which is far better and more ingenious than any thing I could have gathered from them in that decayed state. The next was the specimens of Plants you was so good as to make me a present of, which I would have sent with the boy; but, giving you the trouble of the Natural and Experimental History of Scarburgh, I was afraid you could not have time to sort the other; especially, seeing I intend a turn to your side myself, I thought to bring them along with me, and get them put in order, when perhaps an addition might be made to them. The design I had in sending those papers by the boy, was to have your valuable and ingenious observations and castigations of them; but not one have you made, or mentioned in your letter. I examine most known Mineral Waters in these Counties, not to trouble the world with a long impertinent history of them, but "in quo minimè credis gurgite piscis erit," some very obscure ones have that in them, which is sufficient to confute the present established, but ill-grounded hypothesis about them; as one I had from the North Riding, which affords me chiefly Alum Crystals, and a little Sea Salt, another Fixed Vitriol, besides that of Malton; and you know, when we conveniently can let a thing be established in the mouths of two or three witnesses, some obscure out-of-the-way Springs may chance to be more useful than others of greater vogue. Nor do I design to act so foolishly in the Medicinal History, as to make one Spaw cure all diseases; for proving too much is proving nothing, or making them useless; but assign the chief effects to each Spring; though after all I do not know whether I shall bring it to bear an Edition or not, subscriptions coming in so slowly, excepting here only and Derby, and what Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Greathead of Lincoln procure. I have inclosed some Proposals;

posals; and if you want any more, please to let me know. I am, worthy Sir, in a very sensible manner,

"Your most obliged and humble servant, THO. SHORT."

"SIR, *Sheffield, July* 7, 1733.

"Favoured with your last; but, having been mostly abroad, could not possibly return an answer sooner. I am glad the boy is so diligent and exact; but I am sorry to give your house so much trouble, though your great goodness so generously excuse it; yet even this adds both to the kindness and my sense of it. I must set out for Scarborough next week; and when I am returned and rested 2 or 3 days I design to call upon you, and go the length of Settle and Colne, and at my return bring the boy with me home. I shall get my book published about Lammas, it being already all printed off to seven sheets; so if Sir John Kaye, or you, or Mr. Garth, have procured any more subscriptions, I shall have them of you when I come over, and send all the copies together when I get home. I am, Sir, &c. THO. SHORT."

"SIR, *Sheffield, Oct.* 9, 1733.

"Herewith please to receive the following books; *viz.* seven large paper, one for yourself (which please to accept for your trouble), and six for your friends, at 15*s.* apiece: to Mr. Garth two large paper, and one small: one of the large for himself at 12*s.* because he procured me two other subscriptions. When you have received their money, please to return it to Dr. Cookson; for I shall send for Dan home before then, he having been unreasonably long troublesome to your family already, for which I am under a greater obligation to you for than I know how to make a return. I have also sent a box for Mr. Brewer; and I shall send him by the messenger that comes for the boy several things more curious than these, which I had mislaid, and could not find till this was made up. If he can send me some specimens of Sea or Land Plants, which he can conveniently spare, when Dan comes home, I shall be obliged to him. Be so kind as send two books of large paper, and one of small, with the inclosed letter, to Mr. Cooper of Colne. Since I was in your country, I have obtained from two Waters two different kinds of Nitre; neither of which, as far as I have read, seems to be so much as known either to Ancients or Moderns; which will effectually overturn the bold assertion of those who tell us that no Mineral Waters in England contain any Fixed Salt, besides *Marine* and *Sal Calcareum.*

"Pray please to favour me with your judicious observations upon the book when you read it. Please to take your book out of the box with a great many thanks. I am, Sir, in the gratefullest manner for all your favours, with my service to your lady and family, your most obliged humble servant, THO. SHORT."

"DEAR SIR, *Rotheram, Nov.* 3, 1733.

"Favoured with yours of the 17th past. Would have sent for Dan before this, but have been throng about a double marriage in the family; *viz.* Mr. William Parkin, jun. of Mortimley to Mr. Copley's sister, of Sprodbar, near Doncaster; and I since to Mr. Parkin's

Parkin's sister. Our hurry is not yet over. As soon as I have got my house quiet, I will send for him. All the books I sent you are double demy paper, those called small paper are single demy.

"I sent Mr. Brewer a catalogue of his Fossils by post, and will send him some more, after our Fair of the 19th is past, when I shall send for Dan home, and hope what small number of dried Plants he has got ready he will send by the boys; in the mean time I wish Dan would call on him, and draw these three or four Plants he wants to have done, for which I had last week a letter from him. Mr. Garth's account is right. Pray please to let me know in your next, how your country stands affected to the ensuing Election; all our neighbourhood being for Sir Rowland Wynn and Mr. Turner. With my service to your lady and sons, I am, dear and worthy Sir, your most obliged, &c. THO. SHORT."

"WORTHY SIR, *Dec.* 14, 1733.

"I hereby return you my hearty thanks, for the generous and unmerited favour you have shewn to me, for my servant Dan; whom I have hereby ordered home. I should be exceedingly glad, could it possibly ever fall in my way to shew the gratitude and respect due by me to you for so many distinguishing favours. I am quite out of countenance for giving so long trouble. If your bookbinder will specify the damaged sheets in your copy, I will make them good, and impatiently wait your most ingenious and free observations on the work. I have sent you another copy of large paper instead of the damaged one complained of by Mr. Preston; the last I make a present of, to your younger son the Physician, or whom you please, as the copy is compleat, and I am sure legible. I am still prosecuting my experiments further to bring the affair nearer to demonstration. I hope in Summer, personally to return you my thanks; and till then, as ever, I must remain, your most obliged and humble servant, THO. SHORT."

"WORTHY AND DEAR SIR, *Sheffield, Jan.* 17, 1733-4.

"Yours with the money inclosed (in full payment of the books sent you) I received by Dan and Jonathan, with the Plants drawn; which are truly curious, and I esteem valuable; and for which I return you most hearty thanks, as for all your other favours. Jonathan told me that, if I had not business for Dan, you desired to have him some time. As the boy is the best at drawing that I have seen, I am not willing to part with him to any living, whilst I can keep him; yet as Dr. Richardson (my most valuable Friend, to whom I am under so many obligations that I cannot in gratitude deny him) desires him, he shall come to him, or I will dismiss him, and for that reason, as he has now finished some things that he left half finished at Bierley. I will put him on setting my books in order, and taking a catalogue of them, which will take him up some time till your answer come to hand and how he is to come over; whether I shall cause my man to bring him, or how. If you had not had him, I intended to have sent him to Lord Malton's Green-house till Spring, and then have sent him to Lord Burlington's Gardens: but these I

lay

lay aside, and destine him for your service, till he get a place —Mr. Brewer's present to me is too valuable to be accepted; so I shall return it him by Dan. I am, worthy Sir,

"Your obliged and humble servant, THO. SHORT."

TO RICHARD RICHARDSON, Esq. North Bierley.

"SIR, *Sheffield, Jan.* 28, 1746.

"The late immoderate fondness of Exotics and Chemical Medicines having almost expelled the use of our own Simples in practice, to the great detriment of the health of the poor, and Nature's liberality to us; I have last year, at my spare hours, collected and compiled a Treatise on the Virtues of English Physical Plants, from the best ancient and modern Authors, my own 27 years observations in practice, and the communications of several acquaintances, as an essay toward restoring and recommending the use of Simples, adapted especially to the use of charitably disposed private gentlemen and ladies; of which I have herewith sent you part of a copy, desiring your acceptance of it, and the rest of the copy shall be sent when it comes off the press. And because your late ingenious, generous, and worthy Father and you were the greatest Botanists in the kingdom, I beg you will be so kind as to favour me, by the return of the bearer next Monday, with what errors or mistakes you find in the botanical part, that they may be printed off with the errata of the press, which I have taken up here. There only wants here, Wound Wort, *Vulneraria rustica*, and *Jessmine*, that was forgot before, to compleat the printed catalogue. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant, THO. SHORT."

MR. RALPH THORESBY * to DR RICHARDSON.

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, Jan.* 5, 1701-2.

"I am very sorry I was so unhappily prevented, that I could enjoy so little of your excellent and instructive converse when you was last at Leeds. I forgot to enquire when you heard from our friend Mr. Sutherland. I have writ twice, and in October sent him an Edward VI. half crown, but never heard from him since. When you seek for a letter of Mr. Vernon's, you may perhaps find some others of your learned Correspondents. If my estate would permit it, I should scarce be able to deny myself the honour and happiness of waiting on you to the two Universities, and London, the next tour you make. I shall in vain wish myself with you at such places, where I know you will have the opportunity of excellent converse, and seeing noble collections of all manner of curiosities: but I must submit to another fate. I have forgot the name of the Sea Fowl and foreign prickly Crab you told me, and the small sort of Lobster in the white shell. Perhaps, in your Treatise of Fishes, you may find the figure of what was sent me under the notion of a Dog-fish. At your leisure, I shall be proud of a line to, Sir, your most obliged, &c., RALPH THORESBY."

* The industrious Author of the "Ducatus Leodiensis;" of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VIII. p. 464,

"HONOURED

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, April* 10, 1702.

"With thanks for the Phosphorus, you might justly expect letters to the gentleman we were speaking of; but the death of an only brother having kept me up the whole night, I can scarce hold up my head; and now necessary cares about the poor orphans and funeral prevent my enlargement. I shall hope for the favour of an answer to the letter I sent to you a month ago for Mr. Lhwyd, upon your return from Oxford. My service to him and Mr. Nevil, if you know him, of that University—to Dr. Cooke, and our late learned Vicar Mr. Milner of Cambridge, if you make that your way to London. I only beg the favour of a line on Monday, how I shall direct to you at London; and the next week I hope to perform what should have been done now by, Sir,

"Your obliged though sorrowful servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, May* 19, 1702.

"On Tuesday Mr. Richardson was so kind as to leave your letter at my house. I was so unhappy as to be then abroad, and afterwards missed of him, though I was no less than four times that afternoon at his Inn. I thank you for your very kind Letter, and am heartily glad you are safe returned, This morning I had a letter from Dr. Woodward, who, I perceive, is in a fret; because, not without difficulty, he had the perusal of the drawings of your Coal Plants for about three hours, because you was going out of town that afternoon, yet the Wednesday after Dr. Sloane produced them at the Meeting of the Society, and said you had given them to him, and would also send him the things themselves. Mr. Nicolson writ me, he was to be peppered at, as well as somebody else, upon whom I dread the storm will fall more heavy, because the Bishoprick of Carlisle will possibly screen your fellow-sufferer; but this only to yourself. The Doctor, you know, is an ingenious person, though he can by no means bear any one's respects to the most obliging Dr. Sloane, who, I am glad to hear, has Mr. Charleton's Collections*. I heard lately from Mr. Sutherland, who is recovered; but I fear Dr. Kaye, of Newcastle, is dead. I fear Mr. Lhwyd took not kindly my Letter of the supposed British Coin, because I have never heard from him. I long for the happiness of enjoying a little of your conversation: writing cannot dispatch what a London journey affords; but must wait the leisure. I am, dear Sir, &c. RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, July* 3, 1702.

"I perceive by Dr. Sloane you communicated to him what I writ, which will put Dr. Woodward into a fret; but it is no great matter, for though very ingenious, yet not the best tempered. I have very lately received two letters from Dr. Sloane, who is proud of your correspondence, whom he found to answer the great cha-

* William Charleton, Esq. of the Middle Temple, eminently known for his fine collection of Curiosities, viz. Medals, Shells, &c. died at the Gravel Pits at Kensington, March 27, 1702, and left the aforesaid Curiosities to Dr. Sloane.—The real name of this gentleman was Courters. Why he assumed that of Charleton, and many curious particulars of his eventful life, may be seen in the Biographia Britannica, 1789, Vol. IV.

racter

racter he had of you, being extremely knowing, candid, and ingenious. I have had also the favour of a letter from Mr. Lhwyd of Oxford, and wish I knew how to get one or two of the Adder Beads he has ready for me, safe into Yorkshire; when you know of any opportunity, please to give me notice. And on Saturday last I received a small parcel of Coins from Mr. Sutherland, and a few formed Stones, and one that smells of Violets, found in the North of Scotland; of which he procured four, one of which he sent to the Museum at Oxford, one to Mr. Charleton of the Temple (now Dr. Sloane's), and one he reserves for Dr. Richardson, which I advertise you of, lest his letter to you should miscarry. I should be glad of a catalogue of the Scotch Coins you received of him long ago. The famous old Mr. Evelyn is yet hearty: he has left two odd Coins for me at Gresham College, which I know not now how to get home, since Mr. Kirke is come away. I am, &c. RALPH THORESBY."

Dr. RICHARDSON to Mr. THORESBY.

"DEAR SIR, *July* .. 1702.

"I had taken care of Mr. Lhwyd's present to you, if I had not received your farther directions. He is now at Cambridge, but his stay there will be short: I heard from him this week. I daily expect Mr. Bobart's orders for a fresh supply of those Plants I sent him in May; the season then being so untoward for planting, that I fear very few of them are now alive. If I hear nothing from him shortly, I shall desire him to send me the formed Stones I had from the Museum, which were left in his hands; and with them to take care of Mr. Lhwyd's kindness to you. I am sorry I should lose the favour of so ingenious a person as Dr. Woodward, especially if the passage in Mr. Lhwyd's 'Lithophylacii Britannici Iconographia' be the only reason; which, I believe, if fairly represented to any unprejudiced Reader, will not appear so enormous a crime but may justly deserve pardon. Because the book is scarce, I have transcribed you as much as relates to that passage, where you will find, that in express words I do acknowledge that Lime-stone abounds with marine bodies. If, in my search for such, I had met with any Lime-stone there, my inquiry would have been more particular; but the S. W. rocks upon the hill being the only ones that are of that sort, and being very inconsiderable to the rest, at first escaped my observation; but at second search, found it Lime-stone, and in it Pectinites and Entrochi (and as soon realized my mistake) which are in plenty in all the Limestone in Craven; but in any other part of the great Rocks, which consist of Mill-stone grest, fine Sand-stone, not any footsteps of Shells, &c. to be found: and in this, I am sure, neither the Doctor nor any of his Missionaries can detect me; neither have I met with any thing of this kind in any quarries of Stone within four miles of this place, though we have plenty of all sorts, unless we may call the Black Scale, which lies above the Coal nigh Birstall, which is wholly composed of shells for several feet together; but in the transcript you will trace some account of it. I perhaps might have been as serviceable a person for assisting in his

his designed work as most he would have met with here; but I perceive he must be angry with all persons that in the least pretend to his way, lest his honour should be eclipsed by their assistance. But I heartily wish him all the reputation that so great an undertaking deserves, and his health to finish his book; and for what he can say or do to me, I am not in the least concerned. But I am afraid, in the epistle he refers you to, there are greater rubs to be met with than this, which I hope he will account for in his great work; and that, perhaps, may be the reason, though the other bear the show. But, if I be ill used, I am sure to fare no worse than some of my friends, who will be no more concerned than myself. I will very willingly allow his hypothesis to carry the greatest weight of reason along with it of any yet extant; and I am sure, if his humour was as agreeable as his way of writing, he would be the mirror of this age; but his haughty temper will not down with any person that is his equal. He shewed me with all the civility imaginable the finest Collection of Natural Curiosities I ever yet met with, besides other civilities I received from him: but the Designs that I shewed him were disposed of to Dr. Sloane the morning before, and after, by Mr. Buddle's notion (who was with me at Dr. Sloane's) borrowed, to shew Dr. Woodward they were then not my own. And he takes it ill that I should be so backward in lending him them. I had promised to return them to Dr. Sloane when I came back from Dr. Woodward, and I was not willing to disoblige him. If I had met with Dr. Woodward before I had disposed of them, he should with as much frankness have had them as Dr. Sloane, for it was never my thoughts to let them appear in publick. R. Richardson."

"Honoured Sir, *Leeds, Sept.* 17, 1707.

"What I find marked for you in my Catalogue of Mr. Kirk's Books is, No 90 of the folios, 'A Vindication of Stonehenge restored,' price 2*s.* 1*d.*; and amongst the quartos, No 119, 'Miscellanea Curiosa,' said to be in 7 volumes, a guinea. 'Sir George Wheler' went at 4*s.* 7*d.*' to Mr. Arthington. After the bustle about the 'Miscellanea Curiosa,' there was such confusion that I find no more marked in my Catalogue. I thank you most kindly for your most agreeable present of Mr. Lhwyd's 'Archæologia Britannica.' I should be glad if you could send along therewith the transcript of your Pedigree and Arms, as likewise that of the Archbishop, to adorn my MS. As you hunt for Natural Curiosities for Dr. Sloane, you may perhaps find duplicates for dear Sir,

"Your obliged humble servant, Ralph Thoresby."

"Honoured Sir, *Leeds, Oct.* 15, 1707.

"I hope this will find you safe returned from my Lord Down's, whither your last Letter acquainted me you was going. Mr. Lhwyd's book (for which I am much your debtor) is a very surprizing as well as diverting Treatise. He is a person of prodigious industry. When you have leisure, pray oblige me with what I requested of your Pedigree; and pray note the years of the

the deaths of the heads of the family, that I misapply not the Epitaphs in and near Bradford Church, wherein I expected also to have met with one of Mr. Peter Sunderland, the Benefactor. Pray whether was he buried there or not? and whether did he dispose of any other sums to pious uses than that to the Lecturer? By the assistance of your mother and other relations, you may draw out that of the Archbishop, better than I know how to procure it any other way. Please particularly to mention his Chaplain, Mr. Richardson, my good friend, and Mr. Wickens, who I think married his sister. As to a transcript of his Grace's MS. of English Coins, you shall not need to be at the charge of an Amanuensis, I will do it for you myself; only you must spare me a little at this juncture, because Dr. Gibson of Lambeth will needs engage me to make Additions and Corrections for the County of York, in order to a new edition of Camden's Britannia; and urges me to haste, there being none to be got at London. Pray hint to me what mistakes or omissions you have noted in the last Edition. When I have done that I will transcribe my Lord's MS. for you; your kind respects to me meriting a greater master than that from dear Sir, &c. RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, Feb.* 23, 1708-9.

"Being returned from a London journey, I take myself obliged to give so good a friend as you have always been, a short account of my Tour; and the rather because several eminent Virtuoso's enquired particularly of you at Gresham College*, where one of your Letters was read with great satisfaction. The most obliging Dr. Sloane is especially your servant. The Venetian Ambassador (who was lately admitted) was twice there, with the Dutch Envoy, and other curious Foreigners, who were pleased with some experiments made by the Air-pump.—I saw there some valuable MSS. taken by Gustavus Adolphus. I need not tell you what valuable ones I met with in the Cottonian Library; but I was surprized to find so prodigious a number of original Charters, Bulls, MSS. as are of late collected and purchased at vast rates daily by Mr. Harley, the late Secretary.' I was especially pleased with some of the excellent Bp. Stillingfleet's, that relate to Yorkshire. I had also the perusal of the famous Record in the Exchequer, Domesday-book, with liberty to transcribe what was for my purpose, by the favour of Norroy‡, our King at Arms, who, with Mr. Dale, allowed me the like favour at the Heralds' Office, where I took particular notice of your Pedigree. I was pleased to see them in their formalities (the Union Arms being richly embroidered) upon the Queen's birth-day at St. James's, where was a vast concourse of the first-rate Nobility, by many of whom I had been kindly received, and shewed variety of Curiosities (as their several Genii inclined them) at their respective houses; but by none more than the Lord High Admiral §, who has

* Editor of Camden's Britannia, and afterwards Bishop of London.
† Where the Royal Society then met. ‡ Peter Le Neve, Esq.
§ Thomas Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

made

made noble additions to his invaluable Museum; and particularly a Roman Bos of five pounds weight. There is an account of it in the new Edition of Baron Spanhemius' 'Numismata,' which Prussian Ambassador sent per Sir Andrew Fountaine (who, by the way, shewed me his own Museum, which I take to be the best in England for our own Country moneys, &c.) to desire the Catalogue of my Coins, which he seemed surprized with, and took excerpta, &c. The Countess of Burlington shewed me the original MSS. writ by the first memorable Earl of Cork, which gives an account of his rise, &c. At Dr. Sloane's I was taken up with viewing six or seven volumes of original Drawings and Paintings, relating to the several parts of the Indias, as to the Animals, Plants, Habits, Customs, &c. which cost him a prodigious sum of money. The fretful Dr. Woodward, I think, designed to revenge the quarrel upon me; for, though I went twice at the strict times he appointed, I saw nothing to the purpose. I was earnestly solicited to go to Oxford, and stay some time at University College, where Dr. Hudson had provided me lodgings; but the extremity of the season would not permit. The Bishops of Rochester*, Sarum†, Ely‡, Carlisle§, Lincoln||, &c. (not to mention our own excellent Archbishop ||, upon whom I waited in the first place) shewed me great variety of Curiosities; as original Paintings, most rich Medals (especially of the House of Hanover) in gold, some of them worth 30*l.* apiece in the intrinsic value; curious MSS.; and some Books printed in the infancy of that art, more rare than the, &c. I was with several of the Deans, and other Authors, of the Clergy and of the Laity; amongst whom I was especially pleased with Mr. Nelson, who has printed Prayers upon the Feasts and Fasts of the Church, and who with Sir Isaac Newton (who is President of the Royal Society,) and all before-named, obliged me with their names in my traveling *Album*. Amongst the Authors, I might have mentioned some of the female sex: as the Bishop of Sarum's lady¶, and Mrs. Elstob**; the former has writ a Method for Devotion, the latter translated a piece of Mons. Scudery from the French, and added some of her own; and is for giving us a more correct Edition of Sir John Spelman's Saxon Psalms, in which tongue she is a great proficient, and has writ that in my *Album*, &c.

"Dr. Talbot being dead, Mr. Strype's 'Annals of Queen Elizabeth' are cast upon my hand. I have paid for them 16*s*. in quires. I wish any Gentleman in your neighbourhood would buy them; Mr. Thornton, and all of curiosity here, being supplied, there being two setts of subscribers in this town. Another person (who is living and therefore more to blame) has served me in the same kind,

* Dr. Thomas Sprat. † Dr. Gilbert Burnet. ‡ Dr. John Moore.
§ Dr. Wm. Nicolson. || Dr. William White.

¶ Bp. Burnet's second wife was a lady of great piety and considerable erudition. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Blake, Knt.; and was married at the age of 17, to Robert Berkley, Esq. who left her a widow in 1693.

** Of whom, and of her family, see "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IV. 112.

kind, as to the new Edition of Livy's History, in 6 vols. at Oxford, with Notes and Additions; amongst which are the draughts of Dr. Woodward's Shield, and another more antient, with two Inscriptions, &c. I sent up to prove that the Sixth Legion was seated at York (which was not known before); and that it was also styled *Victrix.* Mr. Thornton subscribed also for this, and paid 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*: so that I have none here curious enough to help me off with them.

"But I am tedious, and forget both your time and my own (which is precious at this juncture); and fear too, that what I designed for your diversion will be by the tediousness a burden to you; which well-meant error please to pardon in, dear Sir, your most obliged servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Leeds, March* 1, 1708-9.

"Just now I received your kind Letter, and am glad to hear of your health; and should be glad of any good occasion to bring you to Leeds, that we might have further discourse about our London friends. I was earnestly solicited also to go for Oxford, where Dr. Hudson had kindly provided lodgings for me in University College; but the extremity of the season would not permit, else I should readily have embraced the opportunity of seeing our common friend Mr. Lhwyd, whose Letter to you is very grateful to all ingenious gentlemen, save one Greshamite who has nothing good-humoured in him but the compliment at entrance; and that so formal and most of his demeanor, that I was always uneasy even in the entertainment that his noble Museum afforded. But the truth is, I got little of it this last Tour, for he may not endure those that are kind with the excellent Secretary, which all are covetous to be that have had the opportunity of his converse, which is the most easy and obliging imaginable. I am obliged to you for taking off my hands Dr. Talbot's Books, of Mr. Strype's 'History of the Reformation,' or Annals of the first Twelve years of Queen Elizabeth, till the Church was fully established, and had surmounted all difficulties from both hands. It is absolutely the same with Mr. Thornton's, who paid me, as I had paid at London, 18*s.* 6*d.*; there should have been a 7th part of one deducted, but he would not meddle with that, generously giving his proportion instead of the carriage and postage of Letters: but that is no rule to others, who must have their proportions of the 7th as soon as we can hear of a Chapman. I do not offer to send Livy, because you have the former Edition; and I take it very kindly that you assist me in this of the 'Annals,' for which I am yet about a fourth out of purse; but, if I get well rid of this, I will be more cautious as I subscribe for the future. Pardon, good Sir, this hasty scribble from your most obliged servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, June* 18, 1711.

"The last London Carrier brought the Third volume of Leland, which I here transmit to you, and am glad of the opportunity of writing to renew the correspondence I am proud of; and am almost under a temptation of wishing somebody not well, that

that we may get a sight of you at Leeds, Pray what news from the learned men and grandees of the age? what curiosities and observables have fallen in your way of late? In a former Letter of yours you mention Mr. Lhwyd's election into the Royal Society: pray why should it want the honour of your name in the list? I need not desire you to take care to preserve Mr. Lhwyd's Letters. You know they are worthy of the best Collections. My service to your lady, and brother when you see him; must we not have his daughter shortly to Leeds? I have been for several days at York and Bishopthorp, so that I am a stranger at Leeds. Mr. Birbeck has given me the bones of the Human Fœtus mentioned in the Philosophical Transactions. I bought some curiosities, and had others presented, which I long to shew you; and the Catalogue (so far as I can do without your help) of those in this Museum, where your company is extremely longed for by, dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, April* 18, 1712.

"I long to see you before your journey to Oxford; but now fear the rain will prevent my designed walk the next week. I was in great hopes of your assistance in drawing up the Catalogue of my Natural Curiosities and Formed Stones; when you promised to bring along with you Mr. Lhwyd upon that subject, which I should be glad of the loan of for a few days, and any other authority that I want. I have lately received a valuable Collection of Indian and other Curiosities from Ireland, and from the Bishop of Man. The Bishop of Carlisle (who was with me the last week) has promised me a Collection of what those parts produce. If you have duplicates of any natives of this County, I should be proud to have my Catalogue as complete as possible before it be printed. I am now for collecting the first payments, to return to the undertaker; and, for that reason, must attend the Country Sessions at Pontefract, where (if I be not so happy before) your company would be, as always, most acceptable to, dear Sir, your most obliged servant, RALPH THORESBY.

"I yet want a great number of Subscribers (near 100.)"

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, Sept.* 5, 1712.

"There could not so many of the Royal Society be got together in the Summer's Vacation as was sufficient, else I had been in hopes before St. Andrew's day (their great Anniversary), to have given you an account of your Election, with other Grandees, viz. the Ambassador from Venice *, my Lord Chief Justice †, my Lord Treasurer's Son ‡ and Son-in-law §, a Foreign Professor ‖, &c. They justly admire your worth; only that ill-natured piece of formality Dr. Woodward is your professed antagonist, and will (if he can) expose and confute you. He treated me very

* Sign. Pietro Grimani, afterwards Doge of Venice. He died in 1752.

† Sir T. Parker, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield; died April 23, 1732.

‡ Edward Lord Harley, afterwards second Earl of Oxford. See before, 479.

§ George Henry Hay, Lord Viscount Duplin. See before p. 479.

‖ Sign. Rinaldo de Dullolo, Med. Prof. Bonon. He died in 1742-3.

rudely

rudely for arguing more vigorously for my dear friend, than he thought I needed to have interested myself; but said, he would be so generous to send you by me his arguments in writing, and expected your return, that he might be more candid in his public censure. But, I believe, when he came to note them, he found them of so little weight, that he durst not send them, for I heard no further of them; and though, before that, he had promised at least his own subscription to the 'Ducatus Leodiensis,' that also was withdrawn; but I value not, having almost completed my number, wherein I reckon your two Fellow-travellers. Methinks Mr. Stansfield junior should come in towards making a set: his wife's Arms (the *Sharps*) being engraved, and Pedigree drawn up; but, except it come without urging, I would not be beholden to him. I am desired by the undertaker to collect the remainder of the first payments from the Northern Subscribers. I have his receipt for yours and your Brothers.' When the other gentlemen please to remit theirs to me, I shall send them my receipt till I can procure his for a number together. I have sent you Mr. Hearne's Proposals for 'Leland's Collectanea,' being all that is new which occurs to Sir, &c. R. THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, Aug.* 19, 1715.

"Long-looked-for comes at last, is the common proverb, and now verified in respect of the 'Ducatus Leodiensis,' which, after three months vexatious wrangling with the unconscionable undertakers, I have at long-run procured for my subscribers, which, as you meet with them upon other occasions, please to acquaint them with; they will not be published at London of some time yet. Your 'History of Northamptonshire' is yet in my hands; if you please to make an exchange, instead of paying 10*s*. 6*d*. (for later payment and carriage), you may take as much of your brother or any other subscriber, and shall receive two of these by the carrier. That which I presented to the Royal Society was very acceptable to them; Dr. Sloane (who is your humble servant) moved that an account thereof should be inserted in the Philosophical Transactions; because the museum, &c. related more immediately to those affairs they converse with; Dr. Steigertahl* (the King's German Physician), who was mightily pleased with it, moved that I might do it myself, being best acquainted with what was most valuable; but this I thought not so proper for a modest man to do, so that it is requested you would be so kind as to undertake that task. I am ashamed to be so troublesome, but request you would undertake it.

"Mr. Hearne writes from Oxford, he is perfectly surprized with the number and value of the Curiosities; wishes it had been published in Latin for the sake of Foreigners; and that he kept close at it for four hours with great satisfaction. What opinion three learned Dignitaries have of the book itself may be seen by their printed Testimonials. If you please, I shall for expedition sake

* John George Steigertahl, M. D; F. R. S. 1714.

send

send you mine, that I got bound at London, and take yours when ready. Pardon, my dear friend, this trouble, from

"Your most obliged and humble servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"DEAR SIR, Leeds, Aug. 31, 1715.

"I received yours this minute, and send you a bound book by your brother's servant, in hopes you will not refuse the kind office requested of you in my former; your brother may have his, and so the other subscribers, at either of our Booksellers in Leeds. I can give you some ease in respect of Morton's 'History of Northamptonshire;' for, looking into that you left here, I find a duplicate of that gathering with the transcript of Domesday book. This post brings me a letter from the Bishop of Carlisle, with the compliment that my book has afforded him many agreeable refreshments under his confinement this tedious Session of Parliament. Please to receive your brother's money, and his book shall be sent as he shall please to direct his and your most humble servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, Leeds, Sept. 14, 1715.

"Yesterday, when yours came to hand, I was busied in shewing the Curiosities to your brother's family and the Oxonians, that I could not decently so much as read the letter, or write by your servant; but take this opportunity by your brother to thank you for your kind letter, and to send the gathering of Mr. Morton's book that was double in that you sent hither. Your brother will take his book here, and pay you for it, to clear that matter, except the binding of yours. I was never at Kirklees: the inscription was what I received from Mr. Thornton, who I think had it from Sir John Armitage; but yours, no doubt, is more correct; and I shall insert it in my book, as the true reading, and transcribed by you. I had a very civil letter from Sir John, that he would subscribe; yet he neither sent the first payment, or now writes for the book. I am suspicious that a relation of his endeavours to put him out of conceit, as not carrying the Pedigree high enough, though I had inserted all that I had seen either in the Heralds' office or Mr. Hopkinson's MSS.; yet, to atone for a reputed slip, I have in the Appendix mentioned what was sent me afterwards from Kirklees. If I had not been at the charge of engraving the arms, &c. it had not been such a disappointment; but I have learnt in some measure to bear the slights of such as have, perhaps, too just an opinion of my poor performance; and am supported by the candid reception it meets with from more charitable hands, if not more proper judges. Yours is particularly kind and encouraging to, dear Sir, your most humble servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, Leeds, Sept. 2, 1717.

"I thank you for your civility when last at North Bierley, and am pleased with the remembrance of your noble collection of Natural Curiosities, which I wish success to: but there is one single piece of Antiquity, that, wanting company there, would adorn another place; I need not tell you it is the British Dart, the

the musty shaft of which is what I have not seen the like of before. I hope, however, you will oblige your old friend and servant with an account how it was found, and fixed to the shaft; whereby you will oblige, Sir, Your, &c. RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, Nov.* 5, 1718.

"Some time ago I had the honour of a very courteous Letter from Dr. Charlett, Master of University College, Oxon; wherein he doth particularly express his gratitude for your favours. 'At Tong (saith he) we met with the most desirable company of Dr. Richardson (and Mr. Nicholas Tempest), to whom University College has been so long obliged. Sir George and his Uncle were pleased to dine with us at Byerley, we being conducted that night by the singular and great humanity of the Doctor to another famous trading town, of Bradford.'—The whole Letter is a panegyrick upon our County. I gave it Mr. Mangey to shew it you, but he returned *re infectâ*. In a postscript he adds, 'Mr. Baitman, an acquaintance of Dr. Richardson's, and a curious Botanist, thinks he has found out, on a moor near Marlow, two Springs; the one Chalybeate, resembling Tunbridge; the other of Allom, like to Epsom.'—This is what relates more immediately to yourself. Pray have you heard from the famous Consul Sherard? The *Alexander Magnus* promised me from another hand, comes off with an *Alex. Balas*. Pray let us have an autograph of Dr. Sherard, relating to his Yorkshire progress; and (but that I durst not venture it in a paper cover) I would be glad to see the promised British Arrow, with an account when and after what manner discovered. I hear your Lady is lately brought to bed. May you have abundance of comfort and joy in all your Relations! I am, Sir, &c. RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, Sept.* 25, 1722.

"When I had last the honour to see you at Leeds, and shewed you the Hippocampus sent me from London, you promised to give me an Account of that little animal from some author not in this Library; but a throng of business, I suppose, prevented you. I since presumed to remind you of it, in a Letter wherein I likewise requested your assistance about a venerable old Seal, washed up by the late dismal flood at Ripponden, which is now in possession of your father-in-law Mr. Crossley*, who, I am informed (by an old friend on that side) is kindly inclined to have it preserved in this Museum; and, to use his expression, 'if Dr. Richardson speak but in my favour, I may be sure of it:' which, considering your respects at all times, I reckon myself in a manner cocksure of. (Pray whence is that proverbial speech?) I should be ashamed of this boldness, but that all the world knows that an Antiquary and Collector of Curiosities must be a Beggar; so that where the intrinsic value is not considerable, I can do it without a blush. Pray what news from our brethren of the Royal Society? I think Dr. Woodward, of Gresham College, intends to

* John Crossley, Esq. of Crossley Hall, near Bradford; and of Kirkshaw House, near Halifax.

shirk me out of a 'Ducatus,' which was sent him in July. I think to publish an additional Catalogue of the Curiosities, which are much augmented since the former was printed.

"I have lately received two Letters from Browne Willis*, Esq. to assist him in the List of the Churches and Chapels in each Archdeaconry, with the Patron that presents, and to what Religious House each formerly appertained. But my paper reminds me that it is time to ease you of further trouble, and subscribe myself, as always, Your obliged, &c. RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, Feb.* 21, 1722-3.

"Your very learned Epistle merits greater thanks than I am able to express. As to the Formed Stones lately added to my Collections, that particularly with the noble Scalop (I am proud of the epithet you gave it), it was found at Crake, nine miles North of York. I have taken coach for London 4th March; hope to see my two sons from Cambridge, and the Bishop of Lincoln's, in the way; and, at the end of my journey, Sir Hans Sloane, and our other friends of the Royal Society. If you have any service to command me, I shall be proud of executing your commands, and likewise of communicating a full account of the Riponden flood; and, if my good friend please, that the venerable old Seal is added to the Curiosities of, dear Sir,

"Your most obliged humble servant, RALPH THORESBY.

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, June* 21, 1723.

"Though I send you this printed paper (to which book most of the Society of Antiquaries have subscribed), yet the main errand of this is to present the respect and service of Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Sherard, and many other friends of the Royal Society. I dined with the Consul at Sir Hans's, and had a cursory view of his immense treasury, to which he has added several noble specimens of Gold and Silver Ore from Germany. It is a thousand pities a Catalogue is not printed. I believe he has a multitude of Curiosities that himself is scarce aware of. I saw also Dr. Woodward, with abundance of formality; but made no addition to my own at either place, though I had promises from both; the Consul, you know, promised me duplicates of some Greek Coins, but all is come off with two of those Cedar cones from Libanus, that he said he put up for me in a parcel he sent to you. I saw not those of the Museum at Crane Court, it being locked up since the escape of poor Mr. Thomas†. Many Candidates put in for his place as Librarian and Keeper of the Museum. The principal were, Mr. Williams, a learned Briton, and Mr. Hauksbec‡: it fell to the latter. I never saw such a number of the Fellows as upon that occasion; three rooms almost full.

"I want very much discourse with you, but you know I am a sad traveller. I know not whether even the Seal of the Confessor of Sion could tempt me; but you are brisk, and have

* See his opinion of Mr. Thoresby, p. 812.

† Mr. Alban Thomas, elected Clerk and Librarian to the Royal Society 1711, died in 1723. ‡ Mr. Francis Hauksbec, elected 1723; died in 1763.

frequent

frequent occasion to travel. I would not wish to be sick, to enjoy your company; but, if your occasions bring you to Leeds, I have Curiosities, Books, and Pictures, to shew you, to tempt you to stay a little with your most obliged, &c. R THORESBY."

"DEAR SIR, *Leeds, March* 10, 1724-5.

"I received your kind Letter, with Mr. Consul's Sherard's present of old Greek Coins, which the bearer was surprized to see, supposing (by the weight) he had brought a cargo of gold or silver. I desire you would present my service to the Consul, with thanks for them. I will shew the printed Proposals to as many as I think they may be acceptable to, but fear there will not be many Subscribers. I have herewith sent you one of my books, which are sold at *6s*; but you have so much trouble with me, that *5s. 6d.* from you will content, Sir,

"Your friend, and servant, RALPH THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, *Leeds, March* .. 1724-5.

"I have received a Letter from Dr. W. Stukeley, wherein he tells me that in a Lecture to the Society of Antiquaries, he discoursed concerning the British Weapons; and can prove that those Brass Weapons, which you and I write about, belong to the Druids;—that he designs to be in Yorkshire this summer with Mr. Gale, and designs to publish a book of the British Temples, and Weapons. I shall be glad to hear how you like the book I sent according to your order, and that it came safe to your hand; and am, Sir, your humble servant, R. THORESBY."

"HONOURED SIR, [*undated.*]

"I have received your Letter, but am not able to write. When you write to Mr. Hearne, please to give my service to him. I would be very willing to serve either you or him, but my present indisposition prevents it: I had a Letter from himself, desiring an account of the Hospital at Bawtry, to insert in his book which is now in the press; but a fit of the palsey incapacitates me from writing to him, and from enlarging to you; for, though the fit, I hope, is wearing off, yet I have not the use of my right hand. So I beg your pardon for this imperfect answer to yours, from your humble servant, RALPH THORESBY."

From BROWNE WILLIS, Esq. "to his much esteemed Friend ROBERT THORNTON, Esq. at his Chambers in Gray's Inn."

"SIR, *Whaddon Hall, near Fenny Stratford, July* 28, 1715.

"I am obliged to you for helping me to Mr. Thoresby's Book; and if you will be pleased to order his Bookseller, Mr. Collins, to call on Mr. Gosling, who lives but a few doors off him, he will pay Mr. Thoresby the Subscription-money for it. I am always of course a Subscriber to Books of Antiquities, and glad to forward any undertaking of that sort at all times; and Gosling has my general instructions to that purpose. And if I can be serviceable to any Gentleman that engages in those studies, it is a great pleasure to me; though I do not find persons so friendly to me; which retards my present undertaking so much, that I

 believe

believe I must leave some part unfinished, and recommend it to the performance of a Friend whose denial of assistance, I hope, is in order to publish it himself.—My very humble respects to Mr. Thoresby, though unknown, with tender of most hearty wishes for his accomplishment of farther Works. If I can be useful to him in any respects, he may command; and if he or you (as I see neither of your names amongst the Subscribers) have occasion for Leland's Collectanea, in six volumes, I will order Mr. Gosling to pay the Subscription-money for it, and get it from Oxford from Mr. Hearne, who put me down as a Subscriber for twelve, unknown to me. However, I have helped him off with ten, and paid for them; and though he has dispensed with me for the other two, yet I should be glad to answer his intentions.

"If you speak to Mr. Gosling on Friday night, or Saturday morning before twelve o'clock, he may send me the book by the carrier, who comes out of town about one, and lives in Clare-market, by him. I see you have got Lord Fermanagh * to frank your Letter. I should be glad to know when he left the town.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant, BROWNE WILLIS."

DR. JOHN BEDFORD † to RICHARD RICHARDSON, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, *Durham, Oct.* 29, 1758.

"If you remember, I was not clear as to the title of my piece upon Lithotomy: I now here send it you. 'Mariani Sancti Barolitani Medici, &c. De Lapide Renum Curiosum Opusculum, &c. Ejusdem De Lapide Vesicæ per Incisionem extrahendo sequitur Aureus Libellus. Aº M.D.XXXV.' At the end you find, "Impressum Venetiis per Petrum de Nicolinis da Sabio A'o D'ni M D.XXXV. Mense Aprilis.' This is the first description of the operation called *Le grand Appareil*, or, from the Author, Marian's Method, generally practised yet in France, as we both have seen. The Comment I have on Mundinus's Anatomy is Curtius, printed 'Papiæ, M.D.L.' 8vo; of no great estimation either of these, though, to be sure, neither a collection of Surgeons or Anatomists can be complete without them.

"I have waited a long time for a copy of Lord President Forbes's Book (containing the *medulla* of the Hutchinsonian doctrine) in vain; so have sent you my own, but I must desire it may be returned. If ever I get one, as I dare say I shall in a little time, I intend it as a present to your lady: in the mean time I beg of her to read over this. I think it will please both of you extremely, and you will thereafter wonder how the University Gentlemen, as Mr. Kaye, &c. can possibly find out any Jacobitism, or Party principles, or High Church Passive Obedience, &c. in this

* Sir John Verney, Bart. created Baron Verney, of Bellurbet, and Viscount Fermanagh, in 1703; elected M. P. for Bucks in 1710 and 1713; died June 23, 1707.

† A learned and eminent Physician at Durham; of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 169; vol. II. 534; vol. V. pp. 110, 115.

this doctrine. But, in short, the mode now-a-days is to stigmatize every thing in this manner, that the modern great have no mind to admit, and not learning enough to canvass or refute. I have also sent you my copy of Spearman's Philosophy, founded on Hutchinsonian principles, or rather Moses's. If you choose to keep this, you will be in my debt 5*s.*; for which I shall get me another, for they are re-printing in Ireland. This I send you, I got from one who had made all those marginal references, which have no signification I can find at all; but I was forced to take it or none, the whole impression being sold off, and the Author, who is a very good friend of mine, had thought he had ordered me one from his Bookseller, which however the latter never sent, so I had liked to have gone without. The Irish new edition will have no additions at all, and the same price, 5*s.* Pray let me know whether you intend to keep mine or not, least I should omit getting myself another.

"I have also sent you a copy of Schomberg's 'Aphorisms,' as you said you had not heard of them. I am at present reading Home's 'Principia Medicinæ:' I am extremely pleased with them. I think he has shewn great judgment as well as learning; and his method, though not the same with Boerhaave's, perhaps as instructive. In short, it is by much the best book of the kind since Boerhaave, and *huic penè par* — a disciple of Boerhaave ought not to say more. If you have it not, you must get it directly.—By Baskerville's Specimen of his types, you will perceive how much the elegance of them is owing to his paper, which he makes himself, as well as the types and his ink also: and I was informed, whenever they come to be used by common pressmen, and with common materials, they will lose of their beauty considerably. Hence, perhaps, this Specimen may become very curious (when he is no more, and the types cannot be set off in the same perfection), and a great piece of *vertù.*

"I have very often considered over your various designs for a Monument to your Father's memory; and have ventured among the rest at an Epitaph, shorter than which I think should not be. However, if you dislike the length of this, I have on the tomb-stone left a blank marble for your own, which I herewith also send you; which I am sure, though it contains as much as you would desire, is as short as possible, for it is but one line.

"You will excuse my writing your Epitaph before you die; I can assure you, I heartily pray *quod serò inscribatur*: but, my plan not being complete without it, I was obliged to add it.

"I suppose then a Pyramid with a Medallion pendant (ornamented with cedar branches and palms) to rise out of, or be a back ground to, a Sarcophagus of various-coloured marble; an oblong square of white Genoa making the outside pannel; and this supported by two Sphynxes, their heads coming out corner-wise, or at each end. The inscription thus:

'M. S. Ricardi Richardson,'
round the medallion.

Qui, artibus Oxoniæ liberalioribus enutritus,
Medicam

Medicam sibi selegit expoliendam,
quam propriis suffultam Principiis
(Mathesi, Anatomiâ, Historiâ Naturali)
æquè liberaliter ac feliciter exercuit;
Samaritano verè similis,
et Balsama et Opes largiens.
Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ veram Religionem
piè, sobriè, et fideliter professus est;
et in eadem mortuus,
de Redemptione et Resurrectione nihil dubitans.'
Here put the date.

"On the white marble pannel of the Sarcophagus, you may leave directions to have the following cut for yourself,

quod Deus in seros annos avertat, Amice:
'Juxta hunc conduntur reliquiæ
Richardi ejus Filii natu maximi;
Sanguine non proprior, quam mentis dotibus Hæres;
Ambo felices, Exempla imitanda futuris.
Ob. &c. &c. &c.'

"Or, as I happened to think myself that evening in a vein for Epitaph-making, you may try if you approve the following, as an amendment upon the former; or, which is most likely, you may reject them both*.

"After *expoliendam,* then read as follows:

'Summæ quam in hâc Arte adeptus est peritiæ
egregiam Historiæ Naturalis et Antiquitatum
adjecit notitiam:
Hisque omnibus (quæ minora duxit)
Religionis strictam observantiam.
Perpolitæ quâ erat morum urbanitati,
et ingenii vivido acumine
omne quod utile cum dulci feliciter miscuit.
In Conviviis mirè gratus, comes, et disertus;
in curandis ægris celer multum atque fidelis;
in Religione latro Apostolum secutus est.
Resurget.'

"Would there not be room enough for the name and the *ob.* round the medallion? and then 'M. S.' should be left out, and the names only: and I think this would be much better, and more expressive. This the Statuary would direct the best.

"You see, Sir, how far I have gone towards convincing you how incapable I am of the task you required of me; but, as you was pleased to desire me to try and throw out some hints for the character, I was at least determined to shew you I would endeavour any thing at your request, though sure of failing. But I am so well acquainted with the sincerity of your friendship, that I dare trust my imperfections to you without reserve, and hope you will send me your corrections as freely.

* Neither of them were adopted. See before, p. 233.

"I have

"I have sent you the Proposals for printing Hutchinson's Works, which are curious enough, and contain a kind of challenge to all Nations and Languages. In short, I would have you buy them; they are great curiosities, if nothing else. My children are all well, and desire to join in sincere and affectionate wishes of all health and happiness to you and your lady, with, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, and faithful friend, J. BEDFORD."

"DEAR SIR, *Durham, Sept.* 19, 1761.

"I deferred writing, till I could give you some account of *Beaumont's* arms, and all its quarters; which you will perceive to be 42. I cannot find the vellum painting. I have laid it by too carefully for the present; for my late wife had a great value for it, as she was nearly allied to the present Mrs. *Keck*, who is the only surviving heiress and representative of the last family of Beaumonts of Stoughton nigh Leicester. Her mother, being a sister of Sir George, the last Baronet and male, married a Mr. *Busby* of Leicestershire. I will send by the first opportunity I have that will bring it safe, the impression of the seal, and afterwards the vellum if I find it. If you want any family anecdotes relating to them, I will enquire of Mrs. Keck. I promised you also a copy of the Receipt of the Oil with which King Charles the First was anointed at his Coronation, prepared by his Physicians, and hallowed by the Bishop of St. David's; which I give you on the other side, as it stands in a book of my brother's. It is copied out of Abp. Sancroft's MS Book of the Coronation; and I fancy is a very curious affair. I am, dear Sir, &c. JOHN BEDFORD."

Dr. J. F. GRONOVIUS † to RICHARD RICHARDSON, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, *Leyden, August* 30, 1735.

"You will remember that, at the time you arrived here in town, you met at M. Lawson's a gentleman from Sweden, that went the same night to Amsterdam, where he is printing his 'Bibliotheca Botanica;' his name is Carolus Linnæus, very well known in the 'Commercius Literarius Noribergensis.' I don't believe that, since the time of Conradus Gesnerus, there has been such a like one, that was so learned in all parts of Natural History as he; and yet not superficial, but to the bottom, which you may conclude by the catalogues of his books which are ready for the press, which you will see at the end of this letter: besides these, he shewed to Mr. Lawson his three tables; 1, that of the Minerals; 2, of Vegetables; 3, of Animals. These are so well made up, that there is nothing wanting in Nature, which is not to be found there under his classes, being every thing made so that in one moment you see the *ordo, nomen genericum, characteres, differentias,* and *synonyma;* every table consisting of two sheets Imperial paper. Lawson and I were so much taken up with these three tables, that we desired leave of him to print them; the first of them will be finished to-

* A descendant of the great Author of the same name; a Botanist; and a person of large fortune at Leyden. His son was in 1779 one of the States-General.

morrow,

morrow, when I send them to Mr. Allen, your banker at Rotterdam, in hopes you may meet it at London, and likewise the two other tables at the time when they are printed. He hath given, with permission of the King, and the Senatus Academicus at Upsal, Colleges in Mineralogicis, Docimasticis, and Zoologicis. When he comes from Amsterdam, he promised to Lawson, Dr. Van Suieten, and me, to learn the *Ars Docimastica.* His Botanic table is what is called in the 'Acta Norimberg.' his *Systema Sexuale,* where he maketh the Classes from the Stamina, *in Sectionibus vero Pistillorum rationem habet.* I don't doubt all the World will be much pleased with this Table; but I am sure it will take up some time before one can know the right use of it, and so rejected by them that will not spend some time. His third Table about the Animals is as curious and useful as the rest, which you will see when it is printed. We have printed them so that I believe they will please you. Be so kind, when you are at London, to enquire about Kempfer's 'Travels to the East Indies,' by Dr. Mortimer; how far they are printed, and whether Dr. Martyn is going on with his 'Decades Plantarum;' item, when we can expect 'Dr. Shaw's Travels.'

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOH. FRED. GRONOVIUS."

Mr. ANGEL CARMEY * to RICHARD RICHARDSON, Esq.

"SIR, *London, Jan. 1, 1756.*

"According to your desire, I send the Coins and Medals you mention, the names and prices at the end of this, and as low as possible. Certainly, as you observed, several lots were sold at a high rate; and, by what I hear, at Mr. Folkes's sale, will be higher still some of the lots, and shall send you a Catalogue as soon as it comes out. Sir, I should be glad to know whether you mentioned to any of your acquaintance in Yorkshire, the Crown of Charles the First, with the City of Oxford under the Horse, I shewed you last summer; for a gentleman from Yorkshire presses very hard to have it, and will even give 5 Guineas for it; but as I did then return it, I cannot come at it at present. Certainly it is scarcer than I thought, by reason it was not in Mead, Selbye, nor in Mr. Folkes's Collection; and, with the compliments of the season, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant, A. CARMEY."

Mr. HUMFREY WANLEY † to the Rev. JOHN KILLINGBECK ‡.

From Duke-street, York-buildings, London, June 23, 1705.

"The visible decay of Religion in this kingdom, with the monstrous increase of Deism, Profaneness, and Vice, has excited the zeal of several persons of the best character in the Cities of London, Westminster, and other parts of the Nation, to associate themselves,

* An eminent Dealer in Coins and Curiosities.

† See memoirs of him in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 84.

‡ John Killingbeck, of Jesus College, Cambridge; B. A. 1670; M. A. 1674; B.D. 16..; Vicar of Leeds 1690; Rector also of Berwick in Elmet, and Prebendary of York. He died Feb. 18, 1715; and was buried at Berwick.

themselves, in order to consult together how to put a stop to so fatal an inundation. The cause thereof they believe, in great measure, to arise from the barbarous ignorance observable among the common people, especially those of the poorer sort; and this to proceed from want of due care in the education of the youth, who, if early instructed in the principles of true Religion, seasoned with a knowledge of God, and a just concern for their everlasting welfare, could not possibly (with the ordinary assistance of God's good spirit) degenerate into such vile and unchristian practices as they now generally do.

"To remedy these evils, which cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance, they have agreed to use their best interest and endeavours, to incline the hearts of generous and well-disposed persons to contribute toward the erecting of Schools in these Cities and the parts adjacent, for the instruction of such poor children in reading, writing, and in the Catechism, whose parents or relations are not able to afford them the ordinary means of education. And as they look upon this to be the most effectual method to train up the poorer sort in sobriety and the knowledge of Christian principles; so they assure themselves that the good effects which may be wrought thereby, will prove a very powerful argument to persuade others in better circumstances, to make so necessary a provision for their children.

"The success of this undertaking (whereby the education of above two thousand poor children is already taken care for) encourages them to hope that, if the like industry and application were observed in the other parts of this Kingdom, the children and youth might be universally well principled, and the growing generation make a conscience of fearing God. And these hopes have induced them to use their utmost endeavours, to prevail with all pious and well-inclined Christians, in the several parts of the Nation, to join their hearts and purses, in advancing to perfection so excellent and glorious a work. Another branch of their design is, to bring those poor deluded people to true notions of Christianity, who either expressly deny, or know very little of the great and fundamental doctrines of our most holy Religion; those, especially, which relate to a crucified Saviour, &c.

"The particular steps taken for the effecting a work so acceptable to Almighty God, and so exceeding beneficial to the souls of mankind, they will be ready hereafter to account for, as they find persons ready to encourage and assist them.

"These are the means of promoting Christian Knowledge, which (through the assistance of Almighty God) they trust, may, in some degree, retrieve the decays of piety amongst us, and cause the power of the Gospel to appear to the unconverted. The request they make you is, that, as a Minister of Jesus Christ. and a lover of souls (which character they have received of you) you would join with them in the prosecution of these their pious intentions, in such methods as the Laws of the Land, and Canons of the Church do recommend, and according to such prudent means

means as they shall, from time to time, jointly agree upon. In full persuasion hereof, and that they may create in you a mutual confidence with respect to them, they have nominated you a Member of their Society, and desire to maintain a correspondence with you; and accordingly, so soon as you shall signify your approbation, they will give you notice in what manner, and by what hands, to carry on such a correspondence.

"Mr. Archdeacon Chetwood having certified me of the good inclination there is at Leeds towards the erection of such Schools as are above-mentioned, but that you are in present want of advice how to proceed; I have taken the liberty of enclosing the printed paper you see, though the list of Schools is not so large as that now in the press, which gives an account of the noble designs carrying on in York, &c. I am, with great respect,

"Rev. Sir, your most humble servant, HUMFREY WANLEY."

"REV. SIR, *Duke-street, York-buildings, London,* 1706-7.

"You are desired to consult your reverend and pious friends about the distribution of the books contained in this packet, that so they may be put into the hands of the fittest persons, and of none else. The fittest persons are deemed to be the very poorest families, who are disposed to the exercise of a religious and sober life; and families are to be provided for, before particular people. If you shall have occasion for any more of these books, the prices are inclosed; but these are a present from the Society.

"You are intreated to accompany your gifts with good advice and exhortations to make a good use of them; as also to oblige the receivers to bring the Bibles and Common Prayers you give them to Church, and to be attentive and responding since they have the meet helps. Lastly, to send me some little account of your receiving the parcel, of your distribution thereof accordingly, and of the good that you hope, or find, from the same.

"HUMFREY WANLEY."

"REVEREND SIR, *From my house in Duke-street, York-buildings, London, April* 16, 1708.

"The Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge being lately entrusted with the distribution of a good number of Bibles, Common Prayers, Whole Duties of Man, Bp. Ken's Catechisms, and of Dr. Bray's Baptismal Covenants, do intend to send you a proportion of them, carriage paid, together with a note of directions touching the distribution of the same, in prosecution of their charitable designs. They send the like parcels into almost all the Counties of England and Wales, whereby they hope some advantage may accrue to Christianity in general, and to the Church of England in particular. Upon your notice of the receipt of this Letter, and of your carrier's inn in town, his name, and day of going out, the parcel will be sent: and for want of such caution divers parcels have miscarried heretofore.

"The Society having intentions to reprint their paper about Charity Schools, and being willing to make the list at the end thereof as complete as they can, do intreat you to send me an account of what has been done in your parts in that kind; and your

your advices as to the present state of all those formerly set up will be acceptable to them, as well as the particulars of all such as have been erected within this year. Such particulars may relate the number of children, of either sex, taken in, and of those clothed; the sums subscribed, collected at the church-doors, or given by other benefactors; and the number of children placed out to 'prentice or to service. I hoped to have seen Mr. Robinson in town, according to his kind promise; but am, however, very much his humble servant. With all due respect,

"I am, reverend Sir, your most faithful servant, H. Wanley."

Mr. R. Crowe to Mr. Thomas Martin.

"Dear Sir, *Swaffham, July* 8, 1758.

"The best information I could get in regard to the Plates, &c. was from Mr. Thom, which indeed amounts to almost nothing. His answer to me is, 'That he could not give you any true information of the Copper Plates of the Saxon Coins which Sir Andrew published; but remembers that, about a year before Sir Andrew died, he was applied to by a gentleman in London, to know whether he had any Copies of the Treatise upon Saxon Coins by him; if not, where he could get one, or whether he had the Plates in his custody. Sir Andrew's answer was, 'that he had no copies of that Book, and that he did not remember where the Plates were lodged.' Mr. Thom says, he imagines they are deposited in some of the Colleges at Oxford, and rather thinks at Christ Church. If they are there, no doubt but your Society will be admitted to see them.' The Treatise upon these Coins in Narford Library is bound up with Hickes's 'Thesaurus Linguar. Septent.' I am concerned it so happened we could not meet at Diss: the loss was on our side. I thank you for your intended assistance at Bedingfield, and hope the tenants will attend. I shall endeavour to make satisfaction for the trouble you have. Captain Young is still here recruiting, in good health and spirits. I am, with much esteem, &c. R. Crowe."

Rev. Dr. Thirlby to Dr. Z. Grey.

"Reverend Sir, *July* 14, 1738.

"I humbly thank you for the use of the books. I kept them a few hours longer than I begged them for, upon Mr. Norfolk's assuring me that you had done with them; and I return them sooner than I otherwise should have done, for fear he should have been mistaken. If you have quite done with them, and with the third volume, I should be glad to have the use of them together for two or three days: otherwise, having taken off the edge of my curiosity, can wait very contentedly till you have.

"I am, Rev. Sir, your most humble servant, S. Thirlby."

Rev. Dr. William Richardson to Dr. Grey.

"Rev. Sir, *Jan.* 15, 17..

"I heartily thank you on Mrs. Bentham's behalf; but, as she takes boarders, and her eldest daughter is by sickness rendered useless

useless to her, she cannot part with the youngest. I have been in the Library to look for Dr. Shaw, but find some body has got him out. As soon as he returns, I will send him to you. I expected that Mr. Salmon would have sent for the Letter which he desired, but he is at last gone without it; however, I will send one after him. Please to return Mr. Baker thanks, and accept them yourself. Your observations I will send to Mr. Lewis. I am still a prisoner, and do not know when I shall be otherwise: however, I am determined to try as soon as possible. Have you yet wrote to Lord Oxford, and communicated my request? I am now pretty much at leisure; or rather am more fit for writing than reading. The affair of Oxford, which you mention, I fancy must be curious, and therefore should be glad to see it.

"I am, with all due respect, &c. W. RICHARDSON."

"GOOD SIR, [*undated.*]

"You now find that I am as good as my word in one way, though, perhaps, you will say that I am not so in another. I am obliged to be at Oxford on Tuesday night, and am also obliged to do it by the way of Newport, which prevents my waiting upon you at Ampthill, but hope the weather will hold till my return; if so, will do myself that pleasure. We shall have a struggle for Vice Chancellor. The Duke of Newcastle says, 'The same shall be re-chose.' We say, 'No.' And a little time will determine. Pray my compliments to the ladies; who am,

"Rev. Sir, your most obedient servant, W. RICHARDSON."

Dr. RICHARD RAWLINSON to Dr. DUCAREL.

"SIR, *London House, Aug.* 6, 1743.

"With much pleasure and gratitude I received your last favour, and beg your acceptance of the trifles which attend this, till I have worked off my other Plates. I should be glad to know the reason of printing RecorderWrighte's Speech at this time, though I guess it to have been done to obstruct Mr. Rowney's election to that high post, enjoyed formerly by none less than Nobles. I had it many years since in MS. but put no great value on the oratory. Qu. Where is the Music-school building, and at whose expence, the publick, or private? An answer at your leisure would much oblige, sir, your humble servant, R. RAWLINSON."

Sir PETER THOMPSON* to Dr. DUCAREL.

"DEAR SIR, *Poole, Sept.* 23, 1761.

"Your letter of the 15th instant gave me a real pleasure, in many respects; in hearing that my good friends Dr. Ducarel, Dr. Birch, and Mr. Norris, were well; and gave their judicious advice to Mr. Hutchins regarding the publishing his intended History of Dorset. The publishing it in Numbers is the thing, and in an alphabetical order, something similar to Philpot's Kent. This method Mr. Ames and myself recommended to his consideration at least 15 years since.

* See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 800.

"On

"On the receipt of your Letter, I wrote Mr. Hutchins a few lines, and hinted the affair of Aubrey's MS. to him, that I would do all in my power to promote its being printed;—his reply I beg leave to give you in his own words: —' Dr. Ducarel is too hasty; I told him more than once that Aubrey's MS. was only for my own private use, and that I thought I could not publish it without the consent of Mr. Churchill the proprietor, for which I have engaged Lord Milton, but as yet have no answer.'

"As to Mr. Aubrey's MS. Bp. Gibson's account of that curious collection, in his Second Edition of Camden, vol. I. made me very desirous of seeing them. I was acquainted with the late Mr. William Churchill, of Henbury, which is about five miles from hence, but his death prevented my being gratified with a sight of them. His brother, Mr. Awnsham Churchill, obliged Lord Milton with the loan of them; and Lord Milton was so kind as to leave them with Mr. Hutchins, who, in my humble opinion, only made some extracts for his own amusement. I do not apprehend he copied the whole four volumes. I beg leave to quote Bishop Gibson's account of them, to save you the trouble in turning to the book: ' Prospects of Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats, Templa Druidum, Monumenta Britannica, &c.; being large Collections, and curious Observations, relating to the Antiquities of England; in four Volumes MS. By Mr. John Aubrey, F. R. S.' In the summer 1755 the late Mr. Ames paid me a visit; I carried him to Wareham to see Mr. Hutchins, who was so kind as to lend us what he had copied from Aubrey's MS. with the liberty of transcribing what we thought proper. Mr. Ames did copy many things into an octavo book, which is now before me, and contains 300 pages; to which Mr. Ames added occasionally many similar historical curious observations; and on the 30th of September 1750 Mr. Ames generously made me a present of this curious MS. to which Mr. Ames gives the following title: ' Extracts from the Monumenta Britannica of John Aubrey, Esq. in MS. and others: for an account of Aubrey's MS. see Memoirs of the Curious, for May 1708, p. 151.' Mr. Ames transcribed 44 church-windows; the first 14 are the same as are in the print you favoured me with. To conclude, I hope this hasty incident will be a means that the public are obliged with the whole of Aubrey's MS. which shall be my study how to attain; but it will be an arduous task, under whose direction; Mr. Hutchins is equal to the thing, but he cannot attend to it. His time, I think, will be wholly taken up with his intended History of Dorset. Pray favour me with your thoughts on this, and pray present my respectful compliments to Dr. Birch, Mr. Tutet, &c. I have collected several Anecdotes relating to Mr. Ames, which shall be submitted to Dr. Ducarel when they are collected together, and his aid desired, ere they see the light.

"I am, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

PETER THOMPSON."

Rev.

Rev. JOHN JORTIN to the Rev. THOMAS BIRCH.

"DEAR SIR, *Monday, April* 22, 1751.

"You and I have sought one another very often to no purpose being both of us afternoon-ramblers, and street-walkers. Mr. Warburton is in town, and would be very glad to see you; therefore, this is to invite and summon you to meet me at his house on Wednesday morning, to breakfast there, and to settle such points as may arise. Your most obedient, &c. J. JORTIN."

"DEAR SIR, *Thursday, May* 6, 1762.

"You will see by the inclosed, which I received yesterday, that you are the only person who can oblige Mr. Blackburn and his friend with the use of *Kirchmaier*. So I told Mr. Chambers, who proposes to wait upon you, one of these days. The Bishop of Lincoln was not well enough to pay any visits on Tuesday, and kept the house all day.. We missed you at our thin Society yesterday; if I had had the pleasure of meeting you there, I had this Letter in my pocket for you. Our next meeting is at Mr. De Missy's. I received Sir D. Dalrymple's pretty book last night. If you write to him, be so good as to send my compliments, and to assure him that I have not even *Otium scalpendis auribus* J. J."

"DEAR SIR, *Hatton Garden, March* 24, 1763.

"My Curate, Mr. Canham, leaves me at Midsummer. If you should know of any one who, in your opinion, would suit me, be so kind as to inform me. I have so many things to do, and so much upon my hands between this and Midsummer, that I would be glad to settle this necessary affair. I have made the same request to one or two friends. I was in hopes to have met you at the Society last night. The next time is at Mr. Clarke's. J. J."

"DEAR SIR, *Saturday, Sept.* 25, 1762.

"I am in some uncertainty about the future operations of my campaign: but yet not without hopes of doing my business on Tuesday. I need not use any apologies for begging the favour of you, who are an early man, to come to me, dressed, on Tuesday morning between eight and nine, to go with me to the Bishop, and dine with him, and after dinner to induct me at Kensington. This was Dr. Parker's advice to me this morning. J. J."

"DEAR SIR, *Kensington, Sept.* 20, 1763.

"Yesterday I received a card from Mr. Light, who has just lost a niece, and is obliged to postpone his intended visit to me. But I hope it will not be long before I have the favour of his company; and as soon as he lets me know the time, I will inform you of it, and shall be glad of your company also; for as you seem to be quite uncertain yourself about Wednesday, another day may perhaps suit you better. Mr. Emlyn was with me yesterday, and gave me a melancholy account of his mother's ill health. My son is in Leicestershire, and I hope to see him at home towards the end of this month. I am, dear Sir, &c. J. JORTIN."

Dr.

Dr. Thomas Hayter, Bp. of Norwich, to Dr. Birch.

"Dear Sir, *Norwich, Dec. 7, 1758.*

"I know your readiness to assist your friends, especially in any enquiries that turn upon antient MSS. I must therefore beg your assistance in procuring for me a copy of an antient instrument, which you will find in p. 100 of the Register which is entitled "Registrum Cartarum Abbatiæ Sancti Benedicti de Hulme." This, in the Cotton Library, was marked Galba E. 11. The instrument I want to have transcribed at full length is under this title: 'Conventio facta inter D'num A. Abbatem & Oliverum de Ingham Militem de Wrecco Maris.' Without seeing the whole of this agreement, which my Secretary, who last year made extracts from the Register, tells me is of a considerable length, I cannot state a Case of great importance to the See of Norwich, which I am now preparing for the opinion of Counsel. It will, upon that account, be a great addition to the favour, if you can send it to me soon. It is too much to ask you to be at the trouble of copying it yourself, who have so many literary calls of various sorts to make a much better use of your time. But, perhaps, it will not be difficult for you to employ another hand; and whatever you pay him for the copy I shall thankfully repay you when we meet, and I hope the time is not far off. I should indeed have been in town at the opening of the Session, if my mother's illness had not prevented me. She is now surprizingly mended; and about the middle of next month, or perhaps sooner, I shall necessarily be obliged to move towards Lisle-street.

"I had also forgotten to desire a transcript of another Instrument, in p. 32 of the above Register, entitled, "Transcriptum Nich'i de terrâ in Carleton & Barford." As several other instruments appear to be in the same page, this cannot be a very long one. I have directed my Letter to you at the British Museum, that it meet you on the spot where the Register is, and save you the trouble of going thither on purpose.—All here join with me in their services to you; and I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant, Tho. Norwich.'

"Dear Sir, *Dec. 21, 1758.*

"I am greatly obliged to you for taking more trouble for me than I could either ask or expect you to take, though I believe you would have had more difficulty in procuring another hand to copy the Instruments I wanted, than you found in copying them with your own. The copies speak their own exactness; and I should otherwise have no doubt of it, as they are yours. I remember very well the character of the original, and how much I was puzzled when I first attempted to read it, especially by the abbreviations. But a MS. which you cannot read might as well lie buried under the ruins of Herculaneum, for any use or benefit that could arise from it.

"I am very glad to hear from you, that the British Museum is now just ready for the public view; and I shall long to see in its full glory what does so much honour to this age and country.

But

But when I am to have this satisfaction is partly uncertain, as my motions depend upon my mother's health. She is tolerably well at present; and, if she continues so, I hope to be in Lisle-street the latter end of next month. My mother and sisters join in their compliments and good wishes of the season; and I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and brother, THO. NORWICH."

Dr. BIRCH to Bp. HAYTER.

"MY LORD, *Norfolk-street, July 7, 1752.*

"The lateness of the season having determined the Proprietors of Abp. Tillotson's Life to suspend the publication of it till October, their apprehensions from their piratical brethren will restrain me for some months from distributing the presents which I intended. But I cannot deny myself the honour of transmitting my own copy to your Lordship, whose curiosity is, I know, justly excited by the subject, and to whose candour I can safely trust the performance, however unequal to it. I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged and obedient humble servant,

THO. BIRCH."

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. to Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Saturday, 10, o'Clock, [Dec. 21, 1751.]*

"I hope you will excuse the liberty I shall take in this Letter, since the motive is only to bring you and a most intimate Friend of mine better acquainted. You mentioned yesterday evening your Life, Letters, &c. of Archbishop Tillotson, that you were preparing for the press. If you have not yet made any engagement about them, I should take great pleasure in bringing you and my Friend together, who is a Proprietor in the Works of the same Author, and who wishes to be known to you and concerned with you. I should not have ventured to have proposed such a thing to you, had I not been well assured that both Mr. Birch and Mr. Draper would thank me for bringing them acquainted with each other. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"D. GARRICK."

"DEAR SIR, *Thursday, Oct. 9, 1755.*

"As some particular business will call me into the Country next Saturday, I beg that I may have the pleasure of Dr. Birch's company to-morrow night, after the Play. Mr. Payne will come.

"I am most sincerely yours, D. GARRICK."

"DEAR SIR, *Wednesday, [April 13, 1757.]*

"The bearer Mr. Leech is a Printer, whom I have known a long time. He is a very careful honest man, and has desired me to speak to you in his behalf. He has been recommended to Dr. Knight to be concerned in printing for the Museum, who has promised to use his interest for him. His types are all new cast by Mr. Caslon; and he has given great satisfaction to Mr. Tonson and others, to whom I have recommended him. I should not have dared to have troubled you about this affair, had not the poor man been in distress to get himself mentioned to you.

Were

Were I not well assured of his skill and integrity, I should not have presumed to write in his behalf; and I am persuaded, if Dr. Birch is not otherwise engaged, that he will not favour him the less, for my not having a right to ask so great a favour.

"I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant, D. Garrick."

"*Monday*, 11 *o'Clock, July* 13, 1761. Mr. Garrick's compliments to Dr Birch, and should be greatly obliged to him if he would be so good as to inform him, where he may meet with the best printed Forms of the King's Marriage."

Substance of a Letter to Mr. Garrick July 13, 1761.

"Upon an hasty consideration of your question, I am inclined to think that no Form of Marriage, suitable to the circumstances of his present Majesty, can be produced, either in print or manuscript You will judge of the reasons of my doubts from a review of the several Sovereigns of this Kingdom since the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Throne. He was undoubtedly married to every one of his wives according to the Ritual of the Church of Rome. His example in this point was followed by his daughter Mary, who was married to Philip Prince of Spain at Winchester, in July 1554, by Bp. Gardiner, Archbishop Cranmer being then in prison. Her brother, Edward VI. and her sister Elizabeth, you know, died both unmarried. James I. was married, several years before he came to England, to the Princess of Denmark, at Upstow in Norway, the ceremony being performed by Mr David Lindesey, Minister of Leith, in the French language. Charles I's marriage was solemnized at Paris, the Duke of Charcuse being his proxy. Charles II's Queen scrupling the offices of the Church, he only took her by the hand in the Presence chamber at Portsmouth, and said the words of Matrimony in the Common Prayer-book, 'I Charles take thee Catherine,' &c.; the Queen declaring her consent, and Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London, standing forth and declaring them 'Man and Wife in the name of the Father,' &c. This I have seen a particular account of, in a Letter of Weston Earl of Portland to Lord Clarendon: and Bp Kennett in his 'Register and Chronicle,' p. 696, cites a MS to the same purpose. The first Marriage of the Duke of York, which was to Lord Chancellor Clarendon's daughter, was a private one, performed at Worcester House, Sept. 3, 1660, by Dr. Crowther, the Duke's Chaplain. The second, to the Princess of Modena, was performed at Dover, in November 1673, on the day of her arrival, by Dr. Crewe, then Bp. of Oxford, and afterwards of Durham. The Marriages of his two Daughters to the Princes of Orange and Denmark, and those of the late Prince of Wales and his Sisters, seem not to be within the limits of your inquiry; but the Ceremonials of them, if wanted, may, I presume, be easily procured. The two last Kings, George I. and II. were married before they came to the Throne.

"This is the best answer I am at present able to give. If I shall procure any farther light on the subject, I will communicate it to you; and only add, that there are two Letters in the third volume of the "Memorials of State" of Sir Ralph Winwood,

p. 421, and 434, which contain the particulars of the form of contracting and marrying the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. to the Elector Palatine; of which Sir John Finett likewise takes notice, in the book which your brother will deliver to you. I am, dear Sir, &c. THO. BIRCH, *July* 13, 1761."

"DEAR SIR, *Tuesday Evening*, [*July* 14, 1761.]

"I think myself most particularly obliged to you for your kind Letter. It is a very satisfactory one indeed, and will answer the end in every respect. Let me assure you that I did not give you so much trouble wantonly, or impertinently. My commission was of *the greatest consequence* *, and I applied where I was sure of the best intelligence; and where I flattered myself I should meet with a friendly reception. Dr. Birch will make me happy whenever he will honour me with his commands. I am, dear Sir, your most sincerely affectionate humble servant, D. GARRICK."

JOHN WILKES, Esq. to Dr. BIRCH.

"DEAR SIR, *Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Sept.* 10, 1764.

"Monsieur de Beaumont, who has merited so highly of humanity by employing the powers of a most persuasive eloquence in the case of the unfortunate Calas's family, is happy enough to be setting out for England. He is no less amiable in the private walk of life, than distinguished and admired by the public; and I persuade myself that I cannot do you a more acceptable service than by the honour I now beg of introducing to you a gentleman of virtue and genius. Mons. de Voltaire, and the greatest men of this country, have vied with each other in their testimonies of his singular worth; and the Memoire lately printed, in which he endeavours to establish the validity of the marriages of Protestants in France, ought to endear him to us. May I take the liberty of whispering to you that I wish a gentleman of so much merit was a Member of our Society † ? I think the Society might felicitate themselves on such an acquisition, and it would be mentioned very honourably here.—May I beg the last Volume of the 'Transactions,' and a List of the Members, by Monsieur de Beaumont?

"I embrace with pleasure this opportunity of assuring you, dear Sir, that I am, with a real sense of your superior worth and merit, your very humble servant, JOHN WILKES *."

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

P. 8. l. 13, 14, *for* Lady Lucas, *r.* Countess De Grey.

P. 25. l. 5. Mr. Wray speaks of correcting a *Philosopher*, which Mr. Hardinge refers to the Athenian Letters. It refers, I am informed, to a scheme laid by Mr. Charles Yorke and Mr. Philip Yorke, of writing Essays under the title of "The Philosopher;" but, not possessing those Essays, I cannot speak with certainty.

* It was preparatory to the marriage of their present Majesties King George III. and Queen Charlotte.

† Mons. Jean Baptiste Jaques Elie de Beaumont, Avocat à Parlement de Paris, was elected F. R. S. in April 1765; and died Jan. 10, 1786, æt. 54.

P. 31.

P. 31. Of *Rawthmell's* Coffee-house, in Henrietta-street, see vol. II. p. 88. The names of several of the gentlemen who frequented it are given in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 537.

P. 34, note. Mr. Heaton died in 1777; see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 499. It was the letter "H." deceived Mr. Hardinge, which stands there as the initial of the Second Earl of Hardwicke.

P. 48. *note*, l. penult. *r.* "April 21."

P. 73, l 7, *for* "vicar" *r.* "rector of Barnes."

P. 77. The allusion in l. 19 is to the Coffee-house, in Cambridge—contrasted with *Rawthmell's*, noticed above.

P. 78. On *Caryl* Mr. Wray has noted, "This is *Caryl upon Job*, I suppose, whom Milton handled so well upon refusing a licence."

P. 82. l. 12—14. Strike out the inverted commas, those lines not being Dr. Birch's, but Mr. Hardinge's.

P. 85. After having seen a proof of the Engraving of Mr. Wray's *Shade*, Mr. Justice Hardinge observed, "I have a Letter from a Sister, who knew Wray, and had reason to know him, for he gave her 1000*l*. She says, *the Shade is alive in resemblance. The Shade* is, I suppose, the work of *Mrs. Wray*, who had a peculiar talent for those Portraits. It was *given* to me by *Mr. Salter*, my agreeable Correspondent, who has all my enthusiasm for my Hero. Perhaps it was copied from one by *her*. I have Dr. Fisher's permission to copy the Portrait at the Charter-house.—My WRAYANA are wonderful enough to astonish myself; and I have written a Dedication to Lord Hardwicke, which I hope you will approve, as he has been so courteous and liberal to me. — I have pleasure in telling you that, as far as materials extend, the DAVIESIANA will not be less interesting than WRAY. I have a most brilliant prospect of Davies's Picture *in my hands* before it is long. G. H."

P. 139, The Inscription of Cleander, mentioned l. 41, refers to a fanciful Greek Inscription, written by Mr. Wray, and placed at Wrest, on a supposed Votive Altar, in remembrance of the "Athenian Letters." It is very simple, and only says, "Cleander of Ephesus, Servant of the great King, dedicates this Altar to the god Mithras. Telephanes of Samos was the Architect." But Mr. Wray made it curious, by choosing the most antient Greek characters he could find; and writing the lines alternate from left to right, and right to left. It was devised from the front of an Altar which he had seen on his travels; and the idea much transcends all other imitations of the same kind, especially the Boustrophedon part *; and is to be read thus:

ΑΝΙΚΕΤΩι : ΘΕΩι : ΜΙΘΡΑι : ΚΛΕΑΝΔΡΟΣ

ΗΡΜΙΠΠΟΥ : ΕΦΕΣΙΟΣ : ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ

ΜΕΓΑΛΟΥ : ΔΟΛΟΣ [δȣλος] : ΤΕΛΕ

ΦΑΙΝΙΣ : Η : ΟΦΟΙΝΑΔΟ : ΦΟΚΕΥΣ : ΕΠΟΙΕΙ.

The inscription exhibits a specimen of one of those pleasantries with which men of taste in Literature amuse themselves in deceiving the visitants of their agreeable retreats;

* See a fac-simile of it in Gent. Mag. vol. LIII. pp. 393; and some remarks on it in vol. LIV. pp. 567; vol. LV. pp. 337, 512, 689.

 and

and it was said at the time to have deceived some Antiquaries. It stands in the same retired part of Wrest Garden, where Mr. Edwards afterwards built a Root-house, on which he wrote the following elegant Sonnet:

"Stranger, or guest, whome'er this hallow'd Grove
Shall chance receive, where sweet Contentment dwells,
Bring here no heart that with ambition swells,
With avarice pines, or burns with lawless love:
Vice-tainted souls will all in vain remove
To sylvan shades, and hermits' peaceful cells:
In vain will seek Retirement's lenient spells,
Or hope that bliss, which good men only prove:
If heaven-born Truth, and sacred Virtue's love,
Which cheer, adorn, and dignify the mind,
Are constant inmates of thy honest breast,
If, unrepining at thy neighbour's store,
Thou count'st as thine the good of all mankind,
Then welcome share the friendly Groves of Wrest."

P. 145. Mr. Holwell was one of those who escaped from the miseries at Calcutta. He erected, at his own expence, a monument to his suffering friends; and published, "A genuine Narrative of the deplorable Deaths of the English Gentlemen, and others, who were suffocated in the Black Hole, in Fort William, at Calcutta, in the Kingdom of Bengal, in the night succeeding the 20th day of June, 1756; in a Letter to a Friend;" a most shocking tale, affectingly and well told, by a principal person among the unfortunate sufferers; one of the few who had the happiness to survive a trial which one would have thought it impossible for human strength to sustain.

P. 149, l. 20. *for* "*Robra's*," *r.* "*Robins's* account;" for Robins was the real Author of Lord Anson's Voyage (not Walter the Chaplain), and has given an unfavourable account of the Chinese at Canton.

P. 155. *note, r.* "Polypus."

P. 158. *note,* l. penult. *strike out* "actually."

P. 165. Earl Stanhope died Dec. 15, 1816.

P. 167. l. 32. "P. Tornemine" should be "Pere Tourminine," a French Jesuit, who wrote the old "Journal de Trevoux."

P. 168. When the Memoir of Mr. Wray was completed at the press, Mr. Hardinge observed, "I am not a little surprized, that, after our joint researches, a *jeu d'esprit* of *my Hero* can have escaped us both. I refer you to the "*Surrey*" of *Manning* and *Bray*, vol. III. p. 127. But the serious piety of the Philosophical, though comic Satirist, Wray, makes it necessary for *his* honour, that we should either drop this excellent *badinage* (which I am loth to do), or qualify it as a mere whim of an *impromptu;* and perhaps of a moral, though laughing ridicule, upon the ambition to be *inscribed* upon a tomb-stone, which is amply shared with rich and great, by the poor and the obscure. At *Ockham,* the seat of the *Lord King* (the second who bore the title), Mr. Wray (whose comic

pen

pen was in those days never idle) to banter, I should rather think, the rage of the "*rustic moralist*" (as *Gray* calls him) for *Epitaphs*, wrote the following *Impromptu*, but only, I dare say, for the amusement of the village punsters, and perhaps for the mere fireside of the Host, though it has found its way to a Church-yard:

"Who many a sturdy Oak has laid along,
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet here lies *Spong* *.
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a *Place* could get,
And liv'd by *Railing*, though he was no *Wit*.
Old Saws he had, altho' no *Antiquarian*;
And *Stiles* corrected, yet was no *Grammarian*," &c. &c.

Wray had such an aversion to the wit of Infidels or of Libertines on subjects of Religion, that a *badinage* like this could be only meant as a joke upon the posthumous fame, to which the vanity of these admired characters, *in a world of a mile square*, aspired; and he would himself have said it, where it is "*non erat his locus*." —These *Puns* upon the *occupation* or *trade* of the deceased, have tempted great Poets and good men to dabble in them. Such, for example, is *Milton's* laugh at the expence of *Hobson the Carrier*; yet a more devout spirit never glowed in a human breast; and the efforts to depreciate him as a man of piety, are as impotent as they are splenetic — Perhaps the most beautiful satire in the form of an *Epitaph*, that ever came from the pen of man, is that of *Arbuthnot* upon *Colonel Chartres*. There all the wit is moral, dignified, and sublime, under a mask of the most comic ingenuity."

P. 168. The following very excellent *memoriter* verses, by Mr. Wray, have recently been communicated by another Friend:

"WILL. I. *William* the Norman conquers England's State.
WILL. II. In his own Forest *Rufus* meets his fate.
HEN. I. Though elder Robert lives, *Henry* succeeds.
STEPH. For *Stephen's* dubious title Albion bleeds.
HEN. II. Victorious *Henry* bows to *Becket's* shade.
RICH. I. And *Richard* Lion's-heart a prisoner's made.
JOHN. Deserted *John* to Rome submits his throne.
HEN. III. Now Slave, now Tyrant, see his long-liv'd *Son*.
EDW. I. From *Edward's* hand, Scotland her King receives.
EDW. II. His Heir his pow'r to wretched Minions gives.
EDW. III. Two captive Monarchs grace third *Edward's* train.
RICH. II. *Richard* scarce claims a tear, depos'd and slain.
HEN. IV. Domestic Foes fourth *Henry's* Arms engage.
HEN. V. France feels at Agincourt fifth *Henry's* rage.
HEN. VI. The *Sixth*, France, England, Son, Life—all must quit.
EDW. IV. Gay gallant *Edward* Love and Conquest greet.
EDW. V. O'er his *Boy's* head the Crown uncertain hangs.
RIC. III. With Royal blood fell *Richard* stains his fangs.
HEN. VII. *Tudor* the Roses joins, and Faction quells.
HEN. VIII. *Harry's* fierce Hah Monks, Nuns, and Pope expels.
EDW. VI. Religion *Edward's* short-liv'd bloom deplores.
MARY. *Mary* her Rome with ten-fold rage restores.

* A Carpenter in the Village.

ELIZ.

ELIZ. *Eliza* forms the Church, and humbles Spain.
JAMES I No kingly Virtues mark weak *James's* reign.
CHAS. I. *Charles* by the Axe before his Palace dies.
CROMW. Stern *Cromwell* views the Crown with eager eyes.
CHAS. II. False Power, false Pleasures, flatter *Charles* restor'd.
JAS. II. 'Gainst *James* Law, Conscience, Freedom, draw the Sword.
WILL. III. The Sword consign'd to *William's* Patriot hand.
MARY. And *Mary's* Virtues, save the sinking Land.
ANN. In Peace inglorious *Anna's* Laurels fade
GEO. I. See *George* the Brunswick Line majestic lead.
GEO. II. Health, Glory, Peace, our Second *George* attend,
Lord of the Ocean, and his People's Friend."

In 1760, after the Accession of our present venerable Monarch King George the Third, the conclusion was altered thus:

"GEO. II. From distant climes where'er Old Ocean flows,
Fresh wreaths entwine our second *George's* brows.
GEO. III. Health, Glory, Peace, his blooming *Heir* attend,
Patron of Arts, his grateful People's Friend."

P. 181. *note, r. The Mitre Tavern*, in Fleet-street; where the Members of the Royal Society held their Dinner Club.

P. 210. To the interesting Memoirs of Mr. Wollaston, I am enabled, by subsequent information, to add several particulars, which his own modest merit precluded him from noticing.

In the latter end of the year 1684, Mr. Wollaston settled in London; where, to use his own words, "thirsting after repose and settlement," he paid his addresses to a very amiable young lady; who caught the small-pox, and died, just before their nuptials were to have taken place. The circumstances of her character, and his grief, as strongly delineated in the following Epitaph, drawn up by her Lover, with the richest colourings of young affection, are singularly pathetic.—On her monument at Stratford-le-Bow is a white marble bust, with this inscription:

* אין שלטון ביום המות

"Infra siti sunt cineres
ALICIÆ COBURNE,
filiæ unicæ THOMÆ COBURNE, generosi,
de Stratford-le-Bow;
Quæ
(licet defunctâ inter pariendum matre,
defuncto item decem post mensibus patre,
tamen inauditâ novercæ
PRISCÆ COBURNE † curâ liberaliter educata)

* "There is no deliverance from the grave;" seeming to have at that moment in his idea the words he uses, in a subsequent passage, to a different purpose, "*Ea erat* VIS *formæ et virtutis.*" As though he had said, "If any thing could have redeemed her from the grave, such excellence must have prevailed."

† Mrs. Prissa Coburne, the mother-in-law of Miss Alicia, was daughter of Mr. Foster, minister of Stratford Bow; a liberal benefactress to that parish, and also to that of Stepney; and was buried, 1701, in the nave of Bow church, with a monument to her memory. She left 20*l. per annum* for ever to the minister of Stratford Bow, and 4*l.* to the clerk. She

cum attigisset annum decimum quintum,
suprà ætatem longè prudentiâ
animique dotibus ornata;
suprà quotidianas formas
miris modis elegans & venusta;
suprà præcepta Philosophorum
cunctis virtutis numeris absoluta;
suprà fidem omnibus æqua & benigna,
omnibus vicissim grata,
suorum denique deliciæ,
spes sola familiæ;
tandem (ea erat vis formæ & virtutis)
attraxit ad se amantem
W. W.
qui, veniendo videndo victus,
eam solam sibi speravit uxorem,
eam solam comitem vitæ thalamique participem.
Prosperè omnia procedere visa,
alter alterius ignes æquaverunt
fixos in utriusque medullis penitissimis,
amoris perenne fœdus percussum,
dies nuptialis appetivit, totique erant
in concessis quæ jam instabant gaudiis;
cum
inopinato variolarum morbo
correpta nupturiens puella,
magno omnium cum luctu, amantis maximo,
obiit—infandum!—obiit VII id. Maii,
anno Christi nati M,DC,LXXXIX,
& ipsissimo die nuptiis destinato
sepulta hic recubuit,
quasi mortali amplexui præponens
Abrahami sinum;
ubi jam suavi obvoluta requie,
manet αναϛασιν justorum,
eo primùm die visura
terrena suo corpore corpora pulchriora,
virtutem suâ dum in vivis erat perfectiorem,
amorem vel suo erga procum,
vel proci erga seipsam ardentiorem.
In id tempus duret
hoc qualecunque monumentum,
mœstissimi amatoris opus,
dimidiâ tantum parte superstitis,
memoriæ virginis της μακαρίτιδος,
utriusque amori, sacrum."

She also gave a rent charge of 50*l.* *per annum* to a schoolmaster and his wife, for instructing poor children, not to exceed 50 in number; and 20*l.* *per annum* to poor inhabitants of Stratford Bow not receiving alms.

Lysons's Environs of London, vol. III. p. 494.

In November 1690, Mr. Wollaston was more fortunate; and married an excellent lady, by whom he had a numerous progeny.

After his arrival in London, he may truly be said to have settled there, for he very seldom went out of it; and we are told, that, for above thirty years before his death, he had not been absent from his habitation in Charter-house square so much as one whole night. In this his settlement in town he chose a private and retired life, although his carriage was ever free and open. He aimed at solid and real content rather than shew and grandeur; and manifested his dislike of power and dignity, by refusing, when it was offered to him, one of the highest preferments in the Church. He had now books and leisure, and resolved to make use of them. He was very well skilled in the learned languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, &c; to which he added as much as would be useful to him in philology, criticism, mathematics, philosophy, history, antiquities, and the like. He accustomed himself to much thinking, as well as to much reading: he was indeed of opinion, that a man might easily read too much, for, he considered the *helluo librorum* and the true scholar as two very different characters. The love of truth and reason made him love free thinking; and, as far as the world would bear it, free-speaking too. Having fixed his resolution to deserve honours, but not to wear them, it was not long before he published, "The Design of Part of the Book of Ecclesiastes, or the Unreasonableness of Man's restless Contentions for the personal Enjoyments; represented in an English Poem, 1690," 8vo. But, as he had never made Poetry his study, so he was very sensible of the defects of this attempt in that way of writing, and was afterwards very desirous to suppress it. In 1703 he composed a little Latin Grammar, which, though he printed it, was only for the use of his family *.

In 1720, he lost his wife. They had lived extremely happy in each other, and he was much afflicted. He buried her in the same grave where he himself then intended to be, and was afterwards laid; and thus feelingly expressed himself, on a tablet in Great Finborough church, Suffolk:

"Hic ad imum parietem, sita est
Catharina,
Gulielmi Wollaston,
hujus manerii Finburensis domini, &c.,
uxor κεδνὴ ac dilectissima:
E quâ prolem ille numerosam & pulchram
suscepit;
ipsâ olim pulcherrimâ.
Ob. Julii 21, A. C. 1720, æt. 50;
Sepulchrumque occupavit
Conjugi secum commune futurum.
Ut qui conjunctissimi vixerunt,
Etiam mortui mistis cineribus uniantur."

* Who in 1710-11 were all enumerated in a congratulatory Greek Poem by Joshua Barnes. See the "History of Leicestershire," vol. IV. p. 528.

Over

Over against this he put the following for himself, at the same time leaving blank spaces for the dates:

" Nov. 6, 1724. Juxta reliquias Catherinæ suæ
ipsius Gulielmi Wollaston
conditi sunt cineres promissi.
Fuit is (si quis aveat scire)
genere ortus perantiquo, nec ignobili;
Academicis disciplinis imbutus Cantabrigiæ,
quibus ibi studuit per annos plus septem;
hæreditate amplâ (Numine favente) auctus;
valetudine tamen suâ, parum firmâ,
hominumque corruptis moribus & judiciis iniquis,
diligenter expensis ac æstimatis,
vitæ privatæ iter sumpsit:
suorum saluti & commodis prospiciens;
bonis literis animum excolens vel oblectans;
spretis famâ atque honoribus, etiam oblatis;
veri conscientiâ tacitâ contentus.*
Cum vixisset ann. 65, di. 217,
cursu quem Deus dederat peracto,
fato cessit אע׳ ח׳ ואן א״."

Notwithstanding Mr. Wollaston declined to accept of any public employment, yet his studies were designed to be of public use, and his solitude was far from being employed in vain and trifling amusements, terminating in himself alone. But, neither in this last view could his excessive retirement be without inconveniences. His intimates were dropping off, and their places remained unsupplied; his own infirmities were increasing; the frequent remission of study growing more and more necessary: and his solitudes at the same time becoming less and less pleasant and agreeable. But what decays soever he felt in his bodily strength, it is certain, nevertheless, that the clearness and perspicuity of his thoughts continued in full vigour. Not long before his death, he published "The Religion of Nature delineated; a work for which so great a demand was made, that more than 10,000 were sold in a very few years. He had scarcely completed the publication of it, when he unfortunately broke an arm; and this, adding strength to distempers that had been growing upon him for some time, accelerated his death, which happened Oct. 29, 1724. Perceiving his designs frustrated by the daily attacks of nature, and that it would be impossible to finish and complete the several works which he had planned in the manner he wished, it seems probable he intended to destroy the greatest part of them; and that the few MSS. which were found after his death, were indebted to the treachery of his memory for their preservation: for he had, within the last two or three years of his life, actually burnt several treatises, in the composition whereof he had bestowed no small quantity of time and pains. He was a tender, humane, and in all respects worthy, man; but is represented to have had something of the irascible in his constitution.

Charlton

Charlton Wollaston, his eldest son, died unmarried in 1729; and is thus recorded in the chancel of Great Finborough church:

" H. S. E. Charlton Wollaston, arm',
Gulielmi filius natu maximus,
vir naturâ eximiâ atque illustri,
quam literarum et artium studiis ita excoluit,
ut ad summum reipublicæ munus
cùm dignitate accederet.
Sibi ipsi verò potissimum cordi fuit more majorum,
agere privatus, et esse notus
in Deum spectatæ pietatis,
paterni in fratres et propinquos animi,
benignitatis in eruditos,
et in omnes humanissimæ suavitatis.
Ob. Aug. 6, a. C. 1729, æt. 39."

After his decease, the family estates became the property of the next brother, William, who resided at Finborough Hall, Suffolk, who died in 1757, at the age of 64; and was succeeded in his estates at Shenton and at Finborough by

William his second (but eldest surviving) son; Colonel of the Suffolk Militia; and M. P. for Ipswich 1768—1780; who died at Bath, Nov. 10, 1797, s. p.; and is thus recorded at Shenton:

" D. O. M.
William Wollaston, son and heir of
William and Elizabeth Wollaston,
died Nov. 9, 1797, aged 66 years.
Fredericus, frater et hæres, F. C. M."

He was succeeded by his next brother, Frederick Wollaston, of Clare Hall, Cambridge; LL. B. 1759; LL. D. 17.. : one of his Majesty's Chaplains, Lecturer of St. James in Bury, and Prebendary of Peterborough; all which he resigned; Rector of Woolverstone, Suffolk, and of Peekirk, with Glenton, Northamptonshire. He married, in 1753, Mary Ray, by whom he had one son; who, with the mother, is thus recorded at Shenton:

" M. S.
Mariæ conjugis dilectissimæ Frederici Wollaston,
quod mori potuit hìc subtùs depositum est.
Talis fuit naturæ indoles,
talis erga amicos, parentes, conjugem, Deum,
fides, pietas, amor, cultus,
talis erga omnes benevolentia,
ut paucas visa est æquales,
superiorem neminem relinquere.
Dolores, heu! nimium atriduos
longè præter fidem tolerans,
ignoscens injuriis, ignoscâtque precata Deum,
in primo puerperio, cooperante phthisi,
vitam, ah! brevem,
quam verè Christianâ peregerat patientiâ,
verè Christianâ resignavit patientiâ,
27mo Septris, 1758, ætat. 23;

nuptis

nuptis innuptisque exemplar,
amicis luctum, probis piisque sui desiderium,
mœrorem conjugi ineffabilem, relinquens.
Hæc si redundent, Hospes benevole,
Ignoscas Vidui, precor, Elogiis;
Si supra modum defleat mortuam,
Quam longè præter solitum dilexit vivam.
Fredericus, nativâ cinctus innocentiâ,
Infans obiit, Nov[ris] 21, 1758,
felix in græmio matris etiam mortuæ."

He married, secondly, Priscilla Ottley (still living); and died at the Hot-wells, Bristol, and was buried in Clifton church, where the following inscription is placed on an elegant tablet:

"In a vault beneath lie the remains
of Frederick Wollaston, LL. D.
third son of William and Elizabeth Wollaston,
of St. Edmund's Bury, in the county of Suffolk.
He was born July 14, 1735;
and died at Clifton, March 8, 1801.
Laude sepulchrali quid inanius? Æqua trophæa
Cui non Vita dedit, neve Sepulchra dabunt.
Marmorei Præconis eget si Fama superstes,
Nomen cum membris vile perire volo.
Hoc qualecunque pietatis indicium
F. W. W. filius & hæres
diuturnum precatur."

Dr. Wollaston left four sons; of whom the eldest,

1. Frederick-William Wollaston, esq. formerly Colonel in the Second Light Dragoons; High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1807; and who is the present owner of Shenton Hall; which he has considerably improved, by the new front, and by the additional ornament of elegant and spacious gardens and plantations.

2. George Wollaston, Lieutenant-colonel of the Western Battalion of the Suffolk Militia, and one of the Deputy-lieutenants.

3. Charles Wollaston, Captain the Royal Navy.

4. Henry-John Wollaston, of Sidney College, Cambridge; B. A. 1792; M. A. 1795; Chaplain to his Majesty; some time Rector of Pasley, co. Northampton; and now Rector of Scotter, co. Lincoln.

P. 269. Of Sir Hans Sloane, and of his house and museum at Chelsea, many interesting particulars are given by Mr. Faulkner, in his well-digested History of that Parish, pp. 233—260. — His Epitaph and a View of his Monument are in the same volume, p. 67; and a satisfactory account of the Physic Garden, to which Sir Hans was so very considerable a benefactor, in p. 18.

P. 430, l 27. Strike out "ingenii;" and l. 30, read, "ingenii præbuisti."

P. 443. Mr. Robert Hutchinson died at the early age of 22. The Portrait prefixed to his "Remains" exhibits him in the habit of an Under-graduate of Sidney Sussex College.

P. 467. The liberal gift of Mr. Capell's *Shakesperiana* to Trinity College occasioned a most striking proof of the wanton industry of

of Mr. Steevens, who was at the trouble of transcribing the MS Catalogue; and at the expence of printing a few copies of it, which he distributed amongst a few friends, with an injunction "not to permit the publication to fall into the hands of any Bookseller or Printer*;" though almost at the same instant he sent the following remarks on it to the Critical Review, vol. XLIX. p. 79.

"*Catalogue of Mr.* Capell's Shakesperiana; *presented by him to* Trinity College, Cambridge, *and printed from an exact copy of his own MS.* 1779." [*No Publisher, or Price.*]

"This general title is backed by the following edict and enumeration of manuscripts: 'June 26, 1779. Ordered, by the Master and Seniors, agreeably to the express desire of Mr. Capell, that the whole Collection given by him be kept together in the same class; and that no manuscript or book belonging to it be taken out of the Library on any pretence whatever.

"J. PETERBOROUGH, M.C.'

'MSS. '1. "Shakespeare," by E.C. 6 vols. 4to †.

'2. "N. & V R." belonging to it, and the "School of Shakespeare," by ditto, 3 vols. 4to, (containing in them besides,—— a "General Glossary" to his Plays, of the order and time of writing them, a Treatise; a "Brief Essay on Verse," as of his modelling; the "Notitia Dramatica;" and "Anecdotes of Sir John Fastolfe of Castre in Norfolk," by Lord Dacre.

'3. Milton's "Paradise Lost," by E. C. 4to. (at the end of it, ——a Treatise on Letters, intitl'd "Hermes," &c. and a "Vocabulary of the Poem, marked.

'4. Prolusions, or Select Pieces of ancient Poetry," by E. C. 2 vols. 4to, small.

'5. "Shakespeare's Poems," by E. C. 8vo."

Here succeeds a second title, *viz.* "*Catalogue of a Collection intitled* Shakesperiana; *comprehending all the several Editions of the Works of Shakespeare, old and new, divers rare old Editions of Writers Prose-men and Verse-men; with a variety of other articles, chiefly such as tend to illustrate him; made by his last Editor, E. C.* ‡ *and by him deposited in the Library of Trinity College in Cambridge, this eleventh day of June in the year* 1779."

This pamphlet, consisting of a sheet and a half, we received by the penny-post, unaccompanied with either card or letter. If it be a performance designed hereafter for general inspection, we are obliged by so early a sight of it. But if a few copies of it only are printed off, for the use or entertainment of particular Readers

* One of these injunctions, an autograph, I possess, with one of the *rare* copies of the Catalogue.

† "The four remaining articles are not yet [1780] deposited in the Library. G. S."

‡ In the conclusion of some severe remarks on Mr. Capell, in the Critical Review, vol. XLIII. p. 352, Mr. Steevens adds, "that a *Right Reverend Critic*, in a private Letter (which he once had the pleasure to peruse), with great frankness acknowledges every Editor of Shakespeare to have exposed himself in some degree; but that this man [Mr. Capell] has hung himself up in chains over the Poet's grave."—See also a severe Review of Mr. Capell's labours in vol. LVI. p. 404.

(which

(which we suspect to be the case) we know not why the Editor, or any of his friends, should wish to have a work characterised to the publick, in which the publick will have so little interest. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that the *Catalogue* before us contains 363 articles, comprized in 245 volumes, together with a list of *Desiderata*, and the three subsequent pieces of information, the value of which we submit to the judgment of our Readers. — 'MS Note in Mr. Capell's copy of Hanmer's Shakespeare, 4to: "These books were a present to the Rev. Arthur Kynnesman (head master of a school which he raised to the greatest splendour, and maintained in that splendour for half a century, the school of St. Edmund's Bury) from his Friend and Patron, their Editor: and came to their now possessor, E. C. by bequest of that gentleman, in a will, which honours his grateful scholar with the title of—The true Restorer of Shakespeare." *March 26, 1774.*

" MS Note in Capell's Shakespeare, vol. I. "N. B. In marking the Poet's numbers, as is done in this copy, it was not perceived till too late—that *breves* were not necessary, and the copy is something blemished by effacing those *breves*: nor is the marking so otherwise perfect as could be wished in all places, being a first essay, and there may be mistakes in it. 'Tis of the year 69. E. C."

' MS Note on the title-page of the Letter to George Hardinge, Esq. 1777. "Seen through the press by Mr. H——ge:" Note in p. 18 added, "and the Postscript new moulded by him. E. C." —From the last memorandum, it should seem that part of this Letter was written by the gentleman to whom it is addressed *."

P. 505. Mr. Hardinge, as well as Archdeacons Cambridge and Coxe, are mistaken in the appellation of Lord Braybrooke's Father, which was not " Mr. *Aldworth* Neville," but " Mr. Neville" only, or rather Mr. *Neville* Neville. Before he changed his name (in 1762) from Aldworth to Neville, his appellation was Richard Neville (both Christian names) Aldworth, afterwards he dropped *entirely* the name of Aldworth when he took the name of Neville, retaining his two Christian names of course.

P. 549. The following Letter from Abp. Cornwallis to Dr Davies, and another from Dr. Davies to Dr. Timothy Thomas, were communicated by Edward Evans, esq. of Eyton Hall, Leominster, after the Life of Dr. Davies was finished at the press:

"My dear Sneyd †, *Eccleshall, Sept. 17, 1768.*

"I return you my hearty thanks for your kind congratulations, and friendly wishes, upon my unexpected promotion. I am sorry to hear your health is not better; and heartily wish for its

* "This Epistle, however (as we have since been informed) received some addition from the pen of the late Lord Dacre—*tantæ molis erat.* But all would not succeed. The Subscribers to Mr. Capell's Notes were so few, that his Editor was ashamed to print their names." G. S. 1793.

† This Letter is an ample proof of the good Primate's strong attachment to Dr. Davies; and mentions the Father of Mr. Evans in a very pleasing way. It was to Abp. Cornwallis and Lord Camden that Dr. Davies dedicated his Poems in MS. They were his intimate Friends; and certainly the two first men in Church and State.

its amendment. If Evans is with you, tell him I am not unmindful of him. There is nobody I have greater regard for than you; and can assure you that I am, dear Sir, with the utmost sincerity, your faithful friend, &c. FRED. CANT. *Elect.*

"P. S. My wife desires her compliments. She has got the money for the cyder sent to Lord Cornwallis last spring, and will leave it with Mr Hinckly for you."

"MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dec.* 18, 1746.

"I heard from you, *primâ vice,* a little before morning church on Sunday; and 2da, *per* Ben. Thomas, who kept the Letter in his hands but one day; the purport of it an apology for not acknowledging the receipt of venison. This puzzled me at first; because you know me too well to imagine I could expect any such formality. After due muzzing and plodding how this came to pass, I found it out: namely, I bade Susan ask John Barber, whether any venison came safe, being really suspicious it might be spoiled that muggy weather. Dr Cranke * values your present highly, to whom I shewed your Letter, and added a few Stanzas.

Ad P. C M D cum Numismate THOMASIANO.

Freindii vultum, meritò perenni
Ære sacratum, licet intueri.
Febrium victor, celer & fidelis,
Freindius ille est.
Parte in adversâ, gemina en imago!
Ut manus gaudent sociare amicas!
Hic pater quidnì Hippocrates, Fruenus
Audiat alter?
Artis o solers *veteris novæque,*
Docte sermonis utriusque Cranki;
Quem priùs vester, meus, erudito sc. T. T.
Munere donet?

On which he asked a few more, on poor PE's Recovery, as follow:

Ad Patrem.

Qui dolor mœstum tacitus parentem
Perculit, filî thalamo assidentem
Unici, & charo pavidum severi
Corpore morbi;
Quodvè per venas hilares cucurrit
Gaudium quandò reducem salutem
Vidit, & grates superis agebat
Sospite nato:
Dicite expertes, quibus almus Hymen
Et Maritales nituere tædæ;
Pingite O! Patres, calamum Poetæ
Cœlibis ultrà.
Mille cur dotes pueri, & benignam
Ingenî venam loquar, insitasque
Gratias, ipsoque animum virilem
Flore Juventæ.

* Peter Cranke, M. D. who built and resided at Eyton Hall.

His

His datis, solam diuturnitatem
Poscimus. Quin & probitas adultum
Ornet, & mores referat paternos
Æmula virtus.

"I wish you would friendlily criticize the latter of these (for you may conclude the former three stanzas are not to be sent to Oxford); and let me know what you would have altered, or left out, which will oblige yours, *non præter solitum*, S. D."

A Dialogue between Myself and Joseph Brazenor *.

D. No ale at the fair?
You make me to stare.
Is it possible? say you, all out!
Jo. Indeed, Sir, there's none,
At Angel or Crown,
Nor the village and parish about.
D. Did ye brew less this year?
Jo. Oh more, Sir, than e'er
In my time, I may say, I remember.
D. Why, the liquor of old
Did usually hold
To October, if not to November.
All gone in a day?
Has there been any fray,
And the beer idly spilt in the quarrel?
Such abundance of drink
In a trice thus to sink!
Sure the Devil has been in the barrel.
What company there?
Jo. The company, Sir!
Of those you're acquainted with scarce one.
Yes, yes, I forget,
Mr. Whaley there met
Mr. Rees Price, of Erd'sland the Parson †.
D. Ah! did they, indeed?
You need not proceed;
'Tis enough, by the Book and the Bell!
Ye may all be content,
For, as matters thus went,
Let me tell you, the drink lasted well!

P. 685. "Dr. Davies's Antiquarian etymologies were frequently half in jest.—For example, in one of his undated Letters he makes very good fun of an Antiquarianism; but I suspect that he laughed at the Antiquaries. "By Letter last night I was asked how my Friend of *Ursland* did, so spelt. *We* often have puzzled ourselves upon the derivation, or etymology. — *Yerdisland* — *Earl's Land*, &c. futile and erroneous. — It is from the good word *Ursa*, as if one should say, *the land of Bears*. — Does not a

* A servant of Dr. Davies.—This smart little Poem was written on his own servant informing him that all the Ale which had been brewed for Kingsland Fair at the different public-houses was consumed.

† Mr. John Whaley (who published the Poems) and Rees Price, Vicar of the adjoining of Eardisland, were very fond of good living.

part

part of this very parish retain the name of *Bear*-wood ? — A fine critick will strike lights out of mistakes." G. Hardinge.

P. 775. Mr. Mills, in the Bangorian controversy, distinguished himself as an opponent to Dr. Hoadly in the most disgraceful part of that once important but now forgotten dispute. The Bishop, who resided on his living at Streatham, had received into his family Francis de la Pillonniere, a converted Jesuit, who had formerly been usher of the school of Croydon, to instruct his children. This circumstance was noticed by Dr. Snape in the following manner: "Before you are so free then in casting reproaches on others as popishly affected, you would do well to put away the Jesuit whom you entertain in your family, your intimate companion and confident. A Jesuit he certainly was (and your Lordship is not ignorant of it); and if he has given you any satisfaction that he has renounced the Romish errors, he has given the world none. His putting on the air of a Freethinker is so far from being a proof of his conversion, that it is to me a sure evidence of the contrary, and gives me the same impression as if I saw him officiating at High Mass" *A second Letter to the Bishop of Bangor in vindication of the former, by Andrew Snape, D. D.* p. 66. This charge produced an answer by Pillonniere, with a preface by the Bishop; and that again a reply by Dr. Snape, in vindication of himself, in which Mr. Mills's name was brought forward as criminating the quondam Jesuit. Each of these replies increased in virulence; and the latter was answered in a pamphlet, entitled, "A Reply to Dr. Snape's Vindication of a passage in his Second Letter to the Bishop of Bangor relating to Mr. Pillonniere, wherein a full Answer is also given to Mr. Mills and all his other Evidences, by F. de la Pillonniere. To which is prefixed, A Letter to Dr. Snape from the Lord Bishop of Bangor," 8vo. To this Mr. Mills answered, in a pamphlet, called, "A full Answer to Mr. Pillonniere's Reply to Dr. Snape and to the Bishop of Bangor's Preface, so far as it relates to Mr. Mills; in which the Evidences given to Dr. Snape are justified, the Bishop of Bangor's Objections answered, Mr. Pillonniere's pretended Facts disproved, and base Forgery is detected; as likewise the true reasons of such malicious Dissenters' proceedings against Mr. Mills. The whole supported by ample Testimonies of Gentlemen, Clergy, and many others. In a Letter to the Lord Bishop of Bangor, by H. Mills, A. M. To which is prefixed, A Letter to his Lordship by Dr. Snape," 8vo. A third pamphlet by Pillonniere and Bishop Hoadly seems to have closed this illiberal controversy.—Mr. Mills was Chaplain to Abp. Whitgift's Hospital at Croydon, and was buried at Merstham, where a plain white stone before the altar rails thus records him:

"Here lies the body of the Rev. Mr. Henry Mills, Rector of this parish, who died April 12, 1742, aged 70."

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by Nichols, Son, and Bentley,
Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, London.

